

Front Line Assembly, Father Forgive

Kindle low furnace of souls,
So as to serve a torch upturned,
Shrouded in bone and bloodlike tears,
Of pure spirit, henceforth pay homage,
This mirror image, the head of Christ,
The serpent's tongue, the beat of bone,
A crimson flow, a virgion vision,
So pale and dreadful, our graven image,
Is this time dead? Children of dust,
So forlorn and so forsaken,
In cloven tongue, this seeming feature,
Alas lay lifeless fallen cherubs,
To endless years our thoughts stillborn,
The scattered graves our minds will mourn,
These ages past, Heaven forbid,
We of the lower world in mourning.