

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!