

Anorexia Nervosa

"The Drudenhaus Anthem"

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[Lyrics : RMS Hreidmarr / October 1999]

I reach the quintessence of all that is
I was, I am and I shall be again
Burn and torture me for I am the witch
The Antechrist you've feared for years and years
Burn me and burn us there's no time to waste
Burn, burn before you understand

For crime so pure and restless tragedies
I transgress your world into the house of dawn
For redemption and immortality
A sacred sin for divine perfection

Drudenhaus !

O Roy des cieux et Seigneur des Seigneurs
O ange des anges, toi que craignent tous les hommes
en silence
Je suis l'ineffable et ton bras vengeur
L'unique salut de ce monde profane et sans grace

I pray for all and whole non-salvation
And all the phantoms on earth follow me
I search for some old forgotten treasures
And the girl made of gold is forever above me

Down into the house of dawn I rest
Between these walls of huge flesh I lay
Dawn of Miracle - Drudenhaus !
Where life sets and burns until the fall

Through the sacred semente of the Lord - my soul
I caress the total universe
Even so vast mortal skies and oceans cannot
Fill the house of presence and goldlust storms

There grows the shadow of all my passions
There all is silence and will of seduction

Mourir de notre main ou de la votre
Mourir et enfin vivre d'absolu

Et vous serez fiers de nous avoir jugé
Mais nous seuls nous étions condamnés
I touch the quintessence of all that is
I was, I am and I shall be again

Fuck and slaughter me for I am the witch
The mystic force you've cursed for years and years
Burn me and burn us there's no time to waste
Burn, burn before it's too late
3. God Bless The Hustler

[Lyrics : RMS Hreidmarr / October 1999]

Shining upon their chests
The silver seal
The blood-red penitents
Towards our land
From my window I can guess
The flames of their so-called heaven
By now, I should run away
Leave the house, the church, the grave

And I won't do that

I open my eyes - cannot move
Their hell after tracks me down
Has finally put his hand in mine
Torture me if you want
I have learnt to suffer
And in my grave
Rained many a tear, oh blessed majesties

Once more saved - nevermore
Mare tenebrarum - the red penitents
My fate divine - their worst obsession
Burn in hell you cunt !

Their eyes are burning more than their crosses

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