

The Hidden Masters

The Sword

When the days become as dark as night
And the world begins to change
There are those of you who die of fright
Or tear your eyes out from the pain

Your gilded houses will give no shelter
When the heavens fall
The sacred tomes will give no answers
When The Masters call

Forgotten ages unknown to man
Before we crawled out from our caves
Exalted patrons of earthly clans
Elevation of their states

Your gilded houses will give no shelter
When the heavens fall
The sacred tomes will give no answers
When The Masters call

Look at yourselves
Look at your world
What have you done?
What have you become?

Look at yourselves
Look at your world
What have you done?
What shall you become?