

Stabat Mater dolorosa

[Francis Poulenc](#)

[Lyrics by RMS Hreidmarr] We are the Sun

We are the dead stars

We are the black sky

Invading your room

We are the candle

The only light

We are the machines of the past

Forever victims and murderers of your joy We are Death

The ancient knowledge

The source of origin

The red and white sacred hatred

Enthroned, materialized

The wrath of heaven and hell united in one

Worship us, be faithful

Beautiful great and cursed Vexilla regis prodeunt, fulget crucis mysterium

Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni We are the...

Mother of suffering

Bringer of virtue

Possess the Holy, drink the wine

Arise my son, follow me

I've felt the wounds of our race We are the shadows of all your fathers

The ancestors of those who suffer

Come, when my hand will die upon

Thy forehead, you'll breath in the flames Stabat Mater Dolorosa, fulget crucis mysterium

Stabat Mater Dolorosa, vexilla regis prodeunt Be without doubt as you've been without weakness

We will open the five roses

We will awake the seven churches of the final confrontation Mother of suffering

Hater of mercy, divine whore

Mother of fanatics

Be sure we'll meet again Stabat Mater Dolorosa, fulget crucis mysterium

Stabat Mater Dolorosa, vexilla regis prodeunt Chatiee d'etre nee putain

Non, chatiee d'etre nee trop tard

Une seule nuit ne suffit plus

A nous separer du paradis perdu Mother of suffering

Hater of mercy, divine whore

Mother of fanatics

Hold me, we'll be united as one Stabat Mater Dolorosa To serve and to obey

Here is your tragic destiny

Your only choice is the name of your Lord and Everything

Your illusion of madness and liberty
Sealed your eternal enslavement
Slaves to your raceWe are the Sun
We are the dead stars
We are the night sky
We are the New Obscurantis OrderNew Obscurantis Order

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