

Thornafire

"From Punishment To Advent"

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Chained & naked lies
The gnostics born of the darkness
Surrounded by fire they remain
Waiting for his last breath

His laments
And his stink
His screams
And his skin-shattered

With his naked body facing sky
And his eyes looking at the torturer
Who cut off part of his sex
Now look at him as if were a bastard

With their dying souls they remain
Cloistered with torments by a clergy
Those who get eucharist from god
And justify torture by faith

The Nazarene looks at them with splendour
How they suffer as he also does
To know more life's laws
Were the menace of the divine creator

The mystic ministry of horror
Forged in fire

Suplicium
Invoking-the fire
Advent

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