

Witchery, Crossfixation

Golgata lies silent
And the sand has drunk the blood
Black is the wind which make the crosses sway
Life stabwounds to the skin
Crossfixation
Crossfixation

Human ornamentation, a ghastly vauderville
Had to entertain the masses
Had to keep them in fear
Crosses lean on these baren hills,
Daily tribunals daily kills
Crossfixation
Crossfixation
Crossfixation

Last of days sands of time running fast
Drag my cross thru the mob
Whipped and chained... dying young, dying young... Dying young!

Blood and sweat - blinds my eyes -
No one weeps, no one cares
Count my steps up the hill - drag my cross...
Drag my cross
Nails are driven deep thru my limbs -
I'm hung to die, left in the sun to dry!!
Crossfixation
Crossfixation