

Saint, Vicars Of Fate

Life is aborted, truth is distorted, there's rampage heresy
Priest in their anger, rulers of danger telling their lies continuously
Masters of nighttime corrupt and foul, vicar of Christ is claimed
They're self-appointed and self anointed
For their mistakes they'll give you the blame
All the killing, all the pain
What once was does it still remain
Unworthy leaders leading the pack
Set up the victim for their attack
With words of wisdom hard to deny
They've failed to see the log in their eye
Their truth so deadly, so full of hate
They made their own law and sealed their fate
This institution it's just a lie
These puffed up teachers fall to their pride
All the killing, all the pain
Dark age prophets they, still remain
Can't you see that their road is a dead end?
They'll grab your soul, and then try to pull you in
They'll set the snare then pull your hair
They're rotten to the core
Just one escape from hell's own fate
You know which way you've got to go
Onward to conquest to take the world
To rule the nation, swine and their pearl
Running all mankind engulfed with fear
Deaths to the first one who refuse to hear
Raping the women with no sorrow
Baring their children world full of woes
These evildoers, looking so clean
They've made themselves the ultimate
Death machine
All the killing, all the pain
What once was does it still remain
All the killing, all the pain
Dark age prophets they, still remain