

Khronos

Rotting Christ

Origin of time / the face of old flesh
Crumbles the earth / my feet and brain
Collapsing into measures / of nature's killing liberty
Lights gone an empty house / should be filled of empty pain
In the light of a young moon
The cold dark night becomes scary soon
A thorn in my soul your face fade away
Awake like an owl for salvation I pray
And shining flames / burning the night sky
Until you / who walk among the liking
Touch the overbearing / fall on the crushed
In the light of a young moon
The cold dark night becomes scary soon
A thorn in my soul your face fade away
Awake like an owl for salvation I pray
He who sleeps in the embrace of not
Shall carry the thorns of carrion souls
He who rules the flesh of the pigs
With an oral smile shall pray on fools
Tough the overweening / fall on the crushed
Blind eyes of old light / pigs shall rule
The flesh of kings / devoured for six nights
The sky is empty / a golden snake crumbles the earth
Her feet and brain / the face of old flesh
Like an empty light house / hiding the cold flesh
Snow is falling through / the living is gone
Then the memory / of old fear is upon
Rushes sordid through / winged black images
Who shall build / an empty sky
Same as the origin / of your face
Origin of time / origin of time

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