

Scepter, I'm Going To Hell

To some it is salvation
To others it is hell
To all it is the will of the anointed one.
Two thousand year old struggle
In which we have been locked
The day of the nazarene
Declared himself the rock
He descends from blackened skies
To where in hell which we lie
To lord his triumph over death
We wait with bated breath
A madman on his throne
A sinner unto his own
Kiss the ring Of Sodomy
And seal them in their homes
This yoke you call tradition
Slips around your throat
It has driven us to madness
And others to the goat
We ascend into the sky
From where in hell which we lie
When you're cast into the lake of fire