

Sig:Ar:Tyr

"Musica In Tempora Belli"

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The beast lies within their eyes,
They feast upon their sweet lies,
The shrieks unheard to be heard by the dead;
They once fed, they once bred,
Their ears are deafened, their eyes are blinded,
They have no tongues to speak their truth,
The words are buried in the smoke of fires,
The curse is sung by the dead men's choir.

I am not the one who seeks for the truth that's buried in
heaven,
I am not the one who fears the tribulations in hell, the
one who seeks for the vengeance to be slowly done,
I am not the one who waits for (the) curse which I know
falls on none.

They burned my flesh,
They burned my soul,
They burned my shadow,
They burned my blood,
They burned my love,
They burned my hate,
They burned my pleasure,
They burned my pain.

The fire burns the eyes to see I've got;
The fate confined in the burning tombs,
No flowers to bloom in the ashes on which I lie,
Unleashed up us unwanted doom,
Death begins to show it's shadow,
Shriek shot through my shivering womb,
My blood-shod grave, so shabby and shallow,
A hoof on the devil is proof of evil.

The fire burns the tongue to speak;
For the truth in ashes I have to seek,
Screamer, redeemer or is it silence,
Like a spear to my ears,
I'm falling from the throne blind,
I'm crawling through the stain of blood,
I'll be slain, insane, in vain.

As I was,
As I was,
As I was burned in hell,
I've seen it,
I've seen it,
I've seen it,
Yes, Hell does exist.

The fangs to be sharpened seek another prey,
Blood to be she'd brings death to be done,
Life is denied when our dawn draws so nigh,
I'll be chained to the stain of blood,
King of slaughter,
Sins to be scattered, crucified upon the burning throne,
the unwelcome spawn is;
To be stoned but never to be moaned.

I am not the one who waits for the tragedy that I'll be
given,
I am not the one who yearns for death to be forgiven,
I am not the one who sacrificed my own (sacred) flesh,
I am not the one who sacrifices my own (filthy) blood,
Denial or betrayal,
The warning came but it was too late,
The angels bleed to sate their greed,
Yes Demon's greed, and never to be freed,
Denial or betrayal,
The angels bleed to feed the evil,
Only to be preyed upon their seed, I plead!

I am not the devil though my way might not be right,
I am not the devil even if my hands are filled with
blood,
Oh God do you kill us for your own fun?
Like a stain of what has been done.

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