

## Arena

### "A State Of Grace"

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Thinly veiled, a cruel disguise  
Vengeance lies behind these eyes  
Glaring from the pulpit  
As the Fallen Angels follow me  
Plageristic sermons  
Hiding voyeuristic undertones  
Foolishly they will embrace  
And ignorant they follow me

You've never truly known  
The kind of place that I come from  
You turned your back on all the signs  
That bore the words of warning

Come to me my simple child  
Tear apart your innocence  
Pray with me beloved son  
And I will help you find a way  
Think before you throw yourself  
Upon the tables and the merchants  
Are you sure this temple  
Isn't just another cruel perversion?

You've never truly known  
The kind of place that I come from  
You turned your back on all the signs  
That bore the words of warning

Don't look for comfort in this house of mine  
Don't ask for mercy at my image or my shrine  
Don't seek forgiveness at this house of mine  
Don't build a temple here  
And wait for me to walk into the fire

I will make this promise now  
A simple thing, a sacred vow  
Come with me my pretty Angel  
I will show you how to fly  
We will fall together  
Into unforgiving night we plunge!  
Chained by sin and clothed by guilt

We will be as one forever

Don't look for comfort in this house of mine  
Don't ask for mercy at my image or my shrine  
Don't look for comfort in this house of mine  
Don't break the Holy bread or drink the Holy wine  
Don't seek forgiveness at this house of mine  
Don't build a temple here  
And wait for me to walk into the fire

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