

Enter the Worms

Cathedral

Adorned daggers, ruby hilted swords,
unfailing crucifixes, striking mortal cords,
huge violent serpents in volumes rolled,
all holy poisons poured in cups of gold.
Ooh these instruments so blessed and old,
here lay death's sceptre - truth untold
without mercy or

Love, forgiveness - exile me,
blades of goodness set me free,
madness my destiny,
alone forever exile me.

Sharp swords, bright lightings set brave souls free,
past God's blind eyes through infinity,
of all these vessels transformed to clay,
rich ashes blown to dust - swept away!
Now take me steel to the gift of skies,
deliver me from weakness from this flesh that rides.
Without pity or;

Ooh to think how pleasant your touch would be,
in that all my lovely limbs would fall away,
and drop to nothing in their soft decay.
Unto my frail heart, the worms shall find a door,
enter the weary pulp - into the core!
As all of my flesh lay soft on the floor,
released this soul from me, forevermore!
Into the loud tide screaming silent words,
out of this dreary world in screeching awe, without earthly

[Repeat Chorus.]