

Septic Flesh, On The Topmost Step Of The Earth

A stranger once whispered:

A fallen angel is someone not aware of his authentic identity
Because the fall occurred nowhere except on the inner plains
And the broken wing was nothing but the bleeding memory

The creators of the prophecies
Have seen pages yet unturned
From a book that can not be read
Or expressed from mouths of scorn

Observing the divine marriage
Between the solid soil and the ether
Step on the lightnings and ascend

On the topmost step of the earth
Stepping on the belt that surrounds the sphere

Endless are the joys of the infinite quest
For the timeless explorer
And the child that lurks inside

On the topmost step of the earth
Solo: Chris
Stepping on the belt that surrounds the sphere

A billion toys to play, countless more to invent
In the mental playground, around its solid tree

The creators of the prophecies
Have seen pages yet unturned
From a book that can not be read
Or expressed from mouths of scorn
On the topmost step of the earth

On the topmost step of the earth...
Stepping on the belt that surrounds the sphere