

Peccatum, For All Those Who Died

For all those who cried aloud
But whose tears were never heard
For questioning one almighty father
Of a heavenly distanced world

Beloved thee who submit
The holy writings assured
The golden cross stained with innocent blood
But stand yet a thousand heavenward

Burning naked but smiling
Not full of fear but pride
Knowing death alone could cleanse them
Of the reasons for which they all die

For all those who died

For all those whose great beauty
Stirred their tortures to rage
And for all those whose great ugliness
Did the same

For all those who cried aloud in vain
For mercy on the rack
But whom of dying naked in scorn
Not ashamed

Burning naked but smiling
Not full of fear but pride
Knowing death alone could cleanse them
Of the reasons for which they all died

For all those who died

Pleas for mercy signs of guilt
Naked bodies broken on the wheel
Tears sign the confession
With crusted blood lips sealed

Trial by water