

# Sinn, Burn The Cross Of Lie

Standing in a holy light words full of promises  
But your sermons never will erase your lies  
Preacher of illusions hands raised up to the sky  
Serpent in heaven angel with devil eyes  
Rape of the mind robbery of the innocence  
The price to pay for a piece of eden  
Empty minds praying on an altar of straw  
As vultures set the dream on fire  
You' re wrong you know i' m right  
Your smile is cold and your eyes still lie

On the road of the slavery faith  
The hord of the rambles is endlessly  
And your fear his livelyhood

He says no dream without fear  
Life is a long way to loneliness  
Who needs a guide calls my name  
I' ll show you the way  
Give you the strenght  
Let me be your instigator  
Prophet's my name  
Preacher of the end of the world  
Death the only solution  
For a resurection

Burn the cross of lie