

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