

Septic Flesh, Communion

Alien faces
Watching me
Wearing wings
They come to drink

The ancient chalice
Raised so high
In a toast to those who fly

Fallen angels burn the night
Touch me with your hungry eyes

Send your thoughts between the realms
Sharing your eternal dreams

Communion

Some have seen your trembling lights
Dancing in the cloudy night
You appear as strange machines
Changing form, to fit the scene

Demons, angels, poltergeists
Laughing as they play with minds
Altering the face of truth
So that seems as lie to fools

Communion

There are things that can't be seen
They are the things that lurk within
If you seal the mystic bond
You will never be alone...

"I wear your horns with shameless pride
As a nailed crown
Upon the severed head of a king."

Watching...

Communion
Slay the false king
And claim the throne