

Fates Warning, Prelude To Ruin

Look to sunrise man tell me what you see
The eagle has flown underground abandoned
You abandoned me
Fifty two falling stars are burning up the sky
Blazing torch falls to the ocean bottom where
black predictions lie
have you faith in scripture visions of kings
Reaper of reality your destiny the sisters sing
Vultures scavenge the subconscious of your
mind
Their ally is time for you to fall and yield
Your mind to the cynic

They should be held so high and not looked
down upon
They are the root of the country. The roots
so firm and tranquil, when will the spirits be
welcomed, listen the music is heard again.
When there are lofty high roof tops carved
walls and yielding crops
When the palace is wild for lusting. When
the forest is wild for hunting. Existence
of anyone thing has never been but the
prelude to ruin

Wars and temper tantrums are the make-
shifts of ignorance
Regrets illuminate to late. Depth beyond sin
is fathomed
Wandering through the devils field sowing
his seed

Guardian angel guide us through the night
we compel
His long constant fight. the moerea they call
your destiny the sisters all of three.
Clotho she spun the web to live the
thread so tentative. Lachesis she measured
out the years. Atropos cuts the thread
with her shears.

Time Time Time an imaginary line mine not
yours nor yours mine
They lead the blind back to mothers womb
tomb of the unborn child
Coming events cast their shadows before
wintery wind the eye of the storm witness
the past the future
Holds more prelude to ruin