

# The Kovenant, Prophecies of fire

Born from the blind, delusional mind  
Bite the hand that feeds the lie  
The garden is severed, burned is the truth  
Open your eyes...`Cause God hates you  
The serpents have the power coiled in illusion  
A poisonous gift of beautiful sin  
Paint the whore with the ashes of Eden  
It's time to face the end of the world  
We have flown to close to the sun  
But in space even angels can get burned  
"As death rains down upon them...Cleansing  
the streets in a cloudburst of blood, black  
leather smoke coils up my nostrils tingeling  
with death's surprise. It leaks out through  
the cracks in the cold asphalt sidewalks of  
the city of sin.  
...Feast upon the images of molten massacre,  
as the machineries of death grind relentlessly on."  
We have flown to close to the sun  
But in space even angels can get burned  
Lunacy breeds in silent fire  
No hope for mankind as the world expire