

Thy Wings Thy Horns Thy Sin

Rotting Christ

Rise up the horns of sin
The caves of the cursed I have seen
Where mortals' souls covered with the temple of sin
The strength of demons I feel
Ceaseless passion to restrict
And wicked angels surround me
Burning me with their fiery wings
Who shall dare to join them in
To stain his soul with the aura of grey
And when the flame of wings remain
Seeking the golden fountain
Oh God chase me
Oh God save me
Who shall sink them to the bed
Painting the sea with the colour of red
And when the flame of wings remain
Seeking for golden fountain
Oh God chase me
Oh God save me
Who shall dare to join them in
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Who shall sink them to the bed
Painting the sea with the colour of red
And when the flame of wings remain
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