

Funeral, Swords and Souls

Old Man's Child

I proclaim the victim's fall
Now I shudder by the sight of you
Crucified by my nails
You hunger by my hammer

Born in pity, so raised in pity
And grown to be what's weak
Suffering beneath my blade
As you bend your knees to the dust

Voices, spirits and smoke
From the pyre up by the glistering
Never more was this seen
In happiness and joy

Memorize the ash

Beyond the shell
Of souls enfolded in blood
Raining flat, my hands
Sacramental juice from stabbed wounds

Born in pity, so raised in pity
And grown to be what's weak
Suffering beneath my blade
As you bend your knees to the dust

Voices spirits and smoke
From the pyre up by the glistering
Never more was this seen
In happiness and joy

Despise it. I do
The rise of mankind
Seen by time, all the years that went by
The rumbling of the night-thunder
Witnessed the stoning