

Threnody

Rotting Christ

ΘΡΗΝΟΣ ΒΑΡΥΣ ΕΠΕΦΤΕΙ

ΔΡΟΜΟ ΜΑΚΡΥ ΔΙΑΛΕΓΕΙ

The frozen wind I feared , a song of laugh and tear
My single son was singing the beauty of this living
A lament cleaved the air, the sole request of bier
My single son was crying, life was too short to satisfy
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ΔΡΟΜΟ ΜΑΚΡΥ ΔΙΑΛΕΓΕΙ

He sang and he was fighting with bevy of crow that eagerly
Waiting his flesh to eat , thirsty his blood to drink
Hit with his heavy hand the ground so hard
The earth that growed him, this earth will bury him

Earth in your ground I lived my first exile
Earth your ground watered with my bile
Earth your ground marked with my sign
And you erased it with my dying
Boatman accept the coin of my son and lead him to the other bank
And send my damn to the time, that Charon decided to take the son of mine

Earth in your ground I lived my first exile
Earth your ground watered with my bile
Earth your ground marked with my sign
And you erased it with my dying
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