

# Anorexia Nervosa, God Bless The Hustler

[Lyrics : RMS Hreidmarr / October 1999]

Shining upon their chests  
The silver seal  
The blood-red penitents  
Towards our land  
From my window I can guess  
The flames of their so-called heaven  
By now, I should run away  
Leave the house, the church, the grave

And I won't do that

I open my eyes - cannot move  
Their hell after tracks me down  
Has finally put his hand in mine  
Torture me if you want  
I have learnt to suffer  
And in my grave  
Rained many a tear, oh blessed majesties

Once more saved - nevermore  
Mare tenebrarum - the red penitents  
My fate divine - their worst obsession  
Burn in hell you cunt !

Their eyes are burning more than their crosses