

Towards Our Storm

Hour of Penance

I admire it's purity. It's a wonder,
Unclouded by conscience, remorse... or delusions of morality.

No more explanations from God.
His voice is now dry as desert
For the children of the Earth to come.
Blood and dust, milk with poison
From our mother's breast.
The Sun will die tonight.
Cry of a million stars.
The Sun will die tonight.
Lightless dawn, day of our storm.

Our storm is coming
'Mid dreams of unholy nights.
Pageantry of a new monarchy.
End of season of life and light.

Before we go whence we shall never return.

God looked away so long ago.
The dirty side of Earth cries
But the storm won't stop.
All that shall perish
Shall be rewritten in sand,
Wind that brings warm rain
Of desolation.

Flowing like blood, a thousand screams.
We still have no fear.
To see what lies under our storm,
To see what lies behind our storm.
Close your eyes, wrath to purify.

Towards our storm.
Wheels of pain we left behind.

Towards our storm.

Regret is banned,
Thus spake to throne of the damned one.
To reign in the name of misfortune,
Deceit of God.