

# 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

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