

Sacrilege, Summon The Masses And Walk Throu

(Music: Bergholtz, Dinsdale, Svensson)
(Lyrics: Dinsdale, Svensson)

Gather me courage and gather me strength
to find the infinite source of disdain
To sip its fluid, a bittersweet taste
beyond the candescent vaults of disgrace

Enslaved and weak I worship thee
you are my master you made me meek
Enslaved and weak I worship thee
you are my master, command me a deed

Summon the masses and walk through the fire
Through hypnotic flames of a funeral pyre
Driven by lashes from the hands of a liar
they enter the flames that has built his empire

Enslaved and weak I worship thee
you are my master you made me meek

A witness to an act of macabre obscenities
standing surrounded by a crowd of imbecility
Their hope it has left they realize they've failed
soon they'll be crawling the path of the nailed

Enslaved and weak I worship thee
you are my master you made me meek

Summon the masses and walk through the fire
Through hypnotic flames of a funeral pyre
Driven by the lashes of a liar
they enter the flames that has built his empire
The symbol of light will serve as my knife
to slit my veins and let out my life
to release my cage trapped soul
Emptied on fluid my shell goes cold