

Christ Agony, Rituals Sceptrus (Mystery, Prophet

Crucified sacrifice
Are sinking in the mist
Their weeping's like a brand
And dogs are waiting
By the crosses
For the night to come
Come from the abyss
Do not unfetter us
Do not let the words sound
Just as a pearl
Pick the satiating fruits
And dies of delicious taste
So the mist makes
The thorny shrub lie fighter
On the crucified head
Wake your lips up
Wake your arms up
Like a lost soul when praying
Give the sceptre
The sceptre of Satan
The subjects
Without dreams
Without power
On their knees
Lament overwhelms the darkness
Priests sweep their eyes
Over burning crosses
Priests angrily look
Are the prayer weeping
The prayer
Prayer in blood
The prayer
Prayer for blood
And the death of them
Turned his voice
To the sky
And the demented riff-raff
Is crying, tears all around
Unchained hands that tear
Throats to pieces
Sa that they won't sound again