

La Santisima Muerte

Necrophobic

Revisions of the past, gateways to the future
Digging downward depths in corners of subconscious
Lurking in the lost, digging in the sutures
Tearing every tread, connecting bone and flesh

Santa Muerte, shadow of the shadowless
Salve la Muerte, your beauty is our cause

Bloodbaptized - in a shroud of human skin
Raise your wings - as we celebrate the dead
Sacrifice - in the honour of your wealth
Reward us now - in triumph we behead

La vida nos une, to seek the mystery
La muerte nos reúne, to understand its grace
All that is born is but destined to die
Totenreich, esperando su llamado

Santa calavera, regent of dead
Buena muerte, of richdoom and success

Día de los muertos, día de los difuntos
Worshippers of Death, sobre las tumbas
Death is the beginning on your enlightened path
La Muerta, on the trail of the enthralled

Santa Muerte, shadow of the shadowless
Reina de los Muertos, your word is our will

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