

Walking on Water

Assembly of Dust

Under the burned out skies of dark December

Lonely visions passed me by

It was a voice I heard that whispered softly and carried me away to a place of fires and fallen angels
And in my final hour all was golden

Burned the buildings to the frozen ground

All that I saw was changed at once before me
And high above the fields I was filled with glorious delusions
Found today burning in the rafters as the walls began to fall

Hauled away a wall of angry faces round the instrument of gods
If I see Saint Lucilia walking on the water
I'll turn and walk away

And it's a fine line between the work of devils and of angels
And in the end it's all the same

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>