

Bacchanalia

Down

Ringin' of glory
Play
Worship this left to rise
Deeper flow than this institution
Unfamiliar, kill the mister
Train the trickster
In the kingdom
In this part, yeah
Every kid here knows
Creeping on the legacies of
One day's repetition on Sunday
It's no reason even that it is performed
Bacchanalia
Swallow in ruins a sea of poison
Stooping at the doorway
Mouth to feed
There is an ocean waiting
And the wind blows
And the wind blows
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And the wind blows
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