If

Manticora

Caught in the afterlife, or in limbo... Who can tell
Save me from the everlasting grief that they call hell
Eight internal bleedings; Stigmata – 1 per sin
I conmited all of them; My cleansing can begin

"Blood preasure weak... Broken and torn
A sinner who was cursed from the day he was born"

Looking at the whitened ceiling through a cloud of
blood
Drifting in and out of consciousness in memory-flood
In my search for the light, I travel back in time
For my deadly sins to be uncovered as a holy crime

"Cellular death... The soul has left his eye
Nothing to do – nurse, please take him away to die"

What if my mortal remains are all that proved I was
here?
What if I didn't leave a mark in people's sphere?
What if my deadly sins were my way to make you see?
To make all you non-believers believe in me...