

The Verve Pipe

"Path Iv: God The Lux"

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Why can I still see this pitiful world here?
Set it into flames, now!

'mercy let be off
Damn them who pity
Kill and torture, spare not
Be upon them'

Here the thunders rolling through the vaults
Behold all the walls and pillars tremble
Crumbs of stained glass are the air to breathe in
Lightings glitter, truths gasp with sulphur

Under the shade of horns
Naught of this world remains

Mercy let be off
Decomposition
For the hell is here
And heaven is no more

For all my childhood fears
For all my blood and tears
Tonight I am the light
That blinds your cursed eyes
Oh so much I desired
Not to wear the mourning after my dreams' death
Now I baptize with fire
Angel dust and broken hopes

Anti-creation caress my unconcern
Orphaned self enlightened black
Ordeal!
Non-sensual wrath
Forgive me my lack of uncommon sense
I am not unusual at all
And that is not what I am yearning for

'my left hand is empty, for I have crushed the universe
And naught remains

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