

Here Come The Butchers

Nothingface

We can bring the apocalypse
In our Vatican in line six
We're the face of the end of time
We can burn and leave no ash behind

Now it's butcher time

We were never Satanists
Never bit on the Christian myth
You don't see how there one in the same?
You pigs just drive us all insane

Now it's butcher time

I think we'll just shut you up
You'll never see anything quite like this
A big fucking shit colored sky
That rains constant cyanide

Now it's butcher time

The devil lives in Rome
The devil cloaked in robes

Who do you control?
You can't control your own priests
You can't control your own priests

Can't fool the world again
The book is fuckin' dead

Lying and smiling and fucking
It's all about control

Useless and boring
Knee deep in Christian shit

Christians and Catholics
A plague that scars the world

Killers and rapists
Your priests are uncontrolled

The devil lives in Rome
The devil cloaked in robes