

## Under The Cross

Tristitia

Under the Cross the Dead drink our tears I still feel the  
rain The sad stillness in my pain Behind me I leave all  
disgrace Taste my  
belief I drown my sorrow in blood To despise a reliance  
Is to rely on my  
fire Behind me I leave all disgrace And to be One of  
those without a grave  
To be One of those without a grave To be buried without a  
singel trace  
Burning to be buried smiling away If I bleed for the Moon  
Will you give  
him a cross One more to bear For hundred empty years  
Cause I still cry in  
pain As I watch you washing his cross in bloodtears