

Saint, Accuser

He wears the coat of darkness
You know he wears it well
He is the king of evil
Sent to us straight from hell
Working his master plan
Destroying all of man
So quickly to deceive
With tricks stuffed up his sleeve
Stabbing then twisting the accuser slices you
Stomping and spitting a curse on you all
Death won't avenge to the victors completion
Who's saving their souls from the darkness to fall!
He knows he can't prevail
Thrown to the gates of hell
Forced down on to knee
Thrown to the firey sea