

Vassago, Cleansing

I'll blind the eyes that never saw
Deafen the ears that won't hear the truth
I'll cut the throats that sing not My praise
Corrode the brains enshrining but lies

Ha, how pure their thoughts will be!

I'll break the hands that are folded in prayer
Crush the feet that walk the lamb's path
I'll tear the wombs that give birth to weakness
Rip out every heart that beats not for Me

How clean their blood-dripping bodies will be ...

I'll burn the houses, shelters of falseness
Blast every road built in hope of escape

(Lead; Suckdog)

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