

# Warhammer, Under The Wings Of The Cross

(Lyrics by volker Frerich)

A descent into the darkest realm of time  
When cruelty was an abstract form of ugliness  
Accusations of sacrilege, the terror was real  
What fell over the land was hatred forced with steel

The servants of power unleashed tyranny  
No one to escape from the shield of hypocrisy  
For decades the poor have been the defenseless  
Slaughter and mayhem under the wings of the cross

Extremity in ways too savage to realize  
In rotten dungeons the screams seemed to vanish  
Perversion, monstrosity, undeserved suffering  
Horrible ways to "discover" all heretic sinners

When twisted minds fulfill the spiral prophecy  
To work hand in hand with death is efficiency  
No pity for any form of supplication  
Just continuing acts of bestial eliminations