

The Kovenant "Bringer of the Sixth Sun"

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I drank a goblet of fire
I cut out the prophet's tongue
But still the sun refused to move
I tore a hole in the web of sanity
The very fabric of life itself
But still this flesh refused to burn
What a humble vision!
To forever dwell by the grace of the sun
I gathered the moon and the stars

In my little pouch of planets

The renesance of astral flesh
Dripping and drooling with universal thirst
Equilibrium going under
In such an idle state of death
Sowing the seeds of a new dimension
I am the conqueror in his petty paradise
Spinning around in a garden of lush blooming death
Point at the sun and I will be there
And the angels scattered and bleeding

Will be the fundament of my empire
...I still laughed at the end. And amidst all this forlorn
beauty

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