

## **Rotting Christ "Khronos"**

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Origin of time / the face of old flesh  
Crumbles the earth / my feet and brain  
Collapsing into measures / of nature's killing liberty  
Lights gone an empty house / should be filled of empty  
pain

In the light of a young moon  
The cold dark night becomes scary soon

A thorn in my soul your face fade away  
Awake like an owl for salvation I pray

And shining flames / burning the night sky  
Until you / who walk among the liking  
Touch the overbearing / fall on the crushed

In the light of a young moon  
The cold dark night becomes scary soon  
A thorn in my soul your face fade away  
Awake like an owl for salvation I pray  
He who sleeps in the embrace of not  
Shall carry the thorns of carrion souls  
He who rules the flesh of the pigs  
With an oral smile shall pray on fools  
Tough the overweening / fall on the crushed  
Blind eyes of old light / pigs shall rule  
The flesh of kings / devoured for six nights  
The sky is empty / a golden snake crumbles the earth

Her feet and brain / the face of old flesh  
Like an empty light house / hiding the cold flesh  
Snow is falling through / the living is gone  
Then the memory / of old fear is upon  
Rushes sordid through / winged black images  
Who shall build / an empty sky  
Same as the origin / of your face  
Origin of time / origin of time

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