

Sopor Aeternus, The Feast Of Blood

Today they've found another one,
Lifeless on the cold subway-floor.
His face was turned to his back ... -
The same way the other died before.
Drain the mortals to their last convulsion
and veil the ancient cause,
Let off ... of them ... and see them tumble,
Let off and enjoy their fall!

The Feast of Blood ... -
Sweet nourishment, provided with a sob!

This mortal nectar, that warms from the inside,
This very special sort of wine.
So delicious, let it flow ... devour ... oh, so divine.
Alas, this feast shall never end,
Until in hell we all descent ...