

Rotting Christ "Demonon Vrosis"

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Woe, pain, blood lead us

Now that we end up with fire
Some strident curses come from higher

Woe, pain, blood lead us

We are the nights' atrocious sons
We come from strange locus named
Neverland
Atrocious demons' feed you will become
A woeful shadow without blood

CHORUS

Show me the path to show you the land
Where grimy war & pain have just begun
Oh, you strain, oh, you pain

I am thine and thou art mine

Now that the order sounds cease-fire
Some warlike voices sound like choir

Woe, pain, blood lead us

And tear the lucid and silky veil of my
dream
And walk on gloomy and trodden path
and kill
My misty brain, lord, please reign
Lord please reign and spit the poison in
my vein

CHORUS

I am thine and thou art mine

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