

Shades of Evil

Rotting Christ

Êáé åðëáóái ôïí
áíèñùðïí, ÷ïðí áðü
ôçò ãçò
Êáé áíáöðóçóái áéò
ôí ðñíóùðïí áöðïð
ðíïçí æùçò

Êáé åðëáóái ï üôé åê
ôçò ãçò ðáíðá ôá
èçñéá ôïð áãñïð,
Êáé åðëáóái üôé åê
ôçò ãçò ðáíðá ôá
ðãðáéíá ôïð
ïðñáíïð

God desires to be born
In the flame of human sense
Bursting and rising
Higher and higher

And what if there are no roots on earth
And what if the stoned residence
Is a ruined hotel
Where the flame of God cannot burn
And what if the human sense
Appears as a son without birth
On an unequal battle
Where the stoned walls are made of human flesh

God desires to reign
In the flame of human fear
Creating and burning
The fields of humans' fear

...prepare your soul for the eternal burn...
...and what if the human sense is a son without birth...