

The Resistance Manifesto

Ethereal Pandemonium

Misery... came to redeem us with
Dignity... of the icons of death
Jesus Christ... and his crestfallen sight
Tragedy... of the split divine

V bezutesnej tisine rozplínul sa tieň,
Prekonany časom v ten osudny deň,
Zo scholastických vod narazil na breh
A okolo rozliehal sa Erazmov smiech
Z popola doby povstal, aby vyrazil vpred,
Sumrak bohov privolal, čím uhasil svoj smad,
Osvieteny posadil sa spať na ľudsky tron
A obrátil kríz - s vervou - s novým posolstvom... ku nam

Ornaments of Torture - Unique, Severed Limbs repaired,
And will with urge to control sensibility long dead,
With oceans, bleeding orgasms, perverted sainthood - I
Philosophy of new day vengeance born, condemned to die.
Feed me dirt, scum bathe my body, slowly hours pass,
But eyes refuse to stare the way the painful heart demands...

Self-hatred carnival and masks expressing self-pressed anger
God hidden in atom, divine chemistry
Manuf(r)actured poetry for the vengeance of the new millennium
Blasphemy as exit from the stabwounds of our fate,
Set ablaze in freezing darkness - mummified verse,
Where tons of human flesh cells fulfill promethean curse,
Labyrinth of straight path - Christendom of trust?
Forever incomprehensible to us... (Christendom of trust???)

Where are all the wizards now? Who can hear their cries?
Time has buried their torsos in the dirt...
Whom they shall preach, whom shall they praise...
Only Whores of modern Babylon...
But still... a memory out to the distance...
Reminding of the moment... close to their death

Now watch the icons bleed, the heavens weep and pandemons black
'n'roll...