

# Ancient Rites, G

Wir sind Gtter (We are gods)  
Gott ist der Mensch (god is man)  
Sein ist die Hand die schafft (his is the hand that makes)  
Sein ist die Hand die verletzt (his is the hand that wounds)

Gtterdmmerung!

We are gods, God is man  
His is the hand that makes, his is the hand that wounds!

As I behold your crucified lord  
It is pity I feel not a sign of purification  
And yet it are millions taught by his word

Die Gtterdmmerung ist hier!  
(the twilight has come)  
Die Gtterdmmerung ist hier!

A universal message of love  
Lessons for the world to be clear  
But I sense megalomania in his word  
Dogmatic, based on fear

Die Gtterdmmerung ist hier!  
Die Gtterdmmerung ist hier!

Like the word taught in that other book  
By some other prophet born in the East  
Screaming 'jihad!!' Lifes they took  
On the non believers corpses they feast

Not that Jahweh offered the other cheek  
As he so firmly told his followers to do  
Too many sacrifices in His name  
Far too many lies not to look through

And here I stand alone in the night  
No god or master above me  
Do I suffer from this lack of divinity

Faith, my dear friend, can be splendid indeed  
A force to hold on when the feeble soul bleeds  
Religion served to the masses  
Might be a dangerous seed  
Forced down your throat  
The last thing a free man needs

I walk a lonely path  
Am I so blind to see?  
At least I can say my soul is free  
And my only god is me...

We are gods, God is man  
His is the hand that makes, his is the hand that wounds!  
We are gods, God is man  
His is the hand that makes, his is the hand that wounds!