

Need "7H"

Visit "[7H](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

wings, I feel wings
like the semen of god on my face
here is the proof of his love in my life
stuck like a whore in his brothel of light

bio-constellations of chastity in white
they saturate my voice to influence my choice
enigmatic shards of a crystallized sky
they gave me every reason for feeling blue

faith, I lose faith
to the empty remains of the cross

now I am chained to this circus of death in vain
praying to the emptiness for a mockery of pain

cursed be ye for sowing all this dying
your prophecies will burn for all their lying
oblivion still reigns upon your chosen
it's sad to see them run to meet the fallen

they're still bleeding from your killing

Visit [Need](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.