

Beyond the Grace of God

Marduk

Where I walk, everything appears in grey...
And under my shadow, the flowers wither
I have drunk the blood of Jesus, and my reflection is just a shadow
As a bat or a wolf I travel, and the rats tell about my arrival

Singe Este Viata...

I'm a slave under my eternal hunger
My perpetual lust for the blood that I need
I am the abomination
Satan's earthly breed

Moarte Calatoreste Repede...

As mist released from a sarcophagus I call
Of funerals and you I shall embrace
On my wings, through the darkness I fly, as the King of the Night
Invisible - I haunt the night, and my cold breath is all you can feel
I have raised from death, but left my soul in the sulphur fire
...And far beyond the grace of God I am
I - The Wanderer in the utter darkness,
the dweller in the shadow of the horned one
I have raised from death, but left my soul in the sulphur fire
And far beyond the grace of God I am...

Loosen all hope, you who confronts me