

The Holy Betrayal

Hour of Penance

The pursuit of purity is driving men
To the depths of the oblivion
Till the decimation of every faithful one
A false redemption represents the price
To pay for their salvation
A god laws they'll observe until the end

Is death the way to redeem yourself?
Is death the right way for salvation?
Is dead the price to satisfy your god?
With mercy, with mercy,
The holiness of self-infliction
The unknown value of immolation
For a false cause that scriptures claim as a new redemption
Cleansation of your souls
Cleansation through your blood
That flows out the veins in the street of the devastated lands of faith

We walk the earth
Hand to hand with death
Towards the desolation
Through the corpses and the slaves of the divination
Assoil our sins
In the asylum of the false hopes
We stand as fated
Firm in front of the holy betrayal

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Blood, blood gush in our eyes
There is no way of redemption in life
Blood, blood gushes in our eyes
The wings of death silently arise