

Sinister, Crown Of Thorns

Enjoy your pain
While marching to your death
With a punctured skull
With spines in the head

The stabbing needles
Make the blood flow
Defeated by cruelty
No sorrow for your goals

Thy fallen kingdom
Your bloody passion
The massacre is complete
After years of repression

Walk the road to perdition
In your blood-soaked dress
With a heavy load
Your life is in distress

Cherish death
The head deformed
A battered skull
The crown is thorned

Crown of thorns
Crown of thorns