

In this land of the pious
Deceiving one of small mind
Controlled as if - as if the devils tools

I see a horizon - the armies align
Prey upon the weak - twisting their feeble minds
riding down - a sickend sort takes the reigns and dominates

[CHORUS]

Pray to your hands for salvation/bend your cross to fit your ways

We are a species beaten by ignorance

Misguided fools lost in a shell

An open eye soon extinguished

the blind lead the blind

as we chase our death

I believe - in only myself/the dark shall grow/in the end