

# Septic Flesh, Temple Of The Lost Race

[music: SPIROS/SOTIRIS]

Preserved from the ancient years  
when Earth was just a newborn star  
The proof of a distant truth  
arrogantly stands mocking the wind  
guarding mysteries that man has not unchained.

An emblem of power has remained , a fallen temple....

Faded pictures all over the walls  
projecting a horrid state of sanity.  
Figures that don't belong to a human race  
Symbols and maps.  
Architectural miracles carrying the history of a race  
that now seems lost.

[SOLO: CHRIS]

[Chorus:]  
Fears born from the Past  
TEMPLE OF THE LOST RACE  
deep inside the heart of the pole  
an old ruler of the stars

Buried in a chest from glass,  
the answers about our path.  
Eternal life can't rest asleep  
it lurks beneath as force of will.  
Ancient are the rules set on this world.

An emblem of power will remaine , a fallen temple....

[Chorus:]  
Fears born from the Past  
TEMPLE OF THE LOST RACE  
deep inside the heart of the pole  
an old ruler of the stars