

Prophecies of Fire

The Kovenant

Born from the blind, delusional mind
Bite the hand that feeds the lie
The garden is severed, buried in the truth
Open your eyes... 'Cause God hates you

The serpents have the power coiled in illusion
A poisonous gift of beautiful sin
Paint the whore with the ashes of Eden
It's time to face the end of the world

We have flown to close the sun
But in space even angels can get burned

"As death rains down upon them... Cleansing
the streets in a cloudburst of blood, black
leather smoke coils up my nostrils tingeling
with death's surprise. It leaks out through
the cracks in the cold asphalt sidewalks
of the city of sin

...Feast upon the images of molten massacre,
as the machineries of death grind relentlessly on"

We have flown to close the sun
But in space even angels can get burned
Lunacy breeds in silent fire
No hope for mankind as the world expire