

# Luxt, Lies Of Angels

Saints on the rise in the form of thorns,  
Sermon on the mount from the fire tongues,  
Satan on the lips in the form of god,  
Killers in a line of the chosen ones.

The lies of angels comfort me  
Still I respect their full intent  
The lies of devils I'd expect  
This stale inhaling Heaven's scent

Spirits chewing holes in the flesh they wait for,  
Time is on the heels of the worried hearts,  
Blood within the lungs of the world a whore,  
Wet as the impending doom of heaven starts.

The lies of angels comfort me  
Still I respect their full intent  
The lies of devils I expect  
And I think I can afford the rent  
The lies of angels comfort me  
Still I respect their full intent  
The lies of devils I expect  
I never said I wouldn't fall, your logic's bent

Hallowed are the names of the knowing few,  
Knowing all the while their own deceit,  
Stumbling on the shards of the shattered pews,  
Licking at the wounds of their unclean feet.  
Piercing are the screams of the lost unloved,  
Shredding are the claws of the beast in page,  
Lying are the hearts of the push and shoved,  
Dangerous repression of sexual rage.

By and by the time will tell us all  
By and by the time will tell us all to go to hell I want another chance,  
But all the tallest tales of heaven  
Bend my ears into a shape  
so foreign Still I wait just like a child to hear Christ whispering,  
"everything is alright."  
And I'm here in silence, dark and all I have is doubt  
to warm my hollow bones  
Can you please tell me what the scent of burning heaven is.  
These singed lips taste like death of angels... please.  
Let it not be.

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I can afford the rent

The lies of angels comfort me  
Still I respect their full intent  
The lies of devils I expect  
But bent within my faith I finally see

They do the best they can in Eden's wreck.