

Paganizer, No Divine Rapture

Buried again submerged with the dead
Visions of putrefaction slowly grins the mind

Dormant fears rising from slumber
Clutches around the soul slowly tightens their grip
Gasping for lingering life as lungs draw soil
One last breath for the buried alive

Deceived again as light fades away
No divine rapture to save you from decay

Misled by Christ and his wayward sheep
No one to guide you in your descent

There will be no rapture
As your savior has forsaken you
Dead torn and crucified
You'll join him on the cross

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