

Lux Occulta, Missa Solemnis

It's immoral to have one eye
In the kingdom of the blind
Yet I believe that all in this world
Is the manifestation of God

I grow rusty nails in my wounds
I bathe them with my urine
They will blossom with blood
But they will never fructify
I breed this noble wine
On black soil Ge-Hinnom
What a lovely place to die
Home sweet home
I bake my bitter bread
In this crematory oven
I use human ashes as flour
And so big the dough grows

I know where I belong
And I know where to go
I've seen that episode on TV
I've seen it twice
I put the barrel in my mouth
That brings back peace of mind
It's so much fun to play Russian roulette
With a fully loaded gun

This is the point when it starts
This is the point when it ends

I own all maps of human weakness
I have all keys to depravation
Call me by my countless names
Emptiness, confusion, despair
Satan tempting himself
The serpent swallowing its tail
Call me perfect, call me nine
Sins don't leave scars
Call me hell