

# 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  
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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!