

Psyclon Nine, Hym's To The Angel's Descent

Hym's To The Angel's Descent
Deception thorns and scars
The heart you held so close to was cold before the war
Jesus, war-bringer
Sew the seeds of death
Bathe this world in flame
Clipped there wings of mine
Heard the angels cry
But they never, never fall for me
Christ we bleed for you
But the nails in my wrists were driven further