

# Hollenthon, Reprisal - Malis Avibus

The ticking hour of Father Time releases memories locked in mind  
A wandering beggar digging holes in all unspoken deeds of old  
A yellow death lay on his face, a smile so fixed not of this race  
Indeed he'd known where he would go, to where he feared it clearly showed

The devil I can safely tell  
Has neither hoof, nor tail, nor sting  
Nor is he, as some sages swear,  
A spirit, neither here nor there  
In nothing-yet in everything  
He is what we are-a gentleman  
A statesman spinning his web of crimes,  
A swindler, living as he can

The ticking hour of Father Time released the memories locked in mind  
The clock's monotonous tick obscured to most this man's so lonely cry  
He'd said that with his clenched teeth, he'd seize the earth from underneath  
He'd seize the earth from underneath, and drag it with him down to hell

(Lyrics based on Percy Bysshe Shelley's "Peter Bell the Third")