

# Centurion, The Crucifier

Blood to bedew will flow for the bowels  
of roman rebirth sacred transfixion  
the enemy darkened the empire  
and on they cross they'll find the furifying death  
deluged with their bastard blood  
I'll not make them draw breath hanged through flames  
their prayers can't dispute the Caesar's magniloquence  
Crucifier starves for the killing time  
Death rides heel for leather  
Crucifier spews the noble revenge  
Death rides hell for leather  
Hot nails will tear the flesh of oblivion  
awful magma blessed the hammers beating