

...Pir Threontai

Rotting Christ

In the age of gold we sculpt with deads
In the age of liberty the dread is reigning
In the age of wealth we waste flames
But the flames are known to our dead

Abomination, humiliation,
God cursed creation
Why you cage our souls
To your kingdom
Illumination, desire, salvation,
You exiled creation
Let me walk the path of wisdom

The dead are counting
With their names
The dread is following up with shames
The blood is spooking the place
But this place is not new to our dead

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With their names
The dread is following up with shames
The blood is spooking the place
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Abomination, humiliation
Abomination, abomination, humiliation
Let me walk the path of wisdom