

Heaven Shall Burn, Profane Believers

Losing touch with reality
In your world of plenty
It's so easy to preach love
Holier than thou, your order that shall rule
Yet, at the walls of your cathedrals
Poor sinners starve
Poor sinners starve to death
Poor sinners starve to death

Ungodly wastefulness and petrified profanity
Materialized in golden temples
Within the walls of Babylon profane believers
Follow their fateful leaders

This world is up in arms
The time has come to bid farewell
A true belief will rule
Our true belief will rule
A pure commitment will blow away
An unreal constitution

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