

Voices from Avignon

Marduk

Speak through me, Speak through me,
The sin must be washed away with blood,
Dream through me, called to a new life through death

Called to a new life through death,
But what shall you reach for when all colours fall?
Overwhelmed with maledictions, feel the rays of redemption
Of a brand new sun.

Choking... Asphyxia, Inhale the Darkness,
Lungs filled up, Asphyxia, Asphyxia...
But who shall you reach for when all colours fall?
Long-drawn moans and piercing cries,
Blend with prayers and litanies, faces bone dry,
Condemned as the river everybody drank of
Inhale! Inhale!

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Dream through me, called to a new life through death,
Called to a new life through death,
But what shall you reach for when all colours fall?