

Carpathian Forest, Martyr Sacrificulum

Weaklings,
You are not the only one
Dreamers,
I wish you were all gone
Losers of faith
Grievers of the heart
All the purity of sin
Inner strength
To die for a cause
A martyr's death
An old conscience
Cleansed in blood
A burning obsession
A cold hearted devotion
See into the eyes of evil
And see through the eyes of hell
Losers of faith
Grievers of the heart
All the purity of sin
Inner strength
To die for a cause
A martyr's death
An old conscience cleansing in blood