

Old Man's Child, On Through the Desert Storm

We hail our light
The sun of Satan
For with thy might
Come forth
We dominate the world
By one mightful force

See the slaughtering
Growing weak
Born by vice
And we drink of the
Doomsday chalice
And paint us with the blood of him

Sowed into flames
In their own pitiful graves
I kiss the raven that flew with me
Trough all the desert storms

Winged by sorrow -- grief of man
Flying high beneath the sky
Quiet and silent through the
Night cyclone

Tears wet my throne
Your dreams were not immortal
I enter then my realm

We hail our light
The ethereal sun
For with thy might paragon face
We dominate the million eclipses