

Stabat Mater Dolorosa

The Sixteen/ Harry Christophers

[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 joyWe 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 cursedVexilla regis prodeunt, fulget crucis mysterium
Vexilla regis prodeunt inferniWe 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 raceWe 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 flamesStabat Mater Dolorosa, fulget crucis mysterium
Stabat Mater Dolorosa, vexilla regis prodeuntBe without doubt as you've been without weakness
We will open the five roses
We will awake the seven churches of the final confrontationMother of suffering
Hater of mercy, divine whore
Mother of fanatics
Be sure we'll meet againStabat Mater Dolorosa, fulget crucis mysterium
Stabat Mater Dolorosa, vexilla regis prodeuntChatiee d'etre nee putain
Non, chatiee d'etre nee trop tard
Une seule nuit ne suffit plus
A nous separer du paradis perduMother of suffering
Hater of mercy, divine whore
Mother of fanatics
Hold me, we'll be united as oneStabat Mater DolorosaTo 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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