

# Arcturus, Of Nails And Sinners

"I know that without me God cannot live a moment;  
If I am destroyed He must give up the ghost."  
[Angelus Silesius]

I beseech you, God to whom many sinners pray  
From the depth of the dark abyss where my heart fell  
Expelled I was from your tedious grace to the pits of hell  
So can you please cease to deplore my opposite, nay only way  
For aeons I descended down  
Till I saw the dreadful truth  
of which man wouldn't know  
I, degraded bearer of thy sacred light  
- to which I never again will bow  
When I rise to avenge myself with darkness  
The anger of the damned shall flow

I was cast out by the retinue of angels weak  
Shone to the few who me would seek

A rebel I was, radiant my glow, afar,  
My wisdom fathomed by the morningstar

And O you fools, in herdlike fight, stampede  
And when creation falls, you must build anew,  
With nails that sting My hands - They grow passionate on a lie.  
But You know the veracious one was I