

## Hour Of Penance "Blood Tribute"

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Greed of blood  
Makes the believer a rabid beast.  
Mass comes to an end.  
Desire becomes unbearable.  
Crescendo of terror. The damned is untenable.  
Wherever you turn, there's nothing  
But these four walls, you and I.

The leading wire of this tale  
Is been woven through mute chambers' walls.  
Captives communicate through tortured screams.

'Till the moment is gone.

Then the altar unique, immense and obscure will open  
underneath  
Upon them. Sun and Moon both black,  
Testifying their blood tribute.  
Man is both goat and knife.  
Greed and mercy under the sign of pain.

[Missing lines]

It's time to cry.

But between these four walls  
Only your brothers will hear  
And will hide powerless.  
Crawling in the night  
We hide.

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