

Rotting Christ "Thou Art Lord"

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Thou on the cross, for you shall fight

Dead arch dead march embattle and fire

Thou on the cross, for you shall fight

Thou on the cross, for you shall die

Thou on the cross, for you shall fight

Thou on the cross, for you shall die

CHORUS

Soldiers be prepared, prepared!

Fight for our cause

Embattle cruel to waste your soul,

Our cause is heaven's cause

Soldiers be prepared, prepared!

Die for an absurd law

Sharp your arm that sharp your heart,

Be worth of our cause

For a voice like thunder and a tongue

To drown the throat of war

When the senses are shaken

And the soul is driven to madness

Who can stand, who can stand

When the souls are torn

To everlasting fire

CHORUS

For a scream like rumble and a tongue

That spit the curse of war

When the senses are ablazed and the

Soul lead the flames

Who can stand, who can stand

Thou on the cross, for you shall fight

CHORUS

Dead arch dead march

Embattle and fire

Now I see the light

Light me a light, any kind of light
Will I ever see this green green
Landscape bright
Will I ever feel this spring
Breeze and delight
Now I see the light, now I see the light

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