

Christ Agony, Faithless

This night
this belief
suicidal curse
the priest
are screaming in chorus
thirsting
the don't breakup the night
This night
a lonely scream
dies faithful in the moon
the naked wrapped
with thorny grass
three crosses
soiled the dawn
The priest are here
the worship the crosses at dawn
and the sacrifice
becomes the truth
in their hands
One can see the night in the fire
it's a crusade without belief
being strong enough to lift a stone
to lift to the sky
my blood...
Wich is drink in brain pans
it's a drink of loneliness
the ritual of a crime
my blood
is a joy for the masters
the corpse
the gods food
So fuck my thoughts
rape my dreams
and cut my veins
and drink, drink
Die with me