

Eater Of Gods

At the Gates

Hunger - and the world is reduced
Reduced to the surface of her skin
Like a spray of broken glass
His bones began to fill with words

Like a monolith once lost
As our ash crown the barren mountains

As if mercy were a skin of water
We fall into a prior dream
The number of the grains of sand
Exiled from the memory of men

The strategies of war - through a universe of grief
Ad the city of mirrors - wiped out by the wind

Through the impenetrable haze
Through shapeless fog
Scattered through these desolate plains
White shine the bones: Eater of gods

As if mercy were a skin of water
We fall into a prior dream
The number of the grains of sand
Exiled from the memory of men

And as the smoke shifts in black
Only ashes remain
And as the smoke shifts in black
Eater of gods
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