

Sanctus Diavolos

Rotting Christ

Is this the holy thing to see?
Is this the land that sun shines
Above the Heaven?
Hear those children's desperate cries:
Oh - children do they cry?
Do they hear their fathers' sigh?
Is this the fertile place to be?
Is this the land that sprouts
Green reach gardens?
Hear those souls' flickering cries!
Do they beg?
Do they smile?
Do they frame the long line?
Here shines the sun of a lower God
The light of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Here burns the bright torch of soul
The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Here reigns thy mighty crown of horns
The horde of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Well blossomed is his existence
So unwilling in their souls to see
So weak to face him from
The outcast angle of earth
So rapid do they flee
When bells of order are echoed
Nemesis for the anxious heavy spirit
Nemesis for a generation free

Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here shines the sun of a lower God
The light of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Here is born the light for the blind world
The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Against on what prophets wrote
The aura of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Will reign, will prevail,
Tranquillize the human race

Grantis spiritus Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here burns thy bright torch of soul
The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here reigns thy mighty crown of horns
The horns of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Against on what prophets wrote
The spirit of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Will reign ,will prevail and
Tranquillize the human race

Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here burns the bright torch of soul
The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Here reigns thy mighty crown of horns

The horns of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Against on what prophets wrote
The spirit of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Will reign, will prevail and
Tranquillize the human race

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