

Those Who Lick The Wounds Of Christ

Anata

Woe to the holy men
Who taste the sacred wine
You lick the wounds of Christ
The one of blessed memory

Through this you make him breathe
Though the candlelight is flickering
Relieving wind come sweep away
Devotion to his memory

One is the remedy
To let our souls fly free
One is the solution
To put all this to a final end
To end this misery
Let me spit into your face
And at the symbol of your feeble race
This is just what he would preach
His kingdom is now out of reach
Pale utopia's tragedy

I had a dream
That resembled of a dark past
An honorable ancestry
Of a time when weakness
Was no virtue more than prosperity
Awakening in cold sweat
Screaming with agony
Something must be done to end this pain
And one is the remedy
You are the clowns
You simple-minded misguided ones
In the name of God
In the name of insanity
Your ways are so pathetic
Your minds are so naive
You are the worm inside my veins
You make me sick with apathy