

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