

End of Christ

Severe Torture

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Walk the path to my wrath
Determined to desolate
Show your fears, crawling inside
This is the end of Christ

Mockery, Jesus Christ, not for me
Soon to be, burnt in hell, you will see
Rival nailed, to the cross
No more words, coming out
There will be no resurrection
Dead at last, on his way
To the flames, to the darkness
To the place, of endless pain

Blasphemy, the son of man, we don't need
Killing him, to satisfy, my bloody feast

Just like one of the others
He screamed, begged for his life
I won't spare a soul so obscene
Just why would that be