

God Bless the Hustler

Anorexia Nervosa

Shining upon their chests
The silver seal
The blood-red penitents
Towards our land
From my window I can guess
The flames of their so-called heaven
By now, I should run away
Leave the house, the church, the grave

And I won't do that

I open my eyes - cannot move
Their hell after tracks me down
Has finally put his hand in mine
Torture me if you want
I have learnt to suffer
And in my grave
Rained many a tear, oh blessed majesties

Once more saved - nevermore
Mare tenebrarum - the red penitents
My fate divine - their worst obsession
Burn in hell you cunt !

Their eyes are burning more than their crosses