

Theatres des Vampires, The Curse Of Headless Christ

In the middle of the night when the full moon is in the sky. He is stalking through the forest searching
They have stolen the head of Christ! And now he wants revenge! Christ is wandering in the evil night
He is looking for his head without truce. The darkness of this universe is death
A hypnotic force acts of the figure of Headless Christ... The night is bleeding to bless the victims on
This is the Curse of Headless Christ!

I trust in the night of death of death I trust in the Curse of Christ!

All is black in this world all is cruelty in this wood. Heaven is crying bloody tears to consecrate lost

Blood on the frozen lake! Blood on the neglected humanity!

Every night in the silent of brushwood, you can hear! Like a hammer, his step!

Looking into the heart of light where the silence invades me I can't escape from this curse