

Gardens of Coprolite

Leviathan

Within highest praise
And sought subjugation
Within woe and squaller
Countenance ever fallen
Dawning
The leering break of day
And penitence
Unto gowns of sacrifice
Unscathed nor weary
The Gardens of Coprolite
The Gardens of Coprolite
All of us have become like one who is unclean, and all our righteous acts are like filthy rags; we all shrivel up and like the wind our sins sweep us away
The Gardens of Coprolite
Deceiving within your own selves
Shunning libelous laws
Therefore, the word, not flesh, is lived
The Gardens of Coprolite
And again the staggering vomit vexations

Manifesting in the hearts of man