

Phideaux, Candybrain

The sisters of illusion
Sell delusion at the show
It is said they've wed for wisdom
If it kissed them, they wouldn't even know
Still the marchers walk beside them
Inclined to agree: "If it's written we believe
It will come, you'll see"

The converts come together
They're gathered to begin
And they swear their oaths forever
Slip chips down into the skin
So the keepers are inside them
Provide them what they need
To transmit and to receive
When they're in, they don't leave

The convent is waiting it's time to go in
Gather the faithful let vespers begin
...and this is what they say