

# 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