

The Company Of Sorrow

Metal Church

Domination everywhere laid upon your feet
Kill the rich and feed the poor, prepare to take your
seat
Your crown of thorns you wear so well fits you like a
glove
Your reign of terror wreaks of hell, you're the evil
one
Burning and burning you can't resist the fire
Temptation is dangerous, watch the flames grow higher

The time will come for you to die, you'll think you've
left your mark
The tragedy of your whole life is that of your black
heart
Of your heart
Tossing and turning beneath this troubled night
No rest for the wicked when hiding from the light

Conjuring his wayward spells to unleash upon the earth
Wallowing in deep despair trying to find his worth
Blinded by his awful rage he fails to see the light
Falling to an early death, hope is not in sight
And in the end you'll be, for all eyes to see
In the company of sorrow
The hidden sins of I'll repute have brought you to this
point
The brighter side of death you'll find is not yours to
anoint

The messages you've tried to send
Have all been for naught
The words they fall on deafened ears
And cease the wayward thought