

Anorexia Nervosa, Das Ist Zum Erschiessen Sch

[Lyrics : RMS Hreidmarr / April 1999]

I will die tonite for the second time
I must die tonite
I could taste the wine, but it's too late
I'll burn with pride
I'll die tonight upon the storm

And I will cry over heavens
No wound shall ever satisfy my senses

No wound !
Never !

And I will cry over heavens
No wound shall ever satisfy my senses
And in my journey within the night
I have made love with the divine

In remembrance of an existence
Which has much been filled with void and nothingness
I'll burn with pride
I'll die tonite
I'll die tonite upon the storm

Feel the flesh of sacred Aeons

I have felt all around me the flesh of sacred Aeons
In my womb grows the child of thy fornication

My hour is almost come when I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself

Now I can touch your lips
And kiss you goodbye
For I leave
For I leave you alone

Eternity ain't enough
Frozen heat of hell overcame my body
You're not enough for me

No woman nor man
I shall ever love
As I only praise
My own sad savour