

Centurian, Let Jesus Bleed

TO THE CROSS!!!

TO THE CROSS!!!

NAIL HIM TO THE CROSS!!!

Beware, beware, Jesus lives

Take heed, take heed, he is here

Peeled from the cross

Torn from his slumber of suffering

Second coming, certain death, in God's name

To the cross, nail him to the cross

With thorns from withered roses

I will lame a crown

And press it into his skull

While spitting in his face

With a smile I'll kill

His every follower

Branded am I

To end God's corrupt plan

I will drink of his blood

Until the last drip is pinched

From his open wounds

And all will chant:

TO THE CROSS!!!

TO THE CROSS!!!

NAIL HIM TO THE CROSS!!!