

Arena, A State Of Grace

Thinly veiled, a cruel disguise
Vengeance lies behind these eyes
Glaring from the pulpit
As the Fallen Angels follow me
Plageristic sermons
Hiding voyeuristic undertones
Foolishly they will embrace
And ignorant they follow me
You've never truly known
The kind of place that I come from
You turned your back on all the signs
That bore the words of warning

Come to me my simple child
Tear apart your innocence
Pray with me beloved son
And I will help you find a way
Think before you throw yourself
Upon the tables and the merchant s
Are you sure this temple
Isn't just another cruel perversion?

You've never truly known
The kind of place that I come from
You turned your back on all the signs
That bore the words of warning

Don't look for comfort in this house of mine
Don't ask for mercy at my image or my shrine
Don't seek forgiveness at this house of mine
Don't build a temple here
And wait for me to walk into the fire

I will make this promise now
A simple thing, a sacred vow
Come with me my pretty Angel
I will show you how to fly
We will fall together
Into unforgiving night we plunge!
Chained by sin and clothed by guilt
We will be as one forever

Don't look for comfort in this house of mine
Don't ask for mercy at my image or my shrine
Don't look for comfort in this house of mine
Don't break the Holy bread or drink the Holy wine
Don't seek forgiveness at this house of mine
Don't build a temple here
And wait for me to walk into the fire