

Sanctifica "Labels"

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Blend
Faces spawned by dust
Salty taste of fame
Bitter, sweet
Lonely demented soul
Where to go?

In my place a statue frozen numb
In your place a set of numbers
Lonely tormented soul
Where to go?

Rage
Urge to recall
Saltier tastes of hate

Take me back to the day
For my renewal
Let the diversity of my blend
Be seen

Blend to choose again
To distort again
To label again
Wear your brightest of reds
Through the general inspection

Tend to your faith
Tend to your wealth
See through your greed

Blend
Faces spawned by dust

Seize the moment to salute you
We'll seize the moment to salute you
We'll seize each moment to salute you

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