

Anata "Slain Upon His Altar"

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I am lost in the land
Of withering shadows
Seeking no truth
Finding depth in various things
Weak in their spirit
And shallow are their hearts
Fading away like flowers
Under the sun

And this frailty had to be shared
My true belief was to be declared
The holy man opened his heart
And he let me receive the blessing
Of his lord

Drink the blood, drink the blood
The wine is turned into the blood of Christ
No, I choose to spit on his face
Forever walk the unlighted ways
Died on the cross
Where's your kingdom now?

All your knowledge is worthless

All your efforts are in vain
Sanguinary
Blood-thirst in my nature
Puppets of Christ in consanguinity
But I cut the strings long ago

What does he think of now
When he lies slain upon his altar
Dripping with blood
With the cross stabbed through his chest
Just like he was stabbed in his back
By his blind faith
Chalice fall, let the bell toll!
Transform wine into blood of God

Naked - Unsheltered!
The spirit of Christ
Now spilled outside the holy grail

Soul tread
Now for everyone to see
Now facing stone
And so is the man on the altar!

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