

## Evil Prayers

### Necromantia

May your mouth be blessed for it is no worth  
It has the taste of new roses and the taste of old earth  
It has sucked on the dark juices  
Of flowers and rushes  
When it speaks one hearts as the unfaithfull sound of rushes  
And this cruel ruby bloodied and all coldness  
It's the last wound of jesus on the cross

May your soul be blessed for it is corruption complete  
Proud emerald that has fallen onto the paving stones of the street  
It's pride has mingled with the smells of mud  
And I've just crushed into that glorious mud  
On the paving stones or the street which is a path on the cross

The last thought of jesus on the cross

It's the last thought of jesus on the cross  
Looking to the eyes of sin and sin your real self  
The last thought of jesus on the cross