

(You killed Jesus, we expect to hear your shrieks of pig  
Macabre realms of your bestiality  
You don't deserve to live! )

Voices told me I killed the Christ  
I hear them at night and day, whispering  
For centuries I've supported the weight of my shame  
Threats, mockeries

When I will be dead, voices will leave me  
I'm a betrayer and I deserve to suffer  
I feel so guilty  
Before the entire human race

I beg for a vain forgiveness  
During weeks I've not slept  
All my fears become stronger in the dark  
Shadows pass in front of me  
And show me with their incriminating finger  
I'm God and animal at the same time  
In a shroud of mystery  
Triumph of the unholy ones  
Once I'll be dead they won't be able to catch me

Foetal essence of darkness  
Drained in immemorial times  
Hidden I choke down a sob  
Now that I stand at the gates of madness I will escape  
My body shakes all over  
And my name will finally sink into the oblivion  
Can't kill what's already dead