

Calvarium, Morbid Hordes Revenge

Dead like a priest hung from a tree
Ropes drawn about his armpits
Crows have picked his eyes away
Flesh is scarred and ripped to shreds

The crucifix still hanging cold
Dancing slow to the wind of the north
His faith couldn't save him, nor could his god
Weak human destiny, nothing pure inside

His soul cried for angels
But I raped it endlessly
A thousand days of torment
Doomed to fucking die

Hopeless, starved, miserable
You'll see the eye of Master
Never will you see the light
Morbid fate of a mortal man

Mortal worms - crushed by
The hammer of the Nocturnal