

# Thousands of Christs

## Hour of Penance

Looking in the enemy's eyes  
I can see the reflex of fear  
No breath can stop  
My severe scourging hand  
Down on the ground  
Imploring me  
Denying the holy word  
You used to spread  
There's no compassion  
For the false redeemer  
Sentenced by you  
Betrayed disciples!  
Flogged every step  
Until penance place  
Hung down the cross  
For the human race  
Thousands of Christs  
Shall be all the deceivers  
Before the crowd  
You're the warning one!

Dead on the holy sign  
As a laughing stock  
While the blood flows down  
Your flesh inexorably rots  
Symbol of disgrace  
For the gullible race  
In your falseness took the  
Roots the greatest incoherence on the earth

Your isolation stand  
For your erroneous preached

No condensation  
Except revenge in the human beings  
None prayer for my mercy  
Real soul atonement  
Through the privation of the life  
The most precious wealth  
Squandered for greediness and false needs  
Ephemeral desires  
I, will enlight  
At the evil deeds of power  
We, will erase  
All the signs of mystifyres  
Kill - the deceivers  
Sacrifice them  
For the men and a brand  
New straight world  
Fill the empty crosses  
Immolate them for the men  
And for their own free will

Your isolation stand for you  
Erroneous preached  
No condensation except revenge  
In the human beings

Thousands of Christs  
Shall be sacrificed  
For the future of men