

# Raise Hell, Holy Target

Shotgun blast from my pipe is ripping the war-filled air  
With tanks by my side we grind their empty skulls  
In my target I can see tears from their eyes  
Let the bullets caress the holy race

I spit on the cross...holy holocaust  
I piss on your priest...Jesus is the holy target

Taking their lives, Jesus will die  
As I'm pulling the trigger

Missiles toward the house of god, the house which soon is gone  
The cross above is crushed and your god he wept  
No time for blessings, run for your lives  
And we will hunt you down

To the cross you are stuck!

My sight was landscapes filled with crossed holy ones...fire!

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