

Saints and Sinners

Arch Enemy

Born with eyes
But they are not to see
Living on your knees
Choking on your spiritual agony
Follow the traces of blood
Throughout the past centuries
You choose not to see
Bow down and worship me at the altar of shame

You strive for perfection
But you don't have the tools
Human weakness embodied
Fodder for fools
Feeding the fear of life itself
Over and over again
And choose not to see

Bow down and worship me at the altar of shame

So you're the saint and I'm the sinner?
You will never understand
You're the saint and I'm the sinner
No - you will never understand

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