

# 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