

The Caitiff Choir: Revelations

It Dies Today

Can you hear them?
Their weary screams of agony,
Travelling back,
From the blackest regions of their hereafter.

You may have to hollow me
To understand this mortal blasphemy.
We are born of the blackest hearts:
We all are heirs to the morningstar.

Do you hear the caitiff choir?
Faithful to none but themselves.
Now do you see them?
Can you see me now?

Can you see that we are?
Born of the blackest hearts,
We are all heirs to the morningstar.
Disheartening, isn't it

To find that man is inherently perverse.
Disheartening, isn't it
That man is inherently evil.
Do you hear the caitiff choir,

Faithful to none but themselves?
We are of the blackest hearts;
We all are heirs to the morningstar.