

Solitude Aeturnus, 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