

# Silentium, Redemption

Now Look at Me Bleeding  
Thine Saviour so Blessed  
A Shrine for the Lustful  
So Scatheless My Wrists

For No Man I'd Suffer  
A Thief, Liar Nor King  
Nor Walk Upon Flames  
Sing Dirges of Moarn

A Fiery Throat to Fall  
For a Horde of the Traitors  
Every Soul Shall Betray  
And Every Soul Shall Be Betrayed

For Nothing I'd Suffer  
Nor Cry Nameless in Vain  
Your Tongue Filled with Poison  
My Chalice Your Mouth

Thus Solace Has Drowneth  
Now Look at Your Saviour  
And His Body Grew Colder  
Our Redemption Was Lust

For Nothing I'd Ask For  
As I Bow Down My Head  
Weary with Your Strife  
So Scatheless Thine Wrists