

Rotting Christ

"Thy Wings, Thy Horns, Thy Sin"

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Rise up the horns of sin

The caves of the cursed I have seen
Where mortals' souls covered with the temple of sin

The strength of demons I feel
Ceaseless passion to restrict
And wicked angels surround me
Burning me with their fiery wings

Who shall dare to join them in
To stain his soul with the aura of grey
And when the flame of wings remain
Seeking the golden fountain

Oh God chase me
Oh God save me

Who shall sink them to the bed
Painting the sea with the colour of red
And when the flame of wings remain
Seeking for golden fountain

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