

Auto-auto

"Mass For The End Of Time"

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Bliss

A moments peace on earth
A breathing space rebirth

Oxymoronic sympathy

A place where I can never be

Bliss

All beauty coming down
From where beauty is never found

You saw yourself as a machine
You lost yourself inside a dream

Bliss

A noose around my throat
A partner that I loath

I saw myself as pure divine
But that's a mortal sin, a crime

Jesus was a carpenter by trade
Judge a man by what his hands made

Hitler was painting as a job
Judge a man by what he's thinking of

Satan was an angel first
Judge a devil by his curse

Father your sons and daughters crawl
Your faces turned towards the stars

Mother your child is just a shard
Your mirror makes your features hard

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