

The Black Dahlia Murder, Nightbringers

This time it's war
ghouls attack the church
crush the trinity dead
they'll try to board the windows
but there's too much glass and gold
to hell you've sold your souls for seven silver coins
and every child you've defiled
religion hangs and we are the tiers of the noose
the blackened bearer of truth
onward we fight yank the deadened Christ-pig right off of that cross
stab in him in the side again its none of our loss
this time no more feeble minds will not be hypnotized by their disease
behold infinite bringers of the night
black flame of Satan burning foul and bright
we kindred bringers of the night
your blood our sweet delight
ye unholy fiends from depths of black
turn every fucking cross you see to hell
defecate in holy waters
instill much fear and poison every well
unholy fiends driven by will
the time has come to see their christ is killed
his fabrications muted dead and gone
we'll sing this song forever or until legion six hundred sixty six
no evangelist shall stand before me
bury his memory into black
and with might attack all who oppose
you will behold infinite
bringers of the night
black flame of Satan burning foul and bright
we kindred bringers of the night
your blood our sweet delight