

Paganhorns

Christ Agony

My love is the guardian of the light
Far beyond the light...
The gloom is the essence of blood
Lurking in our eyes
We rule the death
In the garden of the crucified ones..
In the garden of condemned ones
We are the liberators..

Eternal
Eternal
Eternal
Eternal hate

Our feeling is the doom of the demons
Sleeping in inexpressible shapes..
The essence of violation hidden in thy beauty
Hidden in bloody sensual pleasure..

Eternity?
Landscape of the night
Eternity?
Plentitude of Wildness
Eternity?
Landscape of the night
Eternity?
Plentitude of Wildness

It is
Our lips shrouded in moonlight...

Eternity?
Night of the burning crosses

It is
In the ritual of the anointed ones
In the ceremony of crucyfying the truth
Our lips shrouded in moonlight..