

Centurian, Soultheft

Armies of white angels they fight
Pulling and twisting My mind to partake

I know my fate Accept heaven's Hate
It is too late inverting my fate

Stupid god
greedy thief
lord of grief
I won't believe

Don't even bother
my wish is to burn
Search for another
my soul you must earn

Your arrows are too slow
without you I will go
Dethrone yourself and flee
or care to Die for me

Armies of white angels they fight
Helplessly begging me their lives not to take

My place is in Hell
I cannot be sold
to your angelic race
your fall is foretold

father you've died
deceased in your light
your words, they mean nothing
my mind is too strong

Each angel impaled
and once again
your son to be nailed

Armies of white angels they fight
Helplessly begging me their lives not to take

They know their fate
have Satan's Hate
It is too late
Inverting their fate