

Thy Wings Thy Horns Thy Sin

Rotting Christ

Rise up the horns of sinThe caves of the cursed I have seen
Where mortals' souls covered with the temple of sinThe strength of demons I feel
Ceaseless passion to restrict
And wicked angels surround me
Burning me with their fiery wingsWho shall dare to join them in
To stain his soul with the aura of grey
And when the flame of wings remain
Seeking the golden fountainOh God chase me
Oh God save meWho shall sink them to the bed
Painting the sea with the colour of red
And when the flame of wings remain
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Seeking the golden fountain

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