

The Tears That Wet Gethsemane

Zemial

The tears that wet Gethsemane..
We chose our Faith on Sinai
Our mystic Dreams were hunted
But our eternal Cult is finally restored!

The words that are blown as dust
Drowned in the Seas as lead
Our wings of Knowledge are as Darkness
Dare you meet me in the vast depths of my mind?

Votaris of the tears you shed
Follower of the weak compassion
Lamenting shall be carried by the Winds in your name
The end shall enter the temple of your worthless life

For We are the Chosen Ones on Earth
Servants of Those who scream over the mountains of sunset
Of the Queen that spits the Ancient Words of Power
We raise the broken chalice in Her eternal Name

I shall dance the dance the dance of Salome once more,
So sleep forever bastardic infected birth: