

Victoriatius

Rotting Christ

like the ocean that roars
everything I have done
echoes in my ears
but can never be undone

the battle has offered
the passion and the heat
I can not be denied
triumph or admit defeat

I remember now
vigorous I had been
really cruel but somehow
so glorious no man's ever seen

may we be
the first to know
the first to see
the glory to bow
what else could it be?
the victory I foresaw

I honor the past
I carry the future
I'll make it last
I live up to our culture

in memory of those
who've crossed my path
I keep them close
in times of death

the battle has offered,
the passion and the heat
I can not be denied, triumph or admit defeat
I remember now vigorous I had been
really cruel but somehow
so glorious no man's ever seen