

The Ghost Of Rome

Satyricon

Through time, to the waters below
My song, for the silence above

The spirit of promise, on the table of stone
Under my skin—all the life you have ever lived

Seal the law
and pierce through the haze of time
The Ghost of Rome

No life lost behind that veil—just the death of broken hearts
The Ghost of Rome

At night, in the temple we lost
One throne for the kingdom forlorn

The waves of North—No tail broken it is
Over the wall—Veins rush from hate never trapped

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