

Fall of the Servants

Hour of Penance

Treacherous, smouldering
Storm of sand, burn the cross
Severing, all the heads

Fall of the servants
Treading on the ones who're in awe
Of the serpent
Beg for mercy fools!
Raping - Killing - Serve the masters

Swarming with chaos from the north
Deafening - Threatening
Marching in line against the feeble souls
Shining in a gloomy dusk
Breaching the walls of the church
Desecrate - Dominate
Here comes the black son of the demon god
Sweeping the sacred land

There is no heaven
Nor a savior god
You shall die

Never seen such a weak, pitiful human being
How you dare call yourself God

Nailed upon the wall with a piece of the cross
Blessing the new altar with a whore
Unholy birth, behold
The last fall of the servants
Treading on the ones who're in awe
Of the serpent
Beg for mercy fools!
Face the plague on the sacred land
Breeding the new race
Taste the flesh of the prophet
Shaped under a vengeful eye

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