

# Sound Of Blood

Vanden Plas

Burning skies over Thyrranian Sea  
Death rains obsidian ashes  
Dyeing the quarters of Rome  
In a sanguine light  
Incense playing with pestitientia

In the ancient gear of time  
Hides a holy parasite  
Conjuring seraphic wheelworks

Paint a reflection in my iris  
And let me hear the sound of blood

Who are you sweet miracidium  
Get off possessed premonition  
Excise the thing  
Like a nail out of my wound  
Unsaintly inoculation

I'm a jigsaw fallen down  
Missing parts were never found  
We're drowning in holy water

There's a reflection in my iris  
Christus - Sanctus - Me vocat  
That helps me to hear the sound of blood  
Scriptum - Divinum - Illuminat  
Tears are the noeses of water  
A God's distillation of the flood

Now I can see the sun arising  
And I can feel the sound of blood  
Tears are the noeses of water  
God's distillation of the flood