

Evil Prayers

Necromantia

May your mouth be blessed for it is no worth
It has the taste of new roses and the taste of old earth
It has sucked on the dark juices
Of flowers and rushes
When it speaks one hearts as the unfaithfull sound of rushes
And this cruel ruby bloodied and all coldness
It's the last wound of jesus on the cross

May your soul be blessed for it is corruption complete
Proud emerald that has fallen onto the paving stones of the street
It's pride has mingled with the smells of mud
And I've just crushed into that glorious mud
On the paving stones or the street which is a path on the cross

The last thought of jesus on the cross

It's the last thought of jesus on the cross
Looking to the eyes of sin and sin your real self
The last thought of jesus on the cross