

Snares of Impurity

Sargeist

Priests are weeping
Young women are raped
You recall the good life
That once was yours
Your places of worship
Are abodes of suffering
Left in a shock of constant pain
with fire burning in your bones

Thirst so fierce that your tongues
Are stuck to the roof of the mouth
Weight of guilt tied around your neck
Is draining all your strength
Children die in their mother's arms
This is the day we've waited for
Skin and flesh wasting away
Where no light would return

Impure flames burn in the temples
On crumbling abandoned altars
Snares of death and damnation
Consuming all in their way
Priests have died unpeacefully
While searching for mercy
All hope is lost
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