

The Conspiracy Of The Blind

At the Gates

Let the language be the blade
Dead it stares into our empty lives

Created needs - as tumors they grow
The swarming worms of a thousand lies

The conspiracy of the blind - staring dead into our lives of decay

Hermetic halls - echo silent now
Flood the landscape of our minds

The conspiracy of the blind - staring dead into our lives of decay

From the lips of the blind man
A kiss of decay
The dawn of the iconoclast
A sharpened blade

The conspiracy of the blind - staring dead into our lives of decay