

Temple Of The Lost Race

Septic Flesh

Preserved from the ancient years
When Earth was just a newborn star
The proof of a distant truth
Arrogantly stands mocking the wind
Guarding mysteries that man has not unchained.

An emblem of power has remained , a fallen temple....

Faded pictures all over the walls
Projecting a horrid state of sanity.
Figures that don't belong to a human race
Symbols and maps.
Architectural miracles carrying the history of a race
That now seems lost.

Fears born from the Past
Temple of the lost race
Deep inside the heart of the pole
An old ruler of the stars

Buried in a chest from glass,
The answers about our path.
Eternal life can't rest asleep
It lurks beneath as force of will.
Ancient are the rules set on this world.

An emblem of power will remaine , a fallen temple....

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