

# Cultus Sanguine, Verra Il Tempo Dei Morti

Verra il tempo dei morti  
sara un mesto raccolto  
mietera fiori e vecchi  
strapperà le speranze

Avrà il pianto delle madri  
come suono del non sonno  
l'agonia di tutti i sogni  
sara il giorno dell'inganno

The time of death will come  
it will have unlightened eyes  
will come the death again  
to take his chop and price  
will come the age of thought  
to lead upon mankind  
as joy longly has died  
and lies  
it will be the age of nothingness  
of anguish and regret  
to join love and lies  
until the end of hope  
the time of the dead has come  
to take us too the end  
to seal the end of time

Now I am the point  
to condemn all my life  
what I did and dreamt  
all is floating around  
all my life and my thoughts  
I realize I have lost

Spell my name, mortify my pride  
what I was, dreamt and hoped  
in the coming time of the dead  
it will be the age of nothingness  
of anguish and regret  
to join love and lies  
will come the time of death  
it will have unlightened eyes  
will come the age of thought  
the blazing sign of end  
will come the time of thought  
to lead upon mankind  
as joy longly has died  
and lies

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