Vader, Crucified Ones

Mortal crosses standing in the row,
Seem to reach up to the burning sky,
Damned souls grouping on the dark,
Going round the stretched arms.
Bodies, faces,
Unnaturally bended in pain,
Lifeless eyes staring at the space,
Persecution of the dying has begun.
Here's the place of alteration,
Where life turns into other form,
Dark ritual of demons procreation,
Hear the cries - of the crucified ones.
Throbbing fleshes in the rhythm of thunder,
Blasphemy in light of raving bolts,
Nailed hands greeting angry gods,
Coming fourth to feast in blood.
Bodies, faces,
Unnaturally changed in lust,
Purple fluids streams on the wood,
Like tears of dying cross....
Here's the place of the alteration,
Where gods turn into temporal form,
Dark ritual of demons procreation,
Come on! Leave your life and join the dead in hell.
Masters of forgotten arts,
Deign to look at your servant,
Acceptance my greatest sacrifice,
Send revenge on bastard's seed!
O come to me!
I beg thee, open wide the gates,
All fiends of fiends,
From the deep sleep of dark abyss arrive!
Pazuzu, the evil one,
Lord, who feeds on angels cries!
Bless the damned, curse the blessed, crucify them.