

# Solitude Aeternus, Opaque Divinity

The apostle awake  
Inside a dream  
Revealing what shall come to be  
With strengthened sight  
Tears of stone fell from his eyes  
Paving paths than none should follow  
Behold the Beginning of Sorrows  
Behold that which ascends with doom  
When the great river has dried  
We shall find the Kings from the East  
Do not seal the words of the prophecy  
The time is soon at hand  
He who is unjust - let him be unjust still  
He who righteous - let him be righteous still  
And let he who walks on the path which is clear  
Find peace within himself  
We are our own  
We reap what we sow  
Heed the warning cast among ye  
That bring sorrow upon the land  
The cities will fall  
The mountains will speak  
Among plague's disease  
Our efforts to weak  
If his is to come  
Once more shall we sing  
And upon the Earth fall to our knees  
Among all what we are and all that we may be  
All that we may be