

# 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

Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS