

Cultus Sanguine

"Flame To The Surface"

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Sodom precise, burn the man
A promise of scorching
We hold a torch to the sun
Flame to the surface
We hold a torch to the sun
Flame to the surface

Cruddy crud epidermis
Skin melt fashion
Burning man passion
Seek a sense of shelter
Within an oasis of deprived clowns
We'll take a trip through the devil's heat
Heat

Meander through the meadowless fields
Carnival bizarre
Black rock dryness
Lures chaos mongers
Banishment of all that is taught

Complete flesh rot

Agonized, the smoldering circus
Summon the desert deity
"Take these and feel us"
Psychedelia, hallucinate

Sift the embers
You'll find me
Buried alive
With drums of thunder
Solar god arise

He'll rise, arise
He'll rise, arise
He'll rise, arise
He's risen

Bow down, hands raised
Blistered, half crazed
Drifting alone

Ignite my soul
Reborn to be
A perpetual
Flame to the surface

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