The Project Hate MCMXCIX, I Smell Like Jesus...

Mmmm... Go!

I, I am the Anti-Christ

I, I am after Your Soul Divine

Once you're inside, you'll explore the suffering in My dominion of Hatred

Where blood is spilled and wings are spread

And Demons feast on angels flesh

I smell like Jesus... Dead

I compose Diabolical serenades

For the believers to sing now in the flames

I am the lord who alter angels

With the feeble lies you preach

I smell like Jesus... Dead

I smell like Jesus... Dead

Lust has been fulfilled because of the son I just killed

Until the whores are pure, salvation will be no more

You, the piss-poor-fuck Jesus Christ

I am blessed with the sickest of minds

I walk through the ruins of body and souls

Bath in the blood of the virgins

I kiss the dying, make love to the dead

And smell like Jesus... Dead

Burn Me Father for I have sinned

Help Me Father for I am You

Rape Me Father for we will win

Kill Me Father, take My gratitude

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I compose Diabolical serenades

For the believers to sing now in the flames

I am the lord who alter angels

With the feeble lies you preach

Listen closely Our sins have been fulfilled

Realease My soul for those Who've just been killed

March My joyful march with Death Astray

Salvation will now be the forgotten way

My Demons, Our armies, the ones who start the carnage

The christians, believers, your fall, our grand achievment

My Demons, Our armies, the ones who start the carnage The christians, believers, your fall, our grand achievment

Take those souls so Burnt, lead them on their way

Explore his pain and Jesus hurts, the dawn of a new day

Feeding you lies like the worst Jesus Christ

Burn you bastards, burn you bastards, burn

Betrayal and failure as in Trusting Your God

The strongest of Angels are turned

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