

Cult

Evile

They say believing is what we see
Though faith we sell
You want reward beyond where you lay
Look where we tell
Have you been searching for an answer
to what you hide?
We'll keep your soul and your emotion
In us confide

Purify your eyes
For you beg to be ever god's size
We can end your cries
All we ask is that you join our Cult.

We are the friend you can't trust in now
We are your grace
Nobody else will dare question us
This power saves
You haven't seen beyond the real world
We'll take you there
But not before we hear you confess
And say our prayers

Purify your eyes
For you beg to be ever god's size
We can end your cries
All we ask is that you join our Cult.

We can deliver you
Four winds come into view
Breathe deep of our beliefs
The Cult knows you'll never leave

Purify your eyes
For you beg to be ever god's size
We can end your cries
All we ask is that you join our Cult.