

Sunday comes alive
Within the confines of this monumental might
In session we arrive, leaving all behind
Blessings brought upon no one

Meet the mundane, lukewarm and the whores
Please confirm them
The rapture treated way behind closed doors
Please come for them

Oh Lord, where can a man go
We're all lead astray

Healing for the crowds

Underground, the catacombs we roam
Flee through escape doors

Take me to your leader
Show me what the world is longing for

Oh Lord, where can a man go
We're all lead astray