

# 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