

My Sacrum

Besatt

Silent sleeps gently
In blissfull stagnation
Stack like a statue
Of bored devil

Under the glass dome of shining stars
Flickering of thousand sparks
You took my jewel, a gift from god
Born from storms and mists
A mark of suffers, night games
Mutilated by human blood
The abyss of our hearts, empty shadows
Following every step

Dried brown liquid
On glass blade
Memory is back
Carrying the ghost of revenge
Strying mind
In the shadows of awerness
I sink deeply
Glass brown blade

A bored devil awakened from lethargy
He blew the dead silence into oblivion

Anticross - my sacrum
Anticross - your profanum

In the dead church, the altar from bones
Tabernakulum is closed
My hidden jewel, black steal
Forged in hell
Delight of all colours, hungry lust
Hidden deep in background
Simbol of old thruts, wild witches
Burning the eternal fire

Dried brown liquid

On glass blade
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