

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