

In Your Blood

Cemetery of Scream

So many centuries of pilgrimage in the ghastly oceans
His were the hands that separated the day from the night
And from His domain first tribes roamed into darkness
The man of his brother's bane. The House was Enoch, The
Name was Cain

In your blood

I remember the ashes of Alexandria and Caesar's agony
New Lands discovered, and madmen's tyranny
Through red I whisper to my many children
Through red my bidding will be done

In your blood
I make the call the blood must listen
In your blood
The night has just become

In our blood

Through red I whisper to my many children
Through red my bidding will be done

In your blood
I make the call the blood must listen
In your blood
The night has just become