

Elysium

Christ Agony

When beauty dies
Raise symbol falls
On the arms of sin
Faith's carried

Dead is the symbol
The magic
Depth and the abyss...

Night is the redemption
In the arms of the lover
Blood on her lips
Unholy concern

When beauty dies
Raise symbol falls...

This is my kingdom
Of sweat, tears and spit
Where only the whores
Keep boiling semen for dogs
In their mouths...

When beauty dies
Lips dripped with
The blow of nothingness
Among the open gates
You will be the come truth
When beauty dies
Blood on my palms
Covers the way with roses...