Stench Of High Heaven

Immolation

Father in Heaven, a desolate kingdom
His paradise, his promise, a faded flame extinguished by the dark
Lifetimes of devotion...eternities of nothing
The place for which you long, eludes and embittersIn the hands of fools and liars...trade your lives for grace
Your souls are weak and empty, now kiss his throne of sorrow
From crooked tongues...takes of pristine gloryConsumed by flames it burns, the fall of the holy kingdomSo high...
Absurd...
Sickening...is the stench of high heavenThrough the clouds
Through the lies
You'll never see what's never been
At the passing of life and the coming of death
Pass not through it's gates, but into the darkNo light...
No love...
No glory...
No heaven...Fallen has the king...fallen has the kingdom
Fall into uplifted arms below
The stench of heaven...lingers above
Sour is the air
But soon the air will clear

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