Bread To Stone

Funeral Mist

No matter how our paradise is shaped No matter what, there will always be a certain snake A certain tree that none can resist Eat now! So that I can reach your soul

Cursed, and cursed again Spiritual desert, dead sand And of nothing and sand shall you be fed For you have never thirst... for redemption

Timeless torture Bread to stone

Now pray for me like I pray for you Bread to stone Oremus... bread to stone Oremus... bread to stone Oremus... bread to stone Embrace now the piss that is your birthright

No matter how your paradise is shaped No matter what, there will always be a certain satan A certain serpent to re-image your bliss Eat now! Until these rivers stream with poison

Cursed and indeed convicted Drink now the soul of your heresy And as a heretic shall you burn Know God and you shall find truth

Timeless torture Bread to stone

Love me now as I rape your children Over and over and over again and again and again... Again!... And over and over again shall I crush your face like a putrid f ruit, For you have never thirst... for redemption Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing co me unto thee