

Chaostar, Let Them Free

Make us know the shortness of our life
that we may gain wisdom and heart.
Some were sick on account of their sin.

Some were forced to rely on their guilt
...But who is God?
Your Heaven or Hell?
Some were (very) pleased on account of their sins.

Let them free

I lament for I am not and I blush for my right doing
I implore them Saviour Spare me.

The fool has said in his heart
There is (no) God above
He was sick on account of his sins.

Heavens Torment