

# Prophecies of Fire

## The Kovenant

Born from the blind, delusional mind  
Bite the hand that feeds the lie  
The garden is severed, burned is the truth  
Open your eyes 'cause God hates you  
The serpents have the power coiled in illusion  
A poisonous gift of beautiful sin  
Paint the whore with the ashes of Eden  
It's time to face the end of the world  
We have flown too close to the sun  
But in space even angels can get burned  
As death rains down upon them  
Cleansing the streets in a cloudburst of blood  
Black leather smoke coils up my nostrils  
Tingling with death's surprise  
It leaks out through the cracks  
In the cold asphalt sidewalks of the city of sin  
Feast upon the images of molten massacre  
As the machineries of death grind relentlessly on  
We have flown too close to the sun  
But in space even angels can get burned  
Lunacy breeds in silent fire  
No hope for mankind as the world expire

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