

The Living Hell

Witchfinder General

Sanity and madness, your mind's in disarray,
the poisoned thoughts and actions are preached to you each day,
to you life has no meaning; to kill is just a game,
God's open arms are broken; his head is bowed in shame.
You pray and worship a master,
who dreams of human disaster,
a war on God's creation,
in this living hell.
No rules or regulations, steal money from the blind,
you force the hands of young ones, to help fight against man ki
nd,
the bleeding hearts that drown you, but the cult means everythi
ng,
your future is almost certain, to hell what tomorrow brings.
Devote your love to your master,
both pray of human disaster,
rivers of blood on the streets,
In this living hell.
You threaten God's creation with your evil demands,
take away innocent life, blood on your hands,
your son's looking on hoping to act the same,
you hide behind your fantasy; your religion is to blame.
Slaughter and torture all creatures great and small,
your corrupted minds plan to finish us all,
afraid to escape and hide from your master's cry,
take revenge on mankind 'til the day you die.
You take your final journey, brainwashed with the master's sin,
you're loaded with devices - soon purgatory will begin,
the time is almost upon you, God's tears they fall like rain,
a trail of man's destruction, death, misery and pain.
You took your life for your master,
the cry of human disaster,
your name is hailed a Martyr,
you are the living hell.