

# 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