

Old Mans Child, Seeds Of The Ancient Gods

Whipping tears from the sky
As the forsaked throne embrace it's soul
With blood on their hands
And high-raised swords, the ancient gods command

Fading the forest the shadows of the past
With the ravens command they march onward

Swear by the moon and the stars in the sky
As they bend down and greet to their gods
A cold mist now hovers their ground
As they gather for war, mighty and proud
Shadows appear from behind the torchlight
Slowly arise from the deepest fog
The pestering storms, the raging battles forward from the north
An ancient myth of a time to come, a black hole, an empty grave
A birth of a forthcoming master, the darkening sky
The fallen life as the stars die, in the gloom they rise
The crowned one's, of ancient times

Fading the forest the shadows of the past
With the ravens command they march onward