

# Rotting Christ, Sanctus Diavolos

Sanctus Diavolos

Is this the holy thing to see?

Is this the land that sun shines

Above the Heaven?

Hear those children's desperate cries:

Oh - children do they cry?

Do they hear their fathers' sigh?

Is this the fertile place to be?

Is this the land that sprouts

Green reach gardens?

Hear those souls' flickering cries!

Do they beg?

Do they smile?

Do they frame the long line?

Here shines the sun of a lower God

The light of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here burns the bright torch of soul

The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here reigns thy mighty crown of horns

The horde of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Well blossomed is his existence

So unwilling in their souls to see

So weak to face him from

The outcast angle of earth

So rapid do they flee

When bells of order are echoed

Nemesis for the anxious heavy spirit

Nemesis for a generation free

Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here shines the sun of a lower God

The light of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here is born the light for the blind world

The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Against on what prophets wrote

The aura of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Will reign, will prevail,

Tranquillize the human race

Grantis spiritus Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here burns thy bright torch of soul

The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here reigns thy mighty crown of horns

The horns of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Against on what prophets wrote

The spirit of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Will reign, will prevail and

Tranquillize the human race

Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here burns the bright torch of soul

The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here reigns thy mighty crown of horns

The horns of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Against on what prophets wrote

The spirit of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Will reign, will prevail and

Tranquillize the human race

Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS