

The Second Coming

Chelsea Grin

No more heroes
No more ties
No more saviours
No more lies
Promise me, promise me that with a crown of thorns
I will be made devine in the eyes of the damned
I lead the path unto a blackened world

I drank the blood of the saints
I'm a vessel of unholiness
Vessel of unholiness
I am more than a malignant spirit

I will spread my plague until the sun blacks out
Promise me
Promise me
Promise me
No more heroes

Promise me
No more saviours
You want a God?
I'll give you something to live for
Promise me that I will be made God

Promise me
Feel my hate and sacrifice your entity
No more ties
No more saviours
No more lies