

He, the Aethyr

Rotting Christ

In the sleepy night
From a breezy bite
O earth
your son born
the sky
The tireless shield of mankind
Wake! under a sun that scatters its shine
And praise the stars from the field of the night
Words full of faith that sound so bright
Scattered in ether but they are surmised
Taught how to kill your blaze inside
Preached how to leave the fear beside
You infernal soul reveal the wise
How the beauty borns from inside

BORN FROM INSIDE and burn the Angel
SPAWN PROCREATE and kill the menial
Faint the light that comes from the blaze
That crush and raze all of your bowels
BORN FROM INSIDE and burn the Angel
SPAWN PROCREATE and kill the menial
Seed the thorn that bears the flame
That burns inside you and willing to frame
O tireless shield of mankind
The thorn of death so much chars me
That my spark returned to you
And fire the stars that light the way to you