

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