

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.