

# The Bread of Wickedness

Virgin Steele

SAMAEŁ: You'll never know how mmuch I Hate thee  
Child born of Wind, Goddess born to sin  
I gave you Life...  
You'll never know how much I Hate thee  
Blast your Seven Heads, Blast your Seven Hills  
And Twelve Horned Crown

They're getting too wise  
The're learned to devise  
Send them the Floor of the Flame...

They eat THE BREAD OF WICKEDNESS  
It's in their eyes, It's in their eyes God  
Eat THE BREAD OF WICKEDNESS  
It's inteir eyes, it's in their eyes God

Take them God  
your Daughters rape them  
Ravish them with grief,  
how can there be peace  
With such as these...  
Harlots both they disobey You!  
Multiply their Pains,  
make Sex & Death the same  
In every Eye...

They're stolen Your Fire,  
they've vanquished the Dawn  
They've taught those  
to Worship the Moonrise  
Cast them in Chains, release now your Flame  
But first one more taste 'fore they drown!

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