

Mystic Circle, And Evil We Shall Die

You don't know who we are (sons of cretins)
Calling you snakes a compliment
You don't know who you're up against (sons of cretins)
He who conjures up hell burn instead

The one who came from the light
And wanted to save the world
All was nothing but a lie
The good never existed
And the pain is real
Only an excuse to conceal evil

Look at you, dismal hypocrites
Trying to be what you're not
This world doesn't need you so fuck off
For good and all

The one who came from the light
Misused by the powers of darkness
To blend all believers from the fear
The good never existed and you still believe
So you must keep on clinging

Dark deamons created this world
No god and no church
The deamons set the rules
To distract us from the truth

And evil we shall die
The land of darkness is waiting
And evil we shall die
Wandering into the fog of ignorance

Try to speak with the deamons
That inhabit our earth for so long
Try to speak with the deamons
They might tell you the answer

Everything that was, countless
Only a fleeting moment
Everything that is, countless
The swirl of superficiality

And evil we shall die
The fog will not thin out
And evil we shall die
The vulnerability of the believers will be vast