

# 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