

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