

The Virgin Of Nuremburg

Brodequin

The blessed virgin opens her arms to thee on her bosom
Thy hardened heart will be melted there
Thou wilt confess, heresy,
Blaspheming the saints and gilded glory
Step on the altar refusing all guilt giving allegiance not,
Open extended arms to embrace,
Drawing near knives set to pierce the breast.

Gears slowly turning in paling spikes are set asked once more to
confess.

Priest bless the soul justifying their murder for god
A sacrifice to christianity
Doors reopened
Body removed
Sent to an underground river to wash the remains through,
Diabolic engine of torment
The jungfer excited horror fills the audience chamber.