

# 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