Old Man's Child, Christian Death

Lonley as the autumn evening Flowing on its last days A wanderer of long-past wisdom Facing his last conflict

Met the time of withering Destiny, towards a clearer star More bright than ever seen before What's my will?

Well on his quest In search for magnificense He weakens before the grave of god Banished, soon dead

See it in his eyes Like you see it on the tombs Of human decades, one by one All the things he spoke of

Plastering the circuit split Spawn of Satan, lightning blood The circuit of demons, told him What to see