

Birds of Paradise

The Cult

As I am you will be, no fear, my pretty one
As you are I once was, and will be again
Pray to the low god in the filthy haze
Pray to the heathen while chaos reigns
How will you feel when it comes to an end? I feel like I'm falling
What am I to do with this vision of paradise?
Don't drink the poison
Pure illusion
What am I to do with this vision, these lesser lights?
As I am, as you are
Immortalized, birds of paradise
These children come at you with knives
Gutter born but birds of paradise
Everything is not enough
Then everything becomes too much
How will you feel when it comes to an end? I feel like I'm falling
What am I to do with these visions of paradise?
Don't drink the poison
It's pure illusion, no
What am I to do with this vision, these lesser lights?
As I am, as you are
Immortalized, in paradise
Everything that you hold
Immortalized, in paradise
And everything that you fought
Immortalized, in paradise
Immortalized, for hypnotised
Turn loose, in paradise
And hold me now
Well, hold me now
Well, come to pass
Immortalized
Birds of paradise
Well, everything
Well, everything
Well, everything

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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