

I feel like time is going by so fast
The feeling is perfect, but never lasts
What should I do with my own solitude?
There is perfection in the worship of truth
I need nothing right now, I am complete
My feelings are my words, there is no need to speak

The blood on my hands
From the weakness of man
Down on your knees
For the serpent of kings

The fury deep inside me, I can't contain
A steady joy of coldness runs through my veins
A prophet once did tell me of worlds above
The twisted tales of those who could not love
This shows that my feelings are content
The perfect storm to eradicate men

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Down on your knees
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The Gods spared no sorrow, left no peace
My heart feel victim to me
Knights swore valor, in corruption they fall
The prophet cries in the candlelit halls
The lord of serpents, in evil I reign
All will bow as they hear the name

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