

Inner Shrine "Confutatis"

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Dies irae, dies illa solvet saeculum in favilla. Quantus
tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus.

Lacrimosa dies illa.
Coget omnes ante thronum

Shadows of ignorance and clouds of grief
Chain the earth with a mundane belief

Cosmical cycles are bound to exist
For darkness's time to fade and for light to overflow
again

A new sun is rising, of hope and beauty
No more famine will choke the poor
And for the ones who see
A century of science and art

"Confutatis" all who live in greed
For those who can't succeed
For those who breath and bleed

And we fall to our knees
For time has come
To live again
No more boundaries
Because eyes are open and wide
And the chant of what will last for eternity
Is in the air.

Confutatis maledictis, flammis acribus addictis, voca
me cum benedictis.
Lacrimosa dies illa, qua resurget ex favilla judicandus
homo reus.

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