

Ad Noctis

Rotting Christ

I am the healer and the deceiver
I am the sober eye of fate
I always take to be the giver
I am the crimson eye of hateMy love is sloth corrupting order
I am the secret hand of pain
I am the builder of this wanderland
My face is known by the insaneMy work is black the sin moves
As horrific and as cold
I am the horns with golden hooves
The balance of the gods
Oblivion decay and death
Three of my children without birthI am into the inner dark
The tension of the kill
The first of murders had my mark
I am in restricted thrillsMy work is black the sin moves
As horrific and as cold
I am the horns with golden hooves
The balance of the gods
Not being me, yet I am life
The lover and the wifeIn nothing I am the essence all, the things in which you exist
Still I am more you couldn't hold, the corpse's biggest feast
My work is black the sin moves as horrific and as cold
I am the horns with golden hooves, the balance of the god
...the balance of the godStaring at me is a simple thing
But may affect you a lot
I am inside you in every thing
GOD'S OWN ETERNAL HOSTI am the healer and the deceiver
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I am the crimson eye of hate
My love is sloth corrupting order
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The balance of the gods
I am the burning side of rules
The balance of the gods

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The balance of the gods

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