

# Patriarch

## Delta Spirit

As the chill finally hit your skin  
Your accomplice turned you in  
Juliet you had your reasons  
Migraine hallucinations Had no way to define  
The start and the stop of your freudian mind  
I believed you when you said god told you what to do  
But the god inside your head was wrong Fell in to a passionate clique  
Only way to truth is isolation  
Patriarch, patriarch tell me what to do  
Patriarch, I must follow through Oh, the light  
Shaking on the floor  
Speaking tongues of angels  
Surely I must be in the right  
Oh, this tempest loves to fight

Songwriters

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