

Seraphim Is Dead

Secrets of the Moon

She can see him
Climbing the walls
So slow
So everlasting
His vow is forever
Seraphim lives

An angel burns metres high
An angel in a shape of a man
An angel flawless in appearance
Choked in the fires of a new sun

He touched my mouth with fervent coal
No guilt, no sin
He touched my mouth with fervent coal

You're calling me
To the ground
Crucify the ego
Let the senses randomize

The sheep must be long dead now
They are alone
We are eternal
No one else will ever be

The pazuzu of the west
The dissonance in words
Seraphim is dead
Seraphim is dead

If he's really here
You should have seen him
Behind these walls
You can see through
You can raise a temple in seconds