Human Fortress, Divine Astronomy

I practice the cults on a sacred science
When I open up my own books of might
I know that our world turns around the sun
I'm unspoken by those who have fear of light

I'm the devil, I'm hellbound
It's not the sun that turns around
They've build a monument of lies
Scientists blind faithful eyes

On your long way
Paved of your sorrows
Depressions appointed your way
You have to follow
The heaven just opened the gate

I'm seeing some visions and kind of things
All the tragedies of our slaves and kings
I saw their rising and I sensed their fall
But I wasn't ever there but I know it all

Divine astronomy