

Sinners

Gospel of the Horns

A pact forged in blood to the clan of horned divine
Our loyalty and trust has stood the ravages of time
Tales of woe have filtered across the sky
Tragedies are written across the fucking heavens

Deceived by all below and above
So understood but not expected
For the tales of woe have filtered across the sky
Tragedies are written across the heavens

Everywhere people feel pain at the hands of the celestial winter
Calligraphical skills cut like daggers tearing messages through their soul

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At the bridge you hear the silent, beckoning cry
Laden with remorseful, bloodsoaked tears
The roots of mistrust begin to climb
Leeching and corrupting man's mind

Rise up sinners, we are sinners!