

In Days To Come

Sol Invictus

And in the days of to come,
The sound of iron and the sound of drums.
And in the days of to come,
The earth shall seethe and the clouds will bleed.
And in the days of to come,
Will we be drowned in a sea of scum?
And in the days of to come,
Will man spew out a bastard son?

But from the forest and the field,
Here she comes, here she comes.
And beneath the turning of the sun's wheel,
Here she comes, here she comes.
And from a womb of growing corn,
We are reborn, we are reborn.
Her moon that lights us til the dawn,
Here she comes, here she comes.

And in the days that will be,
The doors of hope will have no key.
And in the days that will be,
No books or gods, only greed.
And in the days it will show,
That the rule of gold will drag us low.
And in great halls where treason breeds,
Even noble hearts become diseased.

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Her moon that lights us til the dawn,
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