

Sethian, Dead Reckoning

On the seventh hour you came
An Angel with snakes in both hands
It was the dirty end of winter

You took my dreams from me
Yet my foolish heart roams untame
I lost it all, replaced by shame

I dream of angels
Yet I live among the demons

We fly by night
Dead Reckoning
Like moths to the flame we fly in blind devotion
We fly by night
Dead Reckoning
I know this truth is always right
It's time to search behind the lies

You took my thoughts from me
As all the dreams we once embraced
Are lost forever and defaced.

If I can't find my peace
Or solace in the life we share
I'll find my solitude in death