

Sacrificial

Moonspell

Like a stain of guilt never washed away
The world made flesh on the seventh day
And we engage in carnal trade
Knowing things will never be the same
My tongue is so dry... Her mouth is divine

A sacrifice it had to be done
Upon the ashes of the kingdom come
There is no reward for making things right
There is no glory in sparing one's life

Like the first of sins there is no one to blame
The earth grew wet on the seventh day
And we sit down for a feast of hate
We eat each other in a twist of fate
My tongue is so dry... Her mouth is divine

A sacrifice it had to be done
Upon the ashes of the kingdom come
There is no reward for making things right
There is no glory in sparing one's life

Blood-knives drawing to entertain the pain
The world is watching, demanding