

# Conception, Solar Serpent

a fading photo on a wooden shelf  
sneering in your face  
unlike the memory of the little boy  
from what you call "the good old days";  
the bitter taste of fall the smell of wet concrete walls  
and still you count the cries at night you try to analyse  
the solar serpent shines  
reforms the shadows of the past  
and evermore the torment lasts  
the solar serpent shines  
you traced the contours of a union  
where only greed survives  
convicted by the mass  
you kept your course  
with head held high the victims at your feet  
the mission must proceed  
there is a higher cause  
you said afraid to understand  
the solar serpent shines  
reforms the shadows of the past  
eternally the cross will burn  
the solar serpent shines  
alone again  
but yet not quite so sure  
watch it coming