

Inheritance

Aeon

Forever chaos rule
All lives, all suns, all worlds
All depths, all skies will fall

Fools you think you're safe
In your world of light
But you are like dust
In a hurricane
Your world was raised by them
Made by dreams of the gods
And your empty lives
Is only a fools work

The work of the week are what you are made of
Soon they will wake up the bringers of chaos
No God or man can withstand their will
Soon they will wake up your world will be dead

In your veins runs the blood
of a prince of the Gods
So in many ways
You are spawned from chaos
You will always be
an heir of the week
As long as your world will stay alive

The work of the week are what you are made of
Soon they will wake up the bringers of chaos
No God or man can withstand their will
Soon they will wake up your world will be dead

Raised from chaos
Soon to be chaos again
A dream of the Gods
Soon to awake
Fragile lives
Soon to be dead
Made by the week
Soon to be dead

Fools you think you're safe
In your world of light
But you are like dust
In a hurricane
Your world was raised by them
Made by dreams of the gods
And your empty lives
Is only a fools work

The work of the week are what you are made of
Soon they will wake up the bringers of chaos
No God or man can withstand their will
Soon they will wake up your world will be dead