

|NEMESIS, NEMESIS COME BORN,  
COME BORN DARKNESS CHILD.  
NEMESIS, NEMESIS LAST PASCH,  
LAST PASCH, THE HOLY RITE.|x3

Is this the land where sun brightly shines?  
Is this the existence of a heaven's sign?  
Is this the locus, the hallowed focus,  
Where grace love and harmony combine?  
Is this the stead where reigns the light?  
Is this where hate bids?  
Hear those soul's cries, do they beg, do they smile?  
Do they follow the endless long line?

NEMESIS FOR THE ANXIOUS HEAVY SPIRIT

|NEMESIS, NEMESIS COME BORN,  
COME BORN DARKNESS CHILD.  
NEMESIS, NEMESIS LAST PASCH,  
LAST PASCH, THE HOLY RITE.|x2

Lay down their souls with holy fears,  
And waters the ground with dismal tears.  
Soldiers of grief prepare, we are near,  
Fight the Pasch with shields, but without spears.  
Hold by the whispers that summer breeze bears,  
And reign the land where all the woes bear.  
Hear those souls' cries, do they beg do they smile?  
Do they follow the endless long line?

NEMESIS FOR THE GENERATION FREE

|Nemesis, Nemesis come born,  
Come born darkness child.  
Nemesis, Nemesis, last Pasch,  
Last Pasch, the holy rite.|x2