

Centurian, Hell At Last

The second Death becomes me
as I stand in front of god
I swear out loud I Hate him, Kill him
and that he will rot
I must burn in Hell, suffer
and pay for my sins
but god's the one who is loosing
Satan always wins

Hell at last
I'm dying fast
Through the gates
into the regions of Hell
Eager to meet the angel
who fell

Faul, nasty god
It's not heaven I wish to go
I'd rather die forever
I'm of Satan's bloodline

I will make your angels Kill for me
I, profider of Death
I, ensnarer of life
I will mark the angels as mine

So plaque me with those pathetic angels
highest in degree
I will make them kill for me
I will mark them as mine