

# The House Of Crimson Coin

## Knights Of The Abyss

Jekyll island 1910

The gathering of conspired secrecy perfected over a  
century orchestrating the worlds grandest of schemes  
perfected over a century  
Waiting endlessly for the moment of total control  
Conceived in 1910, a gathering of seven ill bound men  
seven black hearted men  
Built upon a hypocritical oath a ruse of the swine your  
child of delusive deception  
Through momentary gains and the house of crimson coin  
Profits through deep inevitably control

Pressing on unquestioned for their network of pay offs  
intertwined in every aspect of society  
Our majority absolute authority  
Lavish parties are thrown in our honor and they drink  
to their most behemoth of power  
They care not of material gain but pleasure is theirs  
for our struggle and pain  
On the island of secretive sands  
They've constructed their gradual rise to power  
They have waited us out  
Silently weaving webs of their running craft

Power is their gold, fear is their tool, freedom  
extinct we have all been fooled

What is to blame but our human condition greed and the  
ideal of power  
The men who set out to Jekyll that day put into action  
this timeless condition  
But with this condition comes freedom of choice they've  
choose the path of infinite corruption  
The end of an age is closing its chapter  
Tare down the laws created at Jekyll