

Funeral Dark, Hail Murder

In the dungeon so cold, sits the Nazarene son.
His eyes filled with tears, his soul with fear.
Asking himself, where is my god now?
Preacher of lies, soon to be nailed.
Hail murder, your god of filth wont help you now.
Hail murder, soon to meet the evil one.

Carry your cross, to your own doom.
Meet the people's hatred.
You will die amongst the dirt, where you belong.

Christian blood soon will cover the ground.
As I drive the nails of evil, deep inside.
A crucified whore, that's what you are.
The only crown you have, is one made of thorns.

Hail Murder, your god of filth wont help you now.
Hail murder, soon you to meet the evil one.
Hail murder, as the nails are hammered in deep.
Hail murder, I am the spear in his side.

Carry your cross, to your own doom.
Meet the people's hatred.
You will die amongst the dirt, where you belong.

The demons fly high, they circle above.
Waits for his blood to stop flow, and to collect his soul.
The lord of lies, soon to die.
Thousand of years of pain await.

Hail Murder, your god of filth wont help you now.
Hail murder, soon you to meet the evil one.
Hail murder, as the nails are hammered in deep.
Hail murder, I am the spear in his side.