

# Front Line Assembly, Kingdom Come

Our deep world of darkness, So infinite and formless,  
So far from paradise, Still ill at ease,  
We decree, we despise, We deceive, we arise,  
Spawned at the dawn of ages, From the bowels of this world,

From the depths of depravity, Suffocating in perversity,  
Amidst these illusions of grandeur, Altars reeking od sacrifice,  
We disciples of damnation, Here in the heart of Hell,  
Come and hear the word, The word turned to flesh,  
The flesh turned to stone, Verse or curse? Our thirst perverse,  
This domicile of the damned, Where angels fear to thread.