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 youThe 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 worldWe have flown too close to the sun
But in space even angels can get burnedAs death rains down upon them
Cleansing the streets in a cloudburst of blood
Black leather smoke coils up my nostrils
Tingling with death's surpriseIt 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 onWe 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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