

## Demonon Vrosis

Rotting Christ

Woe, pain, blood lead us

Now that we end up with fire  
Some strident curses come from higher

Woe, pain, blood lead us

We are the nights' atrocious sons  
We come from strange locus named Neverland  
Atrocious demons' feed you will become  
A woeful shadow without blood

Show me the path to show you the land  
Where grimy war and pain have just begun  
Oh, you strain, oh, you pain  
I am thine and thou art mine

Now that the order sounds cease-fire  
Some warlike voices sound like choir

Woe, pain, blood lead us

And tear the lucid and silky veil of my dream  
And walk on gloomy and trodden path and kill  
My misty brain, lord, please reign  
Lord please reign and spit the poison in my vein

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