

Antaeus "Sanctus"

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Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus
Te deprecamur magum redemptorum
Benediction benediction
Breathing from the wrath of the cup of God

Curse unto thee, thou flesh of these hands
For hast thou not hid me from salvation?
Curse and thorns... the deserved reward
For thou has fructified the whore of doubt

Therefore hell hath enlarged herself
And opened her mouth
Without measure
And their glory, and their multitude
And the pomp, and he that rejoiceth
Shall descend into it

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine
At last I have learned the love of thy ways
The salt and the needles and the nails of my eyes
Come now Lord! Make me whole

Hooks of light, hooks of sight
The path to redemption craves for pain again
Curse and thorns... the deserved reward
Fire of flesh, fire of skin... purification!

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