

Coven Of Cain

The Gates of Slumber

Twisting through the shadows
We ride the white line dream
Through the neon night
On another hare brained scheme
Shattered mirrors left in our wake
Moonlight to guide me
And my mind to break

Dingo dog howls
Blood spills on the ground
She wolves encircle
You're done for now
God below smiles
Reaching a new high
The cut was golden
In ritual you'll die

Cove of Cain
Worshipers of blow
Three sisters confess to the god below

Dawn is breaking
Feeling a new low
Not too impressed with the god below
My eyes on fire
My pockets broke
What a liar
Demon coke