

Enochian Crescent, Pestilence And Honey

You bury your Dead too shallow
To get more flies, Pestilence and Honey

A kindred Spirit I control your destiny
What you smell is Fear As I cry to the Heavens

Truth isn't what it seems It's what the Fool believes
All the good one's are Dead And all Guilt is relative

For the sake of Veracity I thought I had lost it all
But these years proved otherwise So much more was taken

Dead eyes stare back at me His promises like Honey flow
Sweetness veils the rotting Flesh
And steaming Stench of thousands of Graves

What you sense is True Evil What you smell is True Fear
What you spread is a Miasma of Flies Pestilence and Honey

Every Headstone tells a Story Of Pestilence and Honey
(and of even more flies) So pale the Pleasure so pale the Pain
Because every Headstone tells a Story
All the good one's are Dead All the good one's are Dead