

Via Mistica, Cold Dust

Be affraid of his anger
He knows your every sin
Be affraid of his forces
They know how to defeat
And beware of gold dust
He can send on your head
And regret all your dreams
You had against his name
Watch out!
Every night in your bed
Take care
Of your wretched existence
Don't burn your god on his altar
You rejected your past life
But it still lives in your heart
Be affraid of god's anger
You've burried him this time
His altar is full of fire
He's having a gold dust
Beware of strange voices
He will never die...