

Benighted "Infernal Killings"

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As tears of blood are raining from the sky
Sleeping body of the visitor lies
From the depths rise the eternal singings
Which orchestrate the march of the ceremony

Hosanna

Opening his eyes the amazing spectacle
Of the torturers enchained at the stake
Imploring faces are devoid of this hate
Which condemned the supposed heretics to death
The visitor's looking at this stream of pain
The pleasure in his eyes rises higher than the flames.

Hosanna

His feeling of injustice dies
Pictures of torture seems so far
The pain for fictitious heresy
Revenge comes a day finally
Episode between death and life
The evil consumed bodies lie
The visitor falls again in big sleep
This dead man can now rest in peace.

Hosanna

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