

Centurian, Cross Of Fury

Where else can I go with my hate?
Molesting my skin, I struggle to bleed
No longer to bear the rage in me
Am I an assassin to be ?

Why not kill the ones without a will ?
Why not burn the house of god ?
Why not catch the insects
and trap them all to dirt ?

So close to the line where I will snap
It's taking over, bloodlust fury
Christians in sight, knife in command
Away with the law, death is at hand

Trying to save my sanity, through prayers working weak
I don't expect them to succeed, my soul's lost
I will always bleed, which way shall I fly
To let them know the beast, that dwells in my heart unleashed

The cross of Fury !!!

On their way to make me pray
But whatever they say it's rotten
They bother my will and plan to kill
Sperm of the miserable crucifix

They are blind
Kill their kind

I bleed and sow the seed of Satan
Feel the demon grow
Flourished from my pain
Purified from anger I am sane