

Centuries of Sin

Probot

Survivor, warrior prince
Psychopath, making difference
Archangel, bleed crimson skies
New danger, innocence lies
Falling calling, the diabolical
Open wide the gates and yell
Screaming dreaming, the dark and damnable
But you just never can tell
Feeding needing, the undestroyable
Roll up the show begins
Blinding grinding, the undeniable
The centuries of sin
Supplier, medical child
Sycophant, restless and wild
Illusions, a timeless place
Sadistic, right in your face
Expressionless faces in silhouette stance
Leading the way through the death of a dance
Howling in harmony hostile in key
Out on the plains of indulgence we breed
Screams in the night from a chorus of fear
Hiding in corners the drunken one leers
Sepreate and down faking all in disgrace
Now is the time to ask questions of faith

Songwriters

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