

# Rotting Christ, Athanati Este (????????? ????)

Athanati Este ( )

And when the bells of fate sound  
Digging your soul deep into the ground  
Setting your sense to the bound  
Spreading your eminence all around  
And when the bells of fate sound  
You walk in pathless ways till the dawn  
Screaming for salvation so loud  
Spreading your indulgence all around  
And when the bells of fate sound  
Then you immortals stand up and shout  
Then you blessed martyrs doubt  
Here comes a new age's blow  
Slaves of fate instigate  
And feel your sword's blazing edge  
Your section to the enemy  
Wound for the sleepy age  
Slaves of fate instigate  
And feel your sword's blazing edge  
Your section to the enemy  
Wound for the sleepy age