

Death Crowns All

Lost Soul

Thy star so low, Thy star so high
I am the first to know those paths
Among thousands different sounds
Fragile heart I do recognize

Hear the mumble of the saints
Tortured they're bleeding in agony
The mind and flesh to celebrate
Is ready now, we are not dead

Behold within, and not above
Our royal rights, Our royal blood
Feeble tired trembling earth
New theology must be written

Summon them all to wake
Summon them all to death
These words unspoken
And vision out of sight

My star is here
In bondage with the Beast
Mighty shadow wherein I'll kill your fear
It is not easy to be like me...