

The Prophecy

Neaera

A barn on fire, a tortured child
What has come for vengeance?
Who has blackened the light?
Pain inflicted, they inflict their pain
Born of obedience - oppressions reign

They've become the prophecy of debt
They've become the prophecy that wept

Petrified, denied, enshrined
Burdened with a ribbon that binds
Petrified, denied, enshrined
They've become the spawn for the eclipse

A white path of virtue - not to be left
The light of innocence is shining black
The purity vision - taught by brutality
Disciples of order - slaves to the hierarchy

A fierce and brutal mind is forged
When infants hearts and souls are scorched
A flame of vengeance killed the light
The children they came at night

To the night of the hunters
They unload their punishment
On the altar of justice
They seek revenge

Can they reserve their pain?
They will return the stain

They've become the spawn of the eclipse
They've become the holocaust