

The Golden Sin

Theatres Des Vampires

A golden mask that hides the spirit of
metamorphosis, his empty and dark glance is
without expression Fluent back hair frames his
freezing face; the dark cloak covers the rest of
his body without forms Freezing air around him
while golden rain falls down to strike greedy men
and turns them into golden statues Human
collection kept in this golden paradise in The
Great and ancient castle of the sadistic judge

The golden sin is the mark on their skin... It's
their condemnation, it's our light! Oh spirit of
Justice! Kill this futile humanity! Their sin is
our wealth! Their costly suffering we can breathe!

Statues with wide eyes, it's their last glance!
Mouth agape, it's their last scream! The golden
spirit on his throne looks at their expressions He
hates and loves the men because he can't have a
face

He can't change his expression and now he
sentences and lives his feelings through their
faces to eternity Nothing can change in the
darkness of the death, like their faces blocked in
a golden prison!

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their condemnation, it's our light! Oh spirit of
Justice! Kill this futile humanity! Their sin is
our wealth! Their costly suffering we can breathe!