

Vital Remains, The Night Has A Thousand Eyes

We rose from the earth and fell from the heavens
Exaltes saints of flesh and will
Fall into the opaque silk that is the night
We are the provenance of fear and the heralds of the profane
Call us fiends (oh, the apostasy)
Call us demons (oh, the apostasy)
But we are just wolves in our right, hunting and
feasting on the human bread
So infantile and yet so ripe