

Psyclon Nine, Crwn Thy Frnicatr

You ripped the soul from the child in me
Bow down to the land of the free
Bow down to the world that made me

Bury the nails into the one like me
Consecrating the lies exalts false prophecy
Tearing apart of man and all his goals
Offers benedictions and wills to plague your...

Soul is made, in God
The taste of sulfur and rain
The Christ now turns on man
And brings him pain

A gun to the temple of a world enslaved
By the lies that bind us to a faded hope
Ensures the perversion that you try to hide
Will become as dust that will fade in time

To take
This world
Of hate
Of torture
Our fate
Will rest in hands
That sow the seeds of rape