

# 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