

Confession Of Faith "Lord Of The Flies"

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Is it I that you look for
As the darkness consumes
For it is I that withers all that's in bloom
I am the Lord, Lord of the flies
I am the angel of death
Do you not see
As you lower your dress
And stand longingly
To embrace this disease that hungers in me
I am the Lord of the flies
Standing in this unhallowed place
You lift your lips to kiss my face
Can you not see it's your death you embrace
My eyes are clouded by the tears I she'd
I beg of thee to turn your head
Away from death's eternal wed
Can you not see I'm the angel of death
For with my lips I consume your breath
And then I ask
Do you feel me inside

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