

Marduk, Sulphur Souls

Praise hail Satan
Our wrath is about to be unleashed
Upon you - oh lord of goodness
For so long we have waited and believe us
The future will be a vast black memory on your grave
Behold
From our synagogue of Satan
We say to you
Black metal warriors of northern lands
Lift your swords up high
Let us praise
The horned one
The lord of the sulphur souls
The city walls of Babylon
Are now decorated with the bodies of your
Weak followers
Here they hang begging for our mercy
With a symbol of your teachings
We can't do nothing but hate
Behold
From our synagogue of Satan
We say to you
Do never lower your heads in awe
For a god so good and mild
Let us praise the one with black horns
Woe
Woe to you oh falling god
See how we scorn your work and worshippers
See how they hang in shameful nakedness
On the bloodstained walls of Babylon
The white sun bites us
But why be afraid
The bright morning star has turned black
Your empire is ruined oh god of life and light
And I am your Judas