

# The Church, Forgotten Reign

I walk through your forgotten reign  
An ancient central nation  
Taken under the hand

When she used to know him  
To form a perfect relation  
waits on gods delights  
I accused of testing

All the secrets of the past come floating from their caves  
Calling like a siren through the waves

The great great river flowed away  
Across the sand and lived again  
Leaving lust he cannot fight  
Evolution in decay  
Priests with hair and eyes so clear  
Appealed the pawn to return  
Struck up his lions and caravans  
Said fifteen years I've been here

Floats in the air  
A for wings  
speaks  
Language lost along the line