

# The Un-Manifest

Haste the Day

Right now, he awaits at the threshold  
Don't let him in, no, don't let him in  
Though he is dressed like the rest of us  
He has the jackal's eyes, the jackals eyes

Oh, the immortal is coming  
And with him comes the storm  
Black smoke fills the air  
With anger as black as the cellars of hell

He wears your name like a cloak made for kings  
He wears your name like a cloak made for kings

They will come like parasites swarming in  
Dressed in lies of normality  
To appease the death of innocence  
And its growing appetite

Abandon all hope  
Abandon all hope  
Abandon all hope

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