

Nocturnal Rites, Eyes of the Dead

A mind of its own, spawn out of fire
The demon becomes a God
A child, two-faced and innocent
Transcending
Control, fragments of nothing
Enslaving, reversed humane
Empires made out of nothing but air
Creation fails

Hungry he laughs at us all
Sacred is noyhing no more

In the eyes of the dead, at the edge of the night
In an oath of blood we are sacred
In the eyes of the dead, still nothing revealed
The wounds they still bleed, and won't heal

Blood in the sands, slaves to the hunger
Heaven denies them all
A god, a dome for its pleasures and lust
Possession
The falls prophets of nothing
Promise but take it back
The one, the futile and venomous son
Will torture