

# Angelspit, As It is In Heaven

The evil in these paws starts only when sung  
Innocent, lifeless, hides the black intent  
The panic of knowing you cannot run  
My children cannot sleep  
Through the constant alarms of industry and machines  
And constant toil of men...  
The host and I are going insane  
We're going insane  
Pearls look best when soiled in cream and mud  
Pretty things are there to be abused  
Look their best when skinned and flayed alive  
All those perfect, perfect teeth removed  
You said... a hole, that's what you is  
You said... a figment of your expectations  
What is heaven without the sabbath?  
I say  
What is heaven without the sabbath?  
What is heaven without the sabbath?  
What is heaven without the sabbath?  
I say  
What is heaven without the sabbath?  
What is heaven without the sabbath?  
Oh my children can't sleep through the night  
Bodies burnt, hair is singed, kissing flame  
Healing hands sweat and oil never mix  
The host and I sleep deprived and deranged  
You said... don't blame him for all the slaughter he brings  
You said... it's not his fault, even Jesus needs to sleep