

Alea lacta Est

One More Victim

Sharp steel cuts a breathless body
Slender fingers go into flesh like snakes
Extract liver, squeeze a wheezing heart
Crimson blood flows on to the floor and the feet of the waiting
Prophecies of an old oracle, beyond our generation and time, escape his lips in Latin
In his eyes there's a demon of the future and his lips express the meaning of the ritual
"The treasure you will find is washed with crimson blood,
It lies on the bones of your people that will fall.
To possess power, on the day of the sign, curse the land with war between fathers and sons
The one who will light the star of death in time, will get immortality and will open the gates of the Genesis
You are enemies to each other, everyone standing in the room
The one who has ancient blood in his veins will be your obstacle,
Your grave, your ending
Wearing a crown of gold and thorns he will sit down on a throne in silence
Pointing the finger with a ring.