

Sacrilege, Feed The Cold

(Music: Bergholtz, Dinsdale, Svensson)
(Lyrics: Dinsdale, Svensson, Kvist)

Dictator of the worshipped sky,
risen from her velvet grave
Encaged in the artwork drawn by the mad
Dethroned, enslaved

She descended from scarlet heavens
filled with splendour and pride
Unknowing of her grievous future
more malign than the plague

She fell through the silence,
enwrapped in an arch of blood
Slowly towards the greedy horizon,
prepared to feast on her light

Fenceless and abandoned, enfeebled by time
Captured and devoured, entangled and drowned

She fell through the silence,
enwrapped in an arch of blood
Slowly towards the greedy horizon,
prepared to feast on her light

The terrifying last painting of a world in fright
A single piece of a great collection
Decorating the walls of the ultimate gallery,
a gallery of nefarious art

She descended...

She fell through the silence...

Burn the bleeding,
enter the exploding winter, feed the cold