

The Book Of Sand (The Abomination)

At the Gates

The despair eternal, deafening
Watch it burn

We run like rats - along the walls
Rising higher - around solitary lives

Deep in your dreams - the dead they sing
Our name spells C.U.R.S.E.

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Rising higher - around solitary lives

Infected forever - we hide inside the hive
Grey and faded - hibernated lives
A moment without presence - as we fall in line
Lost in the maze - of iron must be the night

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The golden age - an inner wasteland
The abomination - the book of sand

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