

Decapitated Saints

Vader

Black rotting blood invades my ailing flesh,
Destroys and burns me down alive,
Ulcerated lips stinking of death,
Excommunicated creators of mine,
Blasphemous words and eyes that bleed,
In horrible never ending torments,
Waiting for hell my dead body looks ahead,
That will be soon the end.
Prepare you to die,
That comes unexpectedly,
Ask nobody "why?",
It's just an inevitable thing.
Still existing mind being in deadly fear,
Soon will be only heap of musty rot,
Tongue, heart and all my guts shall be digested by the necrophag-
ic grubs.
No hope I must die and turn to ashen dust,
My soul will fly away to realms of dead,
Absurd resistance, I feel, Darkness takes my soul,
I'm only, after all, the slave of hell.
Raise from this grave,
Is fear in your eyes?
You have to leave your flesh,
Still wait for you - decapitated saints.
I've died to live in everlasting world,
Where reigns death and holy law of hate,
Omnipotent lords feeding the groans,
Of turn souls imploring for mercy,
I'm, in the place, where sin is all around,
And blood flows from every clipped head,
A billion dirty souls decay in ones own blood,
Awaiting beneficial touch of force, that let 'em die!
I'm raising up above eternal mists,
Heavens lie at feet of mine,
Wandering the sky I see transformed Christ,
Whose head I'm holding in my hand.
Is it possible the heaven is the hell?
Perhaps it's my own terrible dream,
Clipped sacred heads seem to say to me,
"That's true, the sky has turned to fire!"