

Divina

"The Holy Holt"

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[The Holy Holt:]
The end is near!
Time nears the end
The utmost foe is dead!
Consume his flesh and sip his blood
Belch then:
'time nears the end... '
From furtive hole his blood she'd forth
None cares of misty source
Of shady wood with it's foliage-streams
Rush rolling forth the vaults

[Caym:]
Our utmost foe is to be gone to rack and ruin!
Now
We'll destroy his path has been created
In such devious way!
We'll shred apart array
Of his false prophets led our flock astray!

[The Holy Holt:]
How should they know?

[Caym:]
Destroy them!
Destroy them!

[The Holy Holt:]
Time nears the end!

[Caym:]
Their scripts proved to be utterly crooked!

[The Holy Holt:]
They will clear away all your memories!
They will confound your limbs with deadly disease!
Only they will march with you hand in hand
To derail your dreams
Behold them nearing the end!

The end is near!

Decline appeared
To reign obliquely among the kings!

[Caym:]
But to no avail!
It's not e'en insane and sick
Dead on the contrary
Its head is nowhere to be found
It even cannot speak so gear it up as horse!

[Oze:]
To be exact it's corpse!
And if you please exert yourself to ride this trunk!

[The Holy Holt:]
Our GOD prefers to dwell among the ruins
Thus he does reveal his orifice obliquely!
Dilapidated mill shows no arrogance
We will make up our mind
To be akin those sacred trees!

To dwell in silent grove!
Amid the trees with shining leaves and fruits!
Admire this sacred grove!
Make up your mind
To be as complaisant as you can!

[Caym:]
Oh please avoid imprudent wishes
To know the way our savior rose to be reborn!

[The Holy Holt:]
We are not daunted by such distance!
We'll ride our horses toward clouds
In defiance of roaring storm!

[Caym:]
All alone!
From ruin tomb in a forgotten land
Seen through the eyes of the dead!

[The Holy Holt:]
All alone!
From ruin tomb in a forgotten land...

[Caacrinolaas:]
So there is nothing for it but to do your best
To be dead!

[Peter:]
How shall I be...

My demon
Show me the way!
How shall I turn to dust...
My demon
Show me the way
I can abet your swarm

[The Holy Holt:]
Time nears the end!
Time nears the end!

He has done this alone
All alone!
From a ruin tomb in a forgotten land
He'll ne'er be dead!

[Oze:]
All alone he escaped myriad
Of those spluttering saints!
He left them all not resentful but dead!
All alone he came softly up behind
No one saw
No one heard gloating over the senseless corpse...
He has done this alone
All alone!
Fallen one leaves no victim undone!
But no one ever knows

How did he strive
Showing to demons their ways!
Strove to survive
For there was so much at stake!
Time nears the end!
Time nears the end!

[Caacrinolaas:]
Deep down thy art thou goest
Painting thy dauby picture
Looks like hell but does the same not a dreg!

For prancing w-horse of yours
Only ill-gotten creatures
So they ought to be ill-spent!
(so they say in either case)

Shine on brighter than the sun anon
Chasing your hoax-horizons
Denizens of boggy path you've searched for
Meant not to be led astray in anyway...
Never...

[Oze:]
Never...
Never...

[The Holy Holt:]
He found his way into his kingdom

[Caym:]
As one would expect
He's left the gloomy wood for grove!

[The Holy Holt:]
He found his way into the heaven!
Again we have got our lord
In his place high above!

All alone!
From ruin tomb in a forgotten land
Seen through the eyes of the dead!
All alone!
From ruin tomb in a forgotten land
You came so gloriously to be (dead) the only One!

[Caacrinolaas:]
For fallen angels leave no victims
No their remains e'en
Thus appear the hand of fallen one
...to turn his concubine into the ruins
And reign and rule among the ruins he has done!

The Holy Holt entering Sacred Grove
We have done this alone
All alone!

[Caym:]
...through the sweet Eucharist of these trees!
Brothers do taste their gifts!

[The Holy Holt:]
Holy oaks!
You've been meant by our lord for us
Like sacred trees
Give us your life with wisdom of yours!
It is not to be wondered at that
We are to become inaccessible for deadly curse!
We shall win!
With the acorn of life and religion inside
Of our belly
Thus inside our mind!

[Caym:]

Have we possessed!
We'll glorify all your ways!

[Caacrinolaas:]
And all his oaks
You nothing daunted possessed!
Time nears the end!
Time nears the end!

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