

Sound Of Blood

Vanden Plas

Burning skies over Thyrranian Sea
Death rains obsidian ashes
Dyeing the quarters of Rome
In a sanguine light
Incense playing with pestitientia

In the ancient gear of time
Hides a holy parasite
Conjuring seraphic wheelworks

Paint a reflection in my iris
And let me hear the sound of blood

Who are you sweet miracidium
Get off possessed premonition
Excise the thing
Like a nail out of my wound
Unsaintly inoculation

I'm a jigsaw fallen down
Missing parts were never found
We're drowning in holy water

There's a reflection in my iris
Christus - Sanctus - Me vocat
That helps me to hear the sound of blood
Scriptum - Divinum - Illuminat
Tears are the noeses of water
A God's distillation of the flood

Now I can see the sun arising
And I can feel the sound of blood
Tears are the noeses of water
God's distillation of the flood