

# Rotting Christ, Threnody

Threnody

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The frozen wind I feared , a song of laugh and tear  
My single son was singing the beauty of this living  
A lament cleaved the air, the sole request of bier  
My single son was crying, life was too short to satisfy

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He sang and he was fighting with bevy of crow that eagerly  
Waiting his flesh to eat , thirsty his blood to drink  
Hit with his heavy hand the ground so hard  
The earth that growed him, this earth will bury him

[CHORUS]

Earth in your ground I lived my first exile  
Earth your ground watered with my bile  
Earth your ground marked with my sign  
And you erased it with my dying

Boatman accept the coin of my son and lead him to the other bank  
And send my damn to the time, that Charon decided to take the son of mine

[CHORUS]

Earth in your ground I lived my first exile  
Earth your ground watered with my bile  
Earth your ground marked with my sign  
And you erased it with my dying

E