

# Rotting Christ, Ad Noctis

Ad Noctis

I am the healer and the deceiver  
I am the sober eye of fate  
I always take to be the giver  
I am the crimson eye of hate  
My love is sloth corrupting order  
I am the secret hand of pain  
I am the builder of this wanderland  
My face is known by the insane  
My work is black the sin moves  
As horrific and as cold  
I am the horns with golden hooves  
The balance of the gods  
Oblivion decay and death  
Three of my children without birth  
I am into the inner dark  
The tension of the kill  
The first of murders had my mark  
I am in restricted thrills  
My work is black the sin moves  
As horrific and as cold  
I am the horns with golden hooves  
The balance of the gods  
Not being me, yet I am life  
The lover and the wife  
In nothing I am the essence all, the things in which you exist  
Still I am more you couldn't hold, the corpse's biggest feast  
My work is black the sin moves as horrific and as cold  
I am the horns with golden hooves, the balance of the god  
...the balance of the god  
Staring at me is a simple thing  
But may affect you a lot  
I am inside you in every thing  
GOD'S OWN ETERNAL HOST  
I am the healer and the deceiver  
I am the sober eye of fate  
I always take to be the giver  
I am the crimson eye of hate  
My love is sloth corrupting order  
I am the secret hand of pain  
I am the builder of this wanderland  
My face is known by the insane  
My work is black the sin moves  
As horrific and as cold  
I am the horns with golden hooves  
The balance of the gods  
I am the burning side of rules  
The balance of the gods  
The balance of the gods  
The balance of the gods