

Athanati Este

Rotting Christ

Makarioi este oi tolmiroi
Makarioi este oi amartoloi
Makarioi este oi diaforetikoi
Eo sou dokei
Makarioi este oi kataramenoi
Makarioi este oi kynigoi
Enós oneirou pragmatikoi

Athanatoi este oi dynatoi
Athanatoi este oi ermitikoi
Athanatoi este oi tragikoi
Eo sou dokei
Athanatoi este oi romaloi
Athanatoi este oi tolmiroi
Odoiporoi ton aisthiseon pragmatikoi

And when the bells of fate sound
Digging your soul deep into the ground
Setting your sense to the bound
Spreading your eminence all around
And when the bells of fate sound
You walk in pathless ways till the dawn
Screaming for salvation so loud
Spreading your indulgence all around

And when the bells of fate sound
Then you immortals stand up and shout
Then you blessed martyrs doubt
Here comes a new age's blow

Slaves of fate instigate
And feel your sword's blazing edge
Your section to the enemy
Wound for the sleepy age
Slaves of fate instigate
And feel your sword's blazing edge
Your section to the enemy
Wound for the sleepy age