

Nunslaughter, Hells Unholy Fire

You have sinned unholy death to us all
Followers grow all for the holy ghosts fall
You will rot incinerate in the pyre
As you suffer in Hells Unholy Fire

Morbid time the smell of death is in the air
You will die and not a soul on earth cares
Stranded here for you there is no salvation
the Unholy Fire brings total damnation

You have died maggots crawl on your white face
He will ask you who damned you in this place
All thoughts become blurred with desire
As you suffer in Hells Unholy Fire