

Worship

"Zorn A Rust-Red Scythe"

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Ancient rust on black
Scarlet curve of wrath
Spill a bleak revenge
In Gethsemane

I will make you pay,
Bleed your scarlet guilt
To reconquer day
From filth

And they fall like leaves
Brittle to the touch
Where blood is only grey
Only grey

[Bakar:]

"We are the Moonkult. I am Bakar, the First. You see,
brother,
The world that was is dead. It was foul, teeming with
sin.
As mankind made it's final discovery, the end of the
patience of God,
The experiment was ended. The world was returned
into the shape of moon,
A clean state. Only when aeons of penitence have
passed,
Befitting the crime, and mankind has forgotten sin,
desire, rebellion,
Only then will the world be born anew. A perfect,
newborn world."

Stay away
Bleed away
Fall like statues
Mute like sleep

And to the end of day
I will run from your lies
If there is sanctuary
I shall find it or cease

[Bakar:]

"You, my son, are the sacrifice to die for our sins, until
we'll finally be forgiven."

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