Funeral Mist, Bread to Stone

No matter how your paradise is shaped No matter what, there will always be a certain snake A certain tree that none can resist Eat now! so that I can reach your soul

Cursed, and cursed again Spiritual desert, dead sand And of nothing and sand shall you be fed For you have never thirst... for redemption

Timeless torture
Bread to stone
Now pray for me like I pray for you
Bread to stone

Oremus... bread to stone
Oremus... bread to stone
Oremus... bread to stone
Embrace now the piss that is you

Embrace now the piss that is your birthright

No matter how your paradise is shaped No matter what, there will always be a certain satan A certain serpent to re-image your bliss Eat now! until these rivers stream with poison

Cursed and indeed convicted Drink now the soul of your heresy And as a heretic shall you burn Know God and you shall find truth

Timeless torture
Bread to stone
Love me now as I rape your children
over and over and over again and again and again...Again!...

And over and over again shall I crush your face like a putrid fruit, for you have never thirst... for redemption

Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee