

He implores all of you,  
he kneels before you,  
Let this being outside  
of your rage and your hits  
He proclaims himself:

When he opened his trembling arms,  
freeing himself of the oppression  
Which gripped him,  
he saw the rising spirits around him  
I implore all of you, I kneel before you,  
before you

Cause it's against you, brothers, I will fight  
I'll fight for having desecrated the flesh,  
the flesh  
Of the being for whom I live  
For whom I'm ready to die  
Under an unexplained spell,  
he moved forward  
To the illuminated candled altar,  
he fused with the hot magic wax  
And when, slowly, he consumed himself,  
human life leaving him

A being for whom I live  
A being for whom I'm ready to die