

Crowned To Be Crucified

Devilish Impressions

The Sapiential books will run with blood of prophets
And only their thoughts will remain
Like a smell of murdered lovers
All the rest will fall into oblivion
As a merciless time for all fucking temples
Which has passed with fall of Babylon

Every king in history was a reflection
Of his own clown
And man behind the mask covering wisdom of ages
Philosopher pretending a fool
Fool pretending a philosopher
Why didn't we let them rule?

Watching their eyes bleeding
You have been trapped
In Your thoughts' emptiness
Rise up imagination's curtain
Let them breathe their sweet loneliness

You are the purest one
You are the chosen one
And You are the only one to be crowned!

So, show us Your mind, uncover the mystery
The New Order secrets You have furtively done...
May the wisdom be spoken
We need a messiah!
We want You to see Your own crucifixion!!!