

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 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