

Supreme Majesty, Keeper Of The Dead

As a boy, he was too young to see
And didn't know what it was
But from the start he was meant to be,
Just one among us
Now as a man, he's blinded by thirst
On his way to tare down the church
Like a spell that been cast

He was the keeper
The keeper of the dead
Got all the features
To justify all threats

Just for a while, he may appear for you
In different shapes and disguise
Nothing here and nothing left for you
And there's no reason to cry
Dive into his world,
For the hunt of a promised land
You didn't know he was coming
You haven't ever been asked

They call you fool, but you should not listen
To all of their lies, they trying to tell you

See him, watch him, fear him
Feeling cold winds blow