

# Solitude Aeturnus, Believe

In this land of the pious  
Deceiving one of small mind  
Controlled as if - as if the devils tools

I see a horizon - the armies align  
Prey upon the weak - twisting their feeble minds  
Riding down - a sickend sort takes the reigns and dominates

(CHORUS)

Pray to your hands for salvation/bend your cross to fit your ways  
We are a species beaten by ignorance  
Misguided fools lost in a shell  
An open eye soon extinguished  
The blind lead the blind  
As we chase our death

I believe - in only myself/the dark shall grow/in the end