

# Slain Upon His Altar

Anata

I am lost in the land  
Of withering shadows  
Seeking no truth  
Finding depth in various things  
Weak in their spirit  
And shallow are their hearts  
Fading away like flowers  
Under the sun

And this frailty had to be shared  
My true belief was to be declared  
The holy man opened his heart  
And he let me receive the blessing  
Of his lord

Drink the blood, drink the blood  
The wine is turned into the blood of Christ  
No, I choose to spit on his face  
Forever walk the unlighted ways  
Died on the cross  
Where's your kingdom now?

All your knowledge is worthless  
All your efforts are in vain  
Sanguinary  
Blood-thirst in my nature  
Puppets of Christ in consanguinity  
But I cut the strings long ago

What does he think of now  
When he lies slain upon his altar  
Dripping with blood  
With the cross stabbed through his chest  
Just like he was stabbed in his back  
By his blind faith  
Chalice fall, let the bell toll!  
Transform wine into blood of God

Naked - Unsheltered!  
The spirit of Christ  
Now spilled outside the holy grail  
Soul tread  
Now for everyone to see  
Now facing stone  
And so is the man on the altar!