

Thou Art Lord (feat. Alan Nemtheanga)

Rotting Christ

Thou on the cross, for you shall fight
Dead arch dead march embattle and fire
Thou on the cross, for you shall fight

Thou on the cross, for you shall die
Thou on the cross, for you shall fight

Thou on the cross, for you shall die
CHORUS

Soldiers be prepared, prepared!

Fight for our cause

Embattle cruel to waste your soul,

Our cause is heaven's cause

Soldiers be prepared, prepared!

Die for an absurd law

Sharp your arm that sharp your heart,

Be worth of our cause
For a voice like thunder and a tongue

To drown the throat of war

When the senses are shaken

And the soul is driven to madness

Who can stand, who can stand

When the souls are torn

To everlasting fire
CHORUS

For a scream like rumble and a tongue

That spit the curse of war

When the senses are ablazed and the

Soul lead the flames

Who can stand, who can stand

Thou on the cross, for you shall fight
CHORUS
Dead arch dead march

Embattle and fire
Now I see the light

Light me a light, any kind of light

Will I ever see this green green

Landscape bright

Will I ever feel this spring

Breeze and delight

Now I see the light, now I see the light

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