

Faith In Decay

Tragic Black

Awakend from sleep in the dead of the night
in an old monastary where you spend your life.
Flesh quickly touches the blade of the knife.
The broken silence shrieks in delight.
Adorned in tattered robes, faith in decay.
While your'e chanting the words that you must say.
Dead things on the altar wait and remain
as you quickly fall on your weak knees and pray.

Mental constructions haunting your mind.
Ritual sin for the soul you must bind.
Dove feathers stick to the blood on your wrist.
The vampyric bite of a heavenly kiss.

The children cry. The choirs sigh.
All the while being crucified.
Stigmatic plague in your mind.
All the while being crucified.
The words of Christ turned into lies.
All the while being crucified.
Look at the world through my eyes.
All the while being crucified.

Your god watches you bleed
as you stare at the sky.
Left lying alone questioning why.
No salvation for you after you die.
Imagine redemption as you close your eyes.