

Christ Agony, Inceremonial (Prophetical part 2)

"Satan,
I've burnt
my eyes
waiting for
Your sign";
Now the darkness in naked
Now the chaotic dance in the fog
Which draws the insane eyes
It overwhelms your trembling body
Everybody is dancing round this emptiness
The successor has already been chosen
From God's peers
He's wearing purple
And He seizes the throne
His insignia burning His hands
And nobody gonna compensate
The tears they cried
Everything dies
In this moment
God himself puts out all fires
With your blood
The faces rinsed with red
Rotting like maggots in the mud
It's mystery of begging and death
The sun of hate and curses
Born among the contempt
The subjects on they knees
Bitterly accept things
It the way they stand
The world had belonged to God
Now they want to crown Satan