

# Psyclon Nine, Hymn To The Angels' Descent

Deception thorns and scars

The heart you held so close to was cold before the war

Jesus war-bringer sew the seeds of death, bathe this world in flame

Clipped there wings of mine

Heard the angels cry

But they never, never fall for me

Christ we bleed for you

But the nails in my wrists were driven further