

Sean Watkins

"Angelmeat"

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I've seen the powers of faith, holy terror unseen
Mortal fear lay awake, show the world how to bleed
Reborn as it was told, delivered of the lost souls
Last martyr hasn't yet died, end of time the first sign
Blind followers of faith
The road of a thousand hailing the night, raise the
heads
Enter the world hordes of sin

Burning higher - awoken fire
Feed it's hunger - with a lie
Apocalyptic - religious seeds
Sacrificial - angelmeat

Young children watch the sky, prepare themselves to
die
No longer just a dream, revelations proceed
Lines of death fill the air, angels cry everywhere
The wound has come to an end, no more need to
pretend

Angel deranged
Falling in flames
Acted profane - divinity reigns
Revolting act
Diabolical pact
The beginning of the end

Disciples come
Torn and hung
Creed of the young - creation undone
Resurrection day
No need to pray
Last sermon done

The seventh seal, broken and real
Expected since the fall of man
No way to avoid, future foretold
Thru words of stone...

The cleansing of our sins, repaying all that's been

Yet denying the signs, claustrophobic within
The shores are covered with blood, and the seas have
all died
No one longer bears doubt, that our time has run out
No more fear nor pain
No one but ourselves to blame

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