

# The Kovenant, Pantomime

Burning bright in the industries of night  
Between the stars like a wanderer, across the sea of suns  
I reached out for the radiant shadow of a figure with horns  
Drawn like a moth to flame, and into the lions den  
Space cities of wonders, at an evolutionary dead-end  
Pale electric shadows, locked together in common self-hatred  
All it takes is an idea, a single word can change the world  
I tried as hard as I could to make you understand,  
There`s no difference between up or down out here  
Xenophobia...Five fingers are no longer enough  
Xenophobia...We lost control along time ago  
The Judas halo - The betrayer spirit  
The human ambition in all its disfigured glory  
Liars of Light - Masters of Night  
We all get what we deserve in the end  
Xenophobia...Five fingers are no longer enough  
Xenophobia...We lost control along time ago