

Ways Of Vice

Conquest

Churches of stone where I belong
Drawn in rebellion yell
Fancies of vice soon will arise
Morals are low and so fell

If we remembered the starlight
If only gods could forgive

I see your weep buried so deep
Inside your dark brown eyes
Hundreds of fools break all the rules
Walking the ways of vice

All will be gone, we'll stay alone
Here in the destiny's face
No time to heal learning to kill
Wallowed in sin have no grace

Plenty of places is heaven
Lack in the chambers of hell

Plenty of places is heaven
Lack in the chambers of hell

[CHORUS]