

Old Mans Child, Christian Death

Lonley as the autumn evening
Flowing on its last days
A wanderer of long-past wisdom
Facing his last conflict

Met the time of withering
Destiny, towards a clearer star
More bright than ever seen before
What's my will?

Well on his quest
In search for magnificense
He weakens before the grave of god
Banished, soon dead

See it in his eyes
Like you see it on the tombs
Of human decades, one by one
All the things he spoke of

Plastering the circuit split
Spawn of Satan, lightning blood
The circuit of demons, told him
What to see