

Mastodon, Where Strides The Behemoth

condition tomorrow
with visions inlaid
the priest stands to our right
a princess is mine

the regress of some minds
further chase the prize
pretentious you follow
religion is mine

anger precedes my footsteps
haunting past comes into head
horizon seems so far away
this life close to end of days
kill and i will be damned
forgive and i will be free

unified eyesight
grow