

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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