

Havoc Vulture

Satyricon

Wonder how it would be to be the great Redeemer
the one to bestow upon you life and death
the one to poison you when you're down
or to be the one to hand you the crown of thorns
when your hands are sore
(and) to save you from the everything you care for
Are you bitter when you see how pale you are?
Do you feel hate without direction?
A kind of seed inside you that never blossoms
It is at the gallows end one forgets that everything
has to have a greater meaning
An unrecognisable call drags you towards the unspoken word
to suffer Martyrdom for the others
The Saviour cut off your wings, somehow just to remind you that He exists
Those who wait for His salt with open wounds have a way to go
the shadows of your must rest (first)
Though I ask, why do you dig your own grave when others do it for you?
The force behind the hit can not be mistaken
'cause He's the saviour with magnanimity and
...a light in the dark
Maybe it is intimidating more than lighting the way
where is the road going? To a place where you can wash the blood of your hands?
Where did the knowing go?... With a saviour to transcendental kingdoms
or to the valley of the forgotten?
behind the vault of the sky's mystery lies a dream
damned or saved, how could we ever know?

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