

# Christ Agony, Elysium

When beauty dies  
Raise symbol falls  
On the arms of sin  
Faith's carried  
Dead is the symbol  
The magic...  
Depth and the abyss...  
Night is the redemption  
In the arms of the lover  
Blood on her lips  
Unholy concern  
When beauty dies  
Lips dripped with  
The blow of nothingness  
Among the open gates  
You will be the come truth  
When beauty dies  
blood on my palms  
Covers the way with roses  
This is my kingdom  
Of sweat, tears are spit  
Where only the whores  
Keep boiling semen for dogs  
In their mouths