

As the beings spawned  
dulcet offspring's, the fruit  
heavens children saw them in the dawn  
their lust enraged their blood

The leader knew of the guilt  
plenty to share, they swore an oath  
on maledictions it was build  
they descended from heaven in innocent cloth

The prophecy I had to see  
I am the Metatron  
the fall I had to testify  
my inner me passed by  
so I had to comply  
I became the Metatron

Winged assailants took their brides  
debased their sacred epiphany  
brought them on a magic tide  
morale screams in agony

The brood giants of morbid form  
the nephilim walked the fields  
their hunger bended the norm  
they gorged their mothers,  
the fate was sealed

The prophecy I had to see...