

Vigilia Mortum "Bloody Remorse"

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That there is a blood it is memory,
It's memory of our fights.
That there is a bullet, it cold metal,
It flies on wings of fate.

The Remorse is a way,
It's to conduct us.
The Remorse it a fear,
It will depress us.

Rusty crosses on hills,
It is graves, of ours the soldier.
Their pain in an eternal hell,

It we should understand of remorse.

The Remorse is a way,
It's to conduct us.
The Remorse it a fear,
It will depress us.

What truth, dead men hide?
It is the Bloody truth about the Death.
The Soldier's soul is awakened,
And it waits for repentance.

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