

## 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  
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