

# Nikolo Kotzev, Desecration

"Here lies the bones of the  
Most illustrious Michel de Nostradamus  
The only one in judgement of  
All mortals, worthy to write  
With a pen most divine  
Under the influence of stars  
Of events to come  
In the whole wile World  
Posterity disturb not his repose";

"You won't touch my throat  
With your filthy feet  
Whether I'm dead or alive  
Do not disturb my eternal peace  
For one who does will die  
He who drinks the wine from my scull  
Will inherit all my power  
But beware - the curse will fall upon you  
And become your darkest hour";

In the times of 1791  
During the French revolution  
As the church of Salon tollet the bell  
Seven soldiers were approaching

They were drunk from wine and victory  
Marching their way home  
When nature called an urgent stop  
By the shadow  
Of the dome

We were brothers in arms  
With a mission in life  
Standing on holy ground

But the church is just an implement  
Of fear to push us round

"Under the oak lightning strikes in Cienne  
Long centuries grabbed";

All in a flash of light ...

"Found shall die eye pierced by a spring  
doomed by destiny stabbed";  
With picks and shovels we broke the piece  
Of the tombstone never dared  
As the locals gathering in fear

(As the locals gathering in fear  
To meet again our seer)

To meet again their seer  
So I proposed a brazen toast  
Drinking from his scull  
I don't believe, I fear no ghost

(He don't believe,  
He fears no ghost  
Our legend is not dull)

Your legend is so dull  
And Lord Mayor himself  
Held his speech of rebuke

"Please, let the dead rest in peace"  
Heard the prophet of Woe laugh and sing  
"I gave you a fair warning"  
"Under the oak lightning strikes in Cienne  
Long centuries grabbed"

I warned you all ...

"Found shall die eye pierced by a spring  
doomed by destiny stabbed"  
And later on next morning  
By the break of dawn  
As the sun of grace revealed it's righteous face  
To witness seven soldiers die  
A minor death just another stitch  
In our violent history  
To become my destiny

"Under the oak lightning strikes in Cienne  
Long centuries grabbed"

All in a flash light ...

"Found shall die eye pierced by a spring  
doomed by destiny stabbed"

I warned you all ...

"Under the oak lightning strikes in Cienne"  
Long centuries grabbed"

I'll become you destiny  
"Found shall die pierced by a spring"

Now I can see you're a  
Part of me  
A legend proven true

(Now we can see  
He's a part of you)