

Postmortem "Bitter Tears"

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The bloody wrathful moon
Stares down upon the earth
From behind the dark clouds
The moon's ray - the sky's curse

Invades the temple
Christian flock subjected to lies
Insulted the land of our fathers
By destruction of the sacred places we hold dear

But we will not surrender that land
Where our ancestors once dwelt
And our sword of war was raised
The battle is our deal of honour
And what of the rusting swords
Rusting in rotten blood spilt from the popes
Our smiths will forge
New swords from pain and evil

And let wounds bleed
Fire burn and hearts break
Bitter tears will wash wounds clean
Inspiring the brave and evil spirit

We will fight for the end
Deal the final blow
Until we meet the enemy
Until the bloodied blade rests in our hand

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