

## Anata

# "Those Who Lick The Wounds Of Christ"

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Woe to the holy men  
Who taste the sacred wine  
You lick the wounds of Christ  
The one of blessed memory

Through this you make him breathe  
Though the candlelight is flickering  
Relieving wind come sweep away  
Devotion to his memory

One is the remedy  
To let our souls fly free  
One is the solution  
To put all this to a final end  
To end this misery  
Let me spit into your face  
And at the symbol of your feeble race  
This is just what he would preach  
His kingdom is now out of reach

Pale utopia's tragedy

I had a dream  
That resembled of a dark past  
An honorable ancestry  
Of a time when weakness  
Was no virtue more than prosperity  
Awakening in cold sweat  
Screaming with agony  
Something must be done to end this pain  
And one is the remedy  
You are the clowns  
You simple-minded misguided ones  
In the name of God  
In the name of insanity  
Your ways are so pathetic  
Your minds are so naive  
You are the worm inside my veins  
You make me sick with apathy

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