

Wings Of Scarlet, Sacred Ground

Storm every temple and claim god as yourself. Kill it.
And let us feast on this divinity as if our very lives depend on it.

Live. Sweet libertine. Live. Embrace every horizon.
Time honored tradition crumbles in the hands of a timeless romantic.

These statues. This concrete edifice of patriarchs and prophets.
Foretold destruction at a glance. We will see it fade.

I'll watch my oppression die with you.
Possessed by existence denied. A memory.

I've tasted your salvation and it tastes like shit.
The name on my lips is my own
and the taste on my tongue is freedom.

Push me into the ground once more
and watch this blossom eclipse your throne.