

# Mastodon, Where Strides The Behemoth

condition tomorrow  
with visions inlaid  
the priest stands to our right  
a princess is mine

the regress of some minds  
further chase the prize  
pretentious you follow  
religion is mine

anger precedes my footsteps  
haunting past comes into head  
horizon seems so far away  
this life close to end of days  
kill and i will be damned  
forgive and i will be free

unified eyesight  
grow