

# Rotting Christ, Thy Wings, Thy Horns, Thy Sin

Thy Wings, Thy Horns, Thy Sin  
Rise up the horns of sin  
The caves of the cursed I have seen  
Where mortals' souls covered with the temple of sin  
The strength of demons I feel  
Ceaseless passion to restrict  
And wicked angels surround me  
Burning me with their fiery wings  
Who shall dare to join them in  
To stain his soul with the aura of grey  
And when the flame of wings remain  
Seeking the golden fountain  
Oh God chase me  
Oh God save me  
Who shall sink them to the bed  
Painting the sea with the colour of red  
And when the flame of wings remain  
Seeking for golden fountain  
Oh God chase me  
Oh God save me  
Who shall dare to join them in  
To stain his soul with the aura of grey  
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