

Bringer of the Sixth Sun

The Kovenant

I drank a goblet of fire I cut out the prophet's tongue
But still the sun refused to move I tore a hole in the web of sanity
The very fabric of life itself
But still this flesh refused to burn What a humble vision!
To forever dwell by the grace of the sun I gathered the moon and the stars
In my little pouch of planets The
renewance of astral flesh Dripping and drooling with universal thirst
Equilibrium going under
In such an idle state of death Sowing the seeds of a new dimension
I am the conqueror in his petty
paradise Spinning around in a garden of lush blooming death
Point at the sun and I will be there And the angels scattered and bleeding
Will be the fundament of my empire... I
still laughed at the end. And amidst all this forlorn beauty

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>