

# The Drudenhause Anthem

## Anorexia Nervosa

[Lyrics : RMS Hreidmarr / October 1999]I reach the quintessence of all that is

I was, I am and I shall be again

Burn and torture me for I am the witch

The Antechrist you've feared for years and years

Burn me and burn us there's no time to waste

Burn, burn before you understandFor crime so pure and restless tragedies

I transgress your world into the house of dawn

For redemption and immortality

A sacred sin for divine perfectionDrudenhause !O Roy des cieux et Seigneur des Seigneurs

O ange des anges, toi que craignent tous les hommes en silence

Je suis l'ineffable et ton bras vengeur

L'unique salut de ce monde profane et sans graceI pray for all and whole non-salvation

And all the phantoms on earth follow me

I search for some old forgotten treasures

And the girl made of gold is forever above meDown into the house of dawn I rest

Between these walls of huge flesh I lay

Dawn of Miracle - Drudenhause !

Where life sets and burns until the fallThrough the sacred sennance of the Lord - my soul

I caress the total universe

Even so vast mortal skies and oceans cannot

Fill the house of presence and goldlust stormsThere grows the shadow of all my passions

There all is silence and will of seductionMourir de notre main ou de la votre

Mourir et enfin vivre d'absolu

Et vous serez fiers de nous avoir juge

Mais nous seuls nous etions condamnesI touch the quintessence of all that is

I was, I am and I shall be againFuck and slaughter me for I am the witch

The mystic force you've cursed for years and years

Burn me and burn us there's no time to waste

Burn, burn before it's too late3. God Bless The Hustler[Lyrics : RMS Hreidmarr / October 1999]Shining upon

their chests

The silver seal

The blood-red penitents

Towards our land

From my window I can guess

The flames of their so-called heaven

By now, I should run away

Leave the house, the church, the graveAnd I won't do thatI open my eyes - cannot move

Their hell after tracks me down

Has finally put his hand in mine

Torture me if you want  
I have learnt to suffer  
And in my grave  
Rained many a tear, oh blessed majesties Once more saved - nevermore  
Mare tenebrarum - the red penitents  
My fate divine - their worst obsession  
Burn in hell you cunt ! Their eyes are burning more than their crosses

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