

# Benediction, Stigmata

They will bear my mark  
I can not be stopped  
This mission sent from god  
To teach these poor lost souls to die

There a moment of stillness before the attack  
Silence surrounds and invades me  
I have had vision, men covered in blood  
Stigmata &quot; their hands and feet bleed

A terrifying sight, but my heart is galvanized  
The will of the Lord becomes clear  
In her panic stricken, pleading eyes

Please don't cry, child, it can't be helped  
I do this because I must  
Your blood will cleanse the souls of mankind  
And your body cleans me of my lust

This quivering child  
An image of the holiest ghost  
Inebriated with pain  
She's bleeding to death

You cannot save yourself  
Salvation comes through me  
This is for your own good  
Now stop crying, just bleed...

A Korda's Benediction  
By the Father's grace  
Abyssus abyssum invocat  
Hell calls hell's disgrace

Forgive us father, for we are sin  
Though I strive to repent  
As a blood soaked angel she is hung  
Semen, god and skin

Screaming in the bloodied sea  
Fathomless, so deep  
Travestied crucifixion  
Tainted by impure hands...

Stigmata, mark of god  
Innocence corrupted  
Paranoid, the drugged mind  
Absolution inflicted

Stigmata, mark of god  
Killing, salvation  
The final sacrament  
It is only in death we are saved