

King Of Days

High on Fire

A psychopath has found a sight and a way to be the king of days
A rhyme without a poem and the luster of his last ways
The angels of death had a right and a cause for a sorrow to say
A mortal flight across a chasm and on to the underworld's grave
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They sail a burning sun
A war they never won
They toss the fear aside
Never to ask for - pride

The spirits flights into a valley, a darkness that led them ast
ray
An infant's eyes now open, with it a tempter, allude and betray
You know your master's leash is tight and keeps your death and
your children at bay
The raging maniac aware and knows the cost of his earthly maze

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