

# Forsaken, The Eyes Of Prometheus

In orphaned seas, where the haunters of the dark  
Weep in solitary madness  
The poet grieves a dying muse  
Flowered in sin, where the smoldering earth bequeaths  
The ashes of sleeping pantheons,  
She lies so majestic  
Her sonorous beauty, inanimate and white  
A silent lyre sings homage to the lovelorn neophyte  
Mordant sinews breathe and entwine  
Vultures feed on the demigod's shrine  
Preying on the innocence of a yesteryear

(Chorus)

The eyes of Prometheus  
Guardians of the hallow hearth  
Keepers of the Naochian spirit  
Raise the brimstone acolyte

Raven moon, burning seed of the autumnal fire  
The embers still seer in the memories of the martyr's pyre  
Supplicating his mercy, benevolent and benign  
Conjure the congregation in the abysmal shrine  
Refute the absolute, the shrouding ambivalence  
The hopes of the destitute, the mark of the inane reverence  
He is the iconoclast of primeval pleasure

(Chorus)

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