

Humankind lined up, before abysses of fire  
Murder drums rolling, dark warriors brows  
Paces through mist of blood  
Black iron clanging  
Despair, night in sorrowful brains

Under the branches of olive trees  
At night they scream in their sleep  
Into the festering mark of the wound  
The hand of Saint Thomas plunges deep

Behold the shadows eve, hunt and blood money  
A tempest, the light is cracked, the last supper  
In bread and wine lies a gentle silence  
And the once have gathered, twelve in number