

London After Midnight, Untitled

Twilight... the leaves fall,
The ground... is oh so cold.
Sing about God,
sing on his death!
Sing about love
and sing about sex.
Your great mystery's a lie,
hypocrisy's the rule. Sing on.
The. Death... of God!

Of darkness and light,
of heaven and hell,
Of sinful delights.
Beneath our feet lie shattered wings,
Our screams bring the awakening of God...

So say goodbye to torture and lies,
And if there's a God pray he opens his eyes.
His angels aren't the master race,
We'll tell him when we're face to face with God.