

Wormwood

"...The third angel blew his trumpet, and a great star fell from heaven, blazing like a torch, and it fell on a third of the rivers and in the fountains of water.

The name of the star is Wormwood.

A third of the waters became Wormwood, and many died of the water, because it was made bitter..."

In taberna quando sumus  
non curamus quid sit humus,  
hoc est opus ut queratur  
[???

I can see God's unborn son  
Playing with a loaded gun  
All our sins...

He'll die for us...

Or did somebody lie to us?

I can see the shape of God  
Drowning in a pool of blood

A mighty choir of ancient generations sings

Behold! The hand of death  
Squeezing out earth's final breath  
The stars are falling from the sky  
And I know why

See God and his hand of death  
Squeezing out earth's final breath  
How did it all come to this?  
Brought to us by Judas kiss?

I watch the sun go out  
I've lived to see the end  
As I watch the sun go out  
My loss of faith replaced by doubt  
All our sins...

He'll die for us...

Or did somebody lie to us?

Let us pour one final drink  
Fill the glasses to the rim  
The world's on fire

I still can hear the choir sing  
Behold! Your nightmares are fulfilled  
God just got his final will  
The world stops spinning  
And death is all around...

Come...

Join this toast  
God is dead...