

Bringer Of The Sixth Sun

Covenant

I drank a goblet of fire...
I cut out the prophets tongue...
But still, the sun refuse refused to move.

I tore a hole in the web of sanity...
The very fabric of life itself...
But still, this flesh refused to burn.

"what a humble vision!
To forever dwell by the grace of the sun..."

I gathered the moon and the stars...
In my little pouch of planets...
The renaissance of astral flesh.

Dripping and drolling with universal thirst...
Equilibrium going under...
In such an idle state of death.

Sowing the seeds of a new dimension...

I am the conqueror in his petty paradise...
Spinning around in garden of lush blooming death,
Point at the sun, and I will be there...
And the angels, scattered and bleeding...
Will be the foundation of my empire...

And amidst all this forlorn beauty...
...I still laughed at the end.