

The Dying Age

Sanctuary

“When the kings of foreign lands begin the rise of fear they went into hiding. In the shadows they did conspire.”

This is the dying age, this is controlled with restraint
This is the future shock as we become hollow
This is the dying wave that brings a new tomorrow

This is the fall of men, these are the broken days
I spend my life of confusion in pain
As if to make the lunatic look sane

Kings afraid of guillotines, coward in the shadows
As they bring the faithful from theirs knees
To exterminate their power

This is the frozen phase, this is a chosen age
Hoping that the world will fester and drain
Hoping in our resent state of pure disdain

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