

God Bless the Hustler

Anorexia Nervosa

[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 majestiesOnce 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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