Sable Rising

Arsis

Kissing the stillness, caressed by the cold
This path of deceit shall never grow old
Ageless and guiltless, feasting on damnation
And the ever growing fear in their eye
One lash for my guilt and two for my lies
Beaten by the wolves in innocence disguised

Kissing the stillness, caressing the cold
In the mouth of damnation, I am growing old
We have come on wings of torment
Follow us, all of us, sable rising
With our guilt to feed the vultures
Follow us, all of us, sable rising

The temple lay in ruin
And the artist has escaped
Leaving his works behind
The starving statue takes its shape
Kissing the stillness, caressed by the cold
This path of deceit shall never grow old
One lash for my guilt and two for my lies
Beaten by the wolves in innocence disguised

We have come on wings of torment
Follow us, all of us, sable rising
With our guilt to feed the vultures
Follow us, all of us sable rising

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