

# Old Mans 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