

# Helstar, Benediction

Rising through the sacred grounds  
From the landscape vast and wide to see;  
in the distance far  
Where light shines in your eyes;  
You're blinded, beyond thoughts  
In your mind, those dreams  
That haunt you down to bleed  
The might of the men; whose thoughts look  
Them straight through their blinded eyes  
Whom they lay the tasks for  
To teach us of our sins

There is a keeper who looks  
into his crystal ball  
To watch and command  
All the people who come and pray  
To his image of a man  
As they look to him they bow their heads  
And kneel in the court yards  
To away his sermon  
As a figure of monk rises to the stand  
Discloses his hood  
To pray a command

Mass has now began  
(All hail) me!  
Who's in your minds  
And will command  
All (our lives)  
For those who seek  
(We seek) my guidance  
Are to give themselves to me

(Blessed be) me!  
Who is the lord thy god to be  
For this the time, now (in fear)  
You all shall be, willed by praises  
Of faith and love to whom (to you)  
Alast the time is near, for I must  
Speak these words so you can  
Hear (the benediction)  
I am the lord!  
For all must say (amen) to a man

Here in the fields  
Someone is calling my  
Name: words for  
The righteous:v (speak my son)  
And words for  
Those who are blind

Deceitful deceiver  
You liar of man  
Here this our God!  
Make this man pray  
Run from him all  
He's not what you say  
You will bow down  
Or you're going to pay

Andr solo

My father, my god  
Give

A sign to see  
That in their time  
They might believe  
On earth, satan free  
Know! No he'll not  
See the sun once again  
In pain will his  
life surely end  
Then you'll all bow to me  
And god up above will bless  
Me you'll see

High across  
Darkness falls  
The shadows of fear  
Now over the land  
Candles at mass  
And touches a blazed  
Hear now the end  
A false prophets dismay

The priest and his guards  
Steal what they can  
Draining the blood  
From this man  
The last final sin  
And the man is done in  
Filling their  
Cups to the rim

Flash! Lightning rips  
Trough the skies  
A rumbling sound  
As they toast their cups high  
The last drop is done  
Their eyes open wide  
Ripping inside  
Their minds start to fry

They rip at their skin  
And pluck their own eyes  
Like vultures  
In human disguise  
A man from the crowd  
With shame on his brow  
Stands to speak  
These words to me  
No, No! How can this be?  
For a man of our God,  
Can deceive us you see!

"Father, I promise the sleeper will awaken"