

Masquerade in Blood

Sodom

Flames of red they escape the fire
The battle rages on, violation of minds
Wiped out everyone who will stand in their path
Replacing the life by the foul stench of death

Corpses of the wicked
Wide-spreading grief and terror
The sacred rise above
Seeking to the ground

Deadringers, warmongers, hypocrists
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Like a new-born that squalls as it takes the first breath
He cries to the war because he ain't got no brain
Mounted on horseback the devil in man
This white livered general, this killing friend

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With brutal destruction they scatter their bombs
Don't care about children who'll scream and burn
The shadows of murderer will cover the light
Producing the face that nevermore smile

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This vulture will desecrated
By arrogance and deadly hatred
Their names are standing for the wrong direction
In a time when god gives no more protection

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