

Corpus Christii "Heavenless Bliss"

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Granted excess by the 7 tongues of lust
The flag once burned standing high
Desires for casket dreams once convoked
Brilliant it's deeds of what now shall be
Succumb for their needs
Ground o for their misdeeds
Vultures of uncontrollable gleam flourish
For He who is All stands alone
Heavenless in all that is remembered
Heavenless in all that we won't forget
Comforting the lust of whores
Caressing Icarus wings
Individualism in forms of red thorns
Edges of sharpened steel
He is awaken
He forever shall be All
Granted excess by the 7 tongues of lust
The flag once burned standing high
No place where to stand
I do not belong here
I do not belong here

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