

Scythe

Engel

A new star burning bright
through the forests and through the sky
trembling both the meek and might
a new redeemer has come to die

igniting the earth
with his passion and wrath
this ascendant of death will
show all righteous their path

embrace ourselves with this...
are we not done this far?
applaud the coming of... shining
brighter than the sun
are we not done this far?
embrace ourselves in this... shining

Did we smile, our work to see?
did we who made the lamb make thee?
the blind and deaf and dumb will reap
this rotten seed
our prophet has attired with cloaks made from human
skin
burning bright as fires strike the sky
redeeming us to sin

embrace ourselves with this...
are we not done this far?
applaud the coming of... shining
brighter than the sun
are we not done this far?
embrace ourselves in this... shining