

Beyond the Grace of God

Marduk

Where I walk, everything appears in grey
And under my shadow, the flowers wither
I have drunk the blood of Jesus, and my reflection is just a shadow
As a bat or a wolf I travel, and the rats tell about my arrival
Sing Este Viata I'm a slave under my eternal hunger
My perpetual lust for the blood that I need
I am the abomination
Satan's earthly breed
Moarte Calatoreste Repede
As mist released from a sarcophagus I call
Of funerals and you I shall embrace
On my wings, through the darkness I fly, as the King of the Nightsky
Invisible - I haunt the night, and my cold breath is all you can feel
I have raised from death, but left my soul in the sulphur fire
..And far beyond the grace of god I am
I - The Wanderer in the utter darkness,
the dweller in the shadow of the horned one
I have raised from death, but left my soul in the sulphur fire
And far beyond the grace of god I am
Loosen all hope, you who confronts me

Songwriters

MORGAN PATRIK NICLAS HAKANSSON Published by

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