

First Prayer

Pantheist

Omnis humana cogitatio in fundamentis putrefactionis conditur,
quam ecclesia Domini nostri ei praeposuit. Lungs filled with embers and regurgitating boiling blood I say Praise
the
Lord,
praise, O servants of the Lord...
We will sing a new song to thee,
O God: a psalter of thirteen Stations,
may scoria bury Eden and blind the light of hope...

Lyrics provided by

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