

## Sanctus

Antaeus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus  
Te deprecamur magum redemptorum  
Benediction benediction  
Breathing from the wrath of the cup of God

Curse unto thee, thou flesh of these hands  
For hast thou not hid me from salvation?  
Curse and thorns... the deserved reward  
For thou has fructified the whore of doubt

Therefore hell hath enlarged herself  
And opened her mouth  
Without measure  
And their glory, and their multitude  
And the pomp, and he that rejoiceth  
Shall descend into it

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine  
At last I have learned the love of thy ways  
The salt and the needles and the nails of my eyes  
Come now Lord! Make me whole

Hooks of light, hooks of sight  
The path to redemption craves for pain again  
Curse and thorns... the deserved reward  
Fire of flesh, fire of skin... purification!