

Sacred Rite, Executioner

My head's to the stone
The executioner's coming
My sins stand alone
Soon my blood will be running
Save my soul
From the path that awaits me
His blade will crack the stone
And darkness will wake me

Fight the dead
Or tomorrow they'll take you
Away to the hills
Where they laugh as they break you
Live in sin
And play with the damned
You'll fight with the beast, and eat at the feast, before you become a man

Shed the tears
Of the Angels who want you
Taste the fears
Of the devils who haunt you
Rape the dead
Make love to the living
They'll take all you have
Until you stop giving

Many times, the sound of the dead
Has rung through the hills, still rings through my head
Dry your eyes of the tears you're creating
Say goodbye, the hangman is waiting

Feel the end, ice to the bone
His task is done, the hangman goes home