

# Centuries of Sin (feat. Cronos)

## 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  
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, come on  
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  
Desperate and down faking all in disgrace  
Now is the time to ask questions of faith  
The diabolical  
The dark and damnable  
The undestroyable  
Oh, centuries go on, listen

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