

Sin Remover

Byzantine

A rumble in distance mechanical whine
So our lights can shine scrape off the epidermis
Robbing pillars equivalent to graves
Tear down the walls faces ripped from their jaws
Black damp inhalers
We incarcerate ourselves in clay filled veins
The hollow drain which echoes our pain
There is no sweeter sound
Than the song of a dead canary

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Burn away slag
We bare silicosis the fruits of our perseverance
Bleeder entries are packed with intestines
Holds back the dream till its discharges like a gun

Sin Remover
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I am the Zion
I am the Zion

Extract our blood
We bleed of black
Reclamation shapes the face to a graven image

See the lines
We mend our seams
As days go by
On wounded knees I see you pray for me