

# 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