

# The Kovenant, Bringer of the sixth sun

I drank a goblet of fire  
I cut out the prophet's tongue  
But still the sun refused to move  
I tore a hole in the web of sanity  
The very fabric of life itself  
But still this flesh refused to burn  
What a humble vision!  
To forever dwell by the grace of the sun  
I gathered the moon and the stars  
In my little pouch of planets  
The renesance of astral flesh  
Dripping and drooling with universal thirst  
Equelilibrium going under  
In such an idle state of death  
Sowing the seeds of a new dimension  
I am the conqueror in his petty paradise  
Spinning around in a garden of  
lush blooming death  
Point at the sun and I will be there  
And the angels scattered and bleeding  
Will be the fundament of my empire  
And admidst all this forlorn beauty  
...I still laughed at the end.