

Pale Sister

Coroner

With wounded knees
And the musty scent
Of incense in her hair
Captured by the barbed hook
Of eternal devotion

Stigma bleeds
In the book that leads
To her final end
Civitas Dei

She lives on your planet
But not in your world
She speaks the same language
But you can't understand

The weight of chastity
Makes her eyes cast down
And the skin of humility
Is white as snow

Stigma bleeds
In the book that leads
To her final end
Civitas Dei

She lives on your planet
But not in your world
She speaks the same language
But you can't understand

Paralyzed she's followin'
The ancient message
It's more much more
Than just belief