

Fever now, start the cure  
near and far, all is lost

angel with empty eye-sockets  
the refined shall be your witness  
from all the sounds that swing the universe  
no one's ever gotten near you until now

gods and mortals  
animal  
it's time to face the truth  
there is no hope  
give away yourself into the hole

church and temple  
synagogue  
it's time to speak the truth  
there is no hope  
just wait and see right through

seven kings - on the seven tops of the world  
throwing crowns into the void

four wounded angels - in the four corners of the world  
holding daunting winds and let loose

now it's time to bend me down on my knees