

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