

Krisiun, Decimated

Puppets of an old broken existence
Gathered to cry and exalt the almighty

Worshipping as they seek the golden key
To enter the heavens to be free of all sins
Symbols reversed inner conflict

Multitude stalking the cycle is broken
A religious bomber came to pray

Walls of temples fall
Upon masses who bow
Altars of shame now burnt

Symbols of scum held high
Penitent cries as the pale horse rides

A sudden explosion decimates the crowd

Decimated procession useless devotion walking aligned into the wind