

Sean Watkins

"Sin"

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The time is right the ecstasy starts to increase
Internal reaction hallucinal disease
The priest is here gives him what he needs
Must spread the faith the most decadent seeds

The believer brings the virgin to the altar
Where she will feel the first kiss of death
On the edge of the dagger
Lies the dragons blood
Which she soon will love more than life itself

No chance to survive
All who tries will die
Fate unrolls it's veils
The only rush that's real sin

The world seems to disappear
From her virgin eyes
And into a black hole she falls
The believer has already breathed
The breath of god
He senses no real feelings at all

Pierced arteries - witness of decay
Missionary priest - selling to his prey
Soon they'll obey

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