

Goddess Of Desire, War of the Crusade

IN OBLIVION PITS AND DUNGEONS THEY'VE THROWN OUR BROTHERS DEAR
LORD SATAN'S FOSTERING VENGEANCE DAY OF WRATH DRAWS NEAR
THIN GREW OUR HORDES OF HADES TURNED BACK THE WINDS OF FATE
THE PHONEY LORD'S CRUSADERS WERE JUDGING BY THE BLADE
THE KILL-HORNY INQUISITORS RELEASED THEIR EDICTS NEW
ALL THEIR STAKES UNOCCUPIED THEY NEEDED SOME FLESH TO CHEW
IN WOODS AND THROUGHOUT THE CITIES THEIR HUNTS INTENSIFIED
SELECTING BY THE EDICTS SOME PASTOR ONCE HAD LIED

(CHORUS:)

SO I BOW MY HEAD AND SUPPLICATE
LORD SATAN BLESS OUR WAR
GIVE STRENGTH OUR SOUL AND MACULATE
THY PEACE WE SHALL RESTORE

OH SWORD AND AXE OUR SERVANTS THEIR BLOOD SHALL SUIT YOUR BLADES
DO LET IT SPLASH LIKE TORRENTS TRANSLATE TO THEM OUR HATE
LEGIONS OF DARKNESS RISE AND SLAUGHTER IN OUR WAKE
THE ONES WHO DID DESPICE THE STALWART OF OUR FAITH

(CHORUS:)

THY PEACE WE SHALL RESTORE!

(LEAD:)

RULERS OF THE WORLD AND CHURCH
WHAT YOU HUNTED NOW YOUR CURSE
THE JOKE YOU'VE LAYED ON HUMANITY
SHALL BE WORN BY YOU ETERNALLY