

## Communion

Septic Flesh

Alien faces  
Watching me  
Wearing wings  
They come to drink

The ancient chalice  
Raised so high  
In a toast to those who fly

Fallen angels burn the night  
Touch me with your hungry eyes

Send your thoughts between the realms  
Sharing your eternal dreams

Communion

Some have seen your trembling lights  
Dancing in the cloudy night  
You appear as strange machines  
Changing form, to fit the scene

Demons, angels, poltergeists  
Laughing as they play with minds  
Altering the face of truth  
So that seems as lie to fools

Communion

There are things that can't be seen  
They are the things that lurk within  
If you seal the mystic bond  
You will never be alone...

"I wear your horns with shameless pride  
As a nailed crown  
Upon the severed head of a king."

Watching...

Communion  
Slay the false king  
And claim the throne