

## **Funeral Mist "Bread To Stone"**

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No matter how our paradise is shaped  
No matter what, there will always be a certain snake  
A certain tree that none can resist  
Eat now! So that I can reach your soul

Cursed, and cursed again  
Spiritual desert, dead sand  
And of nothing and sand shall you be fed  
For you have never thirst... for redemption

Timeless torture  
Bread to stone

Now pray for me like I pray for you  
Bread to stone  
Oremus... bread to stone  
Oremus... bread to stone  
Oremus... bread to stone  
Embrace now the piss that is your birthright

No matter how your paradise is shaped  
No matter what, there will always be a certain satan  
A certain serpent to re-image your bliss  
Eat now! Until these rivers stream with poison

Cursed and indeed convicted  
Drink now the soul of your heresy  
And as a heretic shall you burn  
Know God and you shall find truth

Timeless torture  
Bread to stone

Love me now as I rape your children  
Over and over and over again and again and again...  
Again!...  
And over and over again shall I crush your face like a  
putrid fruit,  
For you have never thirst... for redemption  
Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse  
thing come unto thee

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