

# The Night Has a Thousand Eyes

Vital Remains

We rose from the earth and fell from the heavens  
Exaltes saints of flesh and will  
Fall into the opaque silk that is the night  
We are the provenance of fear and the heralds of the profane  
Call us fiends (oh, the apostasy  
Call us demons (oh, the apostasy)  
But we are just wolves in our right, hunting and  
feasting on the human bread  
So infantile and yet so ripe