

# Cultus Sanguine, A Grave Upon Mankind

Floating in vain  
like trapped in emptiness  
among the screaming ones  
they belong to misery  
I stand as the signed one  
with no future written  
a mark in blood  
spilled by my hands  
presents my days to come

Forgotten by life  
refused by death  
surrounding by feelings  
that man should not feel  
a mark in blood  
spilled by my hand  
presents my days to come

My open eyes  
can see no more  
the human dreams  
longly turned to nothing  
I'm waiting for courage to come  
I'm praising the force to end