

Autumn Tint Of Gold

Through the Eyes of the Dead

Descending from the night sky, a shimmering tint of gold.
Masses of messengers sent for blood now come forth.
Descending from the night sky, a shimmering tint of gold.
A rain of bloody feathers, future has been foretold.
Descending from the autumn sky, behold our faithful demise
As they drift through godless lands raining fire upon all man,
as they drift
Through godless lands, forever dying.
Masses of messengers see now as horror unfolds.
Bones are broken and lives are destroyed.
Cities crumble beneath an autumn tint of gold.
Demise of this land, demise of a land as I drift through Godless
lands, forever dying.