

Ordo Rosarius Equilibrio, Disrobed But In Stockin

Regarding the plains of the faithful and prude
A land that is soiled and misused
Enshrouded by alms in the seeking of truth
Depleted and absent from use
Man seeks forgiveness for deeds all so idle
Questing compassion from forces unknown
No one but man for its conducts is liable
In spite of the lies that are told

I pass you my dagger I pass you my torch
Renting a slit in my palm
I pass you my chalice lets fill it with blood
Together with seeds of our love
Disrobed but in stockings you dance in the fires
Seized by affections of lust
For progress and fortune ourselves we are liable
Our godly potential we trust