

One Man Army And The Undead Quartet, See Th

I see them burn, those witches above
In that white clothing they fool no one
There are no angels, nor no saints
For what purpose should they exist?

Sin after sin, yeah, our hands are always so dirty

See them burn
In hell where we all belong
See them burn
And suffer in the fire below

All the good things are evil misleads
Breeding the ones to keep spreading that cancer
Yeah, I accept the fact that we're all aimed for hell
We all burn as a family of dark secrets and guilt

Sin after sin, yeah, our hands are always so dirty

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All that cleansing versus heavy conscious
World hits rock bottom as the preacher gives total absolution
Killing everyone, destroying everything
I wonder how long it takes until all the flesh burns in the abyss of the damned

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