

Sunday comes alive  
Within the confines of this monumental might  
In session we arrive, leaving all behind  
Blessings brought upon no one

Meet the mundane, lukewarm and the whores  
Please confirm them  
The rapture treated way behind closed doors  
Please come for them

Oh Lord, where can a man go  
We're all lead astray

Healing for the crowds

Underground, the catacombs we roam  
Flee through escape doors

Take me to your leader  
Show me what the world is longing for

Oh Lord, where can a man go  
We're all lead astray