

Sin Remover

Byzantine

A rumble in distance mechanical whine
So our lights can shine scrape off the epidermis
Robbing pillars equivalent to graves
Tear down the walls faces ripped from their jawsBlack damp inhalers
We incarcerate ourselves in clay filled veins
The hollow drain which echoes our pain
There is no sweeter sound
Than the song of a dead canarySin removerBurn away slag
We bare silicosis the fruits of our perseverance
Bleeder entries are packed with intestines
Holds back the dream till it discharges like a gunSin remover
Sin removerI am the Zion
I am the Zion
I am the ZionExtract our blood
We bleed of black reclamation
Shapes the face to a graven imageSee the lies, we mend our seams
As days go by
On wounded knees I see you pray for me

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