

# Lux Occulta, Kiss My Sword

Here I come  
to unleash your souls  
to swallow the forms  
to destroy the shells  
bow to me  
kiss the sword  
bow to the Scourge of God

it's not even the matter of taste  
I hardly ever drink blood  
I feed on hopes and illusions  
on what you mortals call life  
the murderer - you say  
I'd say - the Healer  
the murderer - you say  
I'd say - the Savior

Who to himself is law, no law does need  
Offends no law and is a king indeed

Hear the broken bells chime  
mute war marches in your heart  
dismal psalm of rusty knives  
freezing hymn of emperors  
hymn of emperors to come  
stakes sown by my hand  
red dust under my feet  
when the gods sleep  
I rule this lousy world

armless prophets fall  
armed prophets win  
bow to me