

Pallor Mortis

Funeral Mist

Smouldering tongues lips of wheat
Kissing the cross of blessed perversion
Come ride the honest lies
Of the lamb and of the dove
Hallelujah! Pallor mortis!
Holy is the blade that gave birth to the fine wound of the preacher's tongue

Gospel of salt, psalms of acid
We wash our prayers in the poisoned name of God
Wind and fire have replaced our song
Lo and behold – light and darkness have replaced our flesh
Death has become our blood

Smouldering tongues whips of breath
Licking the blood of cursed salvation
In sinless guilt we stand
And four suns shall see us burn
Hallelujah! Algor mortis!
Holy is the flame that gave birth to the ashes of the sinner's mouth

Gospel of salt, psalms of acid
We flood our gardens with the tainted wine of Christ
Fog and shadow have replaced our rays
Lo and behold – mould and decay have replaced our days
Death has become our god