Sabbat, Hosanna In Excelsis

Soldiers of fortune,
kings of Hades,
in our quest for power unite,
black messiahs,
devastation angels,
gird our loins -
prepare to fight:
With weapons drawn in anger,
at last we stand our ground,
crusaders of damnation,
in death our purpose is found at last.
Charge!
We're cleansing the world with
destruction and war,
fear for your life when we knock at your door,
there will be no salvation,
just death and starvation,
and Earth shall be Hell evermore.
Hark! The fallen Angels sing:
"Glory to Satan our King,
the Holy Church we thus defied,
the usurper crucified."
Prayer shall offer no protection,
from the swords of Blasphemy,
holy altars rent asunder,
in our deeds - priests their destruction see:
The fear that dwells within them,
at the wrath of Satan's hoard,
grows and fills their hearts with terror,
those who live by prayer - die by the sword.
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destruction and war,
fear for your life when we knock at your door,
there will be no salvation,
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and Earth shall be Hell evermore.
Hark! The fallen Angels sing:
"Glory to Satan our King,
the Holy Church we thus defied,
the usurper crucified."
Dark formations fly above us,
ghastly are the Lords of Hell,
who proudly storm the gates of heaven,
from which their noble masters fell ...
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