

Athanatoi Este

Rotting Christ

And when the bells of fate sound
Digging your soul deep into the ground
Setting your sense to the bound
Spreading your eminence all around
And when the bells of fate sound
You walk in pathless ways till the dawn
Screaming for salvation so loud
Spreading your indulgence all around
And when the bells of fate sound
Then you immortals stand up and shout
Then you blessed martyrs doubt
Here comes a new age's blow
Slaves of fate instigate
And feel your sword's blazing edge
Your section to the enemy
Wound for the sleepy age
Slaves of fate instigate
And feel your sword's blazing edge
Your section to the enemy
Wound for the sleepy age

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