

Sons Of Seasons

"A Nightbird's Gospel"

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I exorcize, I soothe.
Your spirit's haze, it's wounds.
Out of coal I carve a diamond,
Conduct your transcendence.

Well, you won't make it instantly!
My trade's not based on amenity.

This is His light, his call.
Delightful we do our chores.

You belong to me,
Sing the gospels with me.
Learn to believe in what I say!
Prophets, disciples, sinners and saints,
We reinstate the fallen God.

Hope for the lost ones,
For the poor and the blind.
For us he was bleeding,
So I'm spreading his seed.
Have a bite, it tastes alright!
Good fun to worship my case,
Old rites we put aside.

This is real! Can't you feel?
God's show tonight.

You belong to me,
Sing the gospels with me.
Learn to believe in what I say!
Son, so I shall wake you
To taste sweet absolution.
Rest in blissful peace.

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