

## Faithless

## Christ Agony

This night  
this belief  
suicidal curse  
the priest  
are screaming in chorus  
thirsting  
the don't breakup the night

This night  
a lonely scream  
dies faithful in the moon  
the naked wrapped  
with thorny grass  
three crosses  
soiled the dawn

The priest are here  
the worship the crosses at dawn  
and the sacrifice  
becomes the truth  
in their hands

One can see the night in the fire  
it's a crusade without belief  
being strong enough to lift a stone  
to lift to the sky  
my blood...

Wich is drink in brain pans  
it's a drink of loneliness  
the ritual of a crime  
my blood  
is a joy for the masters  
the corpse  
the gods food

So fuck my thoughts  
rape my dreams  
and cut my veins  
and drink, drink

Die with me