

turn
the chilling sky
to a dreadful kingdom
let horns arise
burn
let mountains grow
the road to death
feels endless now

goathead
delirium
spawn the anger
it's tearing you apart

bastard
hunt them down
while the servants of the snake
eat their offspring now

goathead
who are we to witness?
i

who am i
the holiest
of the image

death
dead
are the ways
o lord

pity
pity
not the fallen
fallen

exit
exit
and hell followed
him

we have found
what we lost
we will loose again

and again
and again
again
again

stop