

Dead angels are our friends
May the demons smile again
And may our virtue be superior

Judge and jury, who's to blame
And in the end it's all the same
Rusty ruins with gold exterior

Like quivers hung from clods of grey
You're getting yourself in our way
I turn the other cheek another day

Lucienne
Burn for me
In a fire of a million degrees

Break down what stands before us
Genosides and Exodus
Folklore of a bleeding Nazarene

A paradise of parasites
Moth holes in wings of white
Hollow psalms of miracles unseen

We are stillborn before the equinox of the Gods
And shall rise from the sound of whipping rods
Years we shall rise from the sound of whipping rods

(the cherubs are falling,
the demons are calling)