

Tides Of Fire

Crescent Shield

I'm not the only one
Who can put out the fire
I only want to be left alone

Wise man high upon your hill
Please hear the prayers we cry
You we beseech
We rest our hopes on the promise
Of your good name

I'm not your providence
I live, I breathe
I cannot stop the flood

An eye for an eye, The innocent fallen
The cities are dead, The guilty are dust
Walking the hillsides, Dotted by followers
Ritual blindness, Bookkeepers in their citadels

The wrath of princes and kings
A flood not of water but flame
Evil born of sovereignty
Patterns are followed the same

It comes again
The sand of the ages is falling away
Knowledge and violence, Hand over hand
Are up from their graves
Wisdom is left in the dirt

I've seen the wrath
Of princes and kings
Flood not of water but flame
Evil born of sovereignty
Patterns are followed the same