

Red Code Cult

Septic Flesh

[Music: Sotiris V., Lyrics: Sotiris V.]Equinox is at hand

The gates are now aligned

Raise the candles in the air and give the secret sign

The temperature is dropping down

Our breath seems now like smoke

The guardians of the shadow lands blind the heathen eyesOur mental variation: a phantom made from light

With red we paint our fantasy until it breathes with might

Deciphering the code that releases the unknown

We make the wanted possible

Material like the stone

Red code cultWelcome to our church disciples of the jackal

Your nature is key

Now raise the veils of the misty tyranny of the fake laws

Open the ChoronzoneOur mental variation: a phantom made from light

With red we paint our fantasy until it breathes with might

Deciphering the code that releases the unknown

We make the wanted possible

Material like the stone

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