

## Loves Of A Gnostic

Destroyer

Rip the badges from our breasts just like the others.  
Impenitent Brothers sway to the song  
Of a new heretical dawn.  
We were right to fight,  
Subsumed by dumb clay.  
The sweet spirit must stay.

I'm so...  
I don't know, what's the word?  
My grasp of the verb is a weak one.  
Your grammar's a playground for fun.

Tear the emblems from our sleeves just like the others.  
Apostate Brothers, please stay for the dawn of a new day.  
Watch the sun come up from the mud.  
Our cups are empty,  
Our wine has turned to ether that's good and fine.

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