

The Valley

Dark Fortress

Another promise broken
Another falsehood thrown to the dogs
Time and time again we swallow
Our throats torn by the barbed fruit of iniquity

On our knees we wither
Starving on a hollow phantom
Discarded playthings, we crave in vain
For the benign almighty lie

Fools that we are

Even as our star goes under
We cling to the noose that will break our necks
To the benighted psalms of priests drunk with conceit

Like in the valley of linnom
Murdered by divinity
Our grievance shades the mountains
Our gifted souls became a pyre
The day the heavens part
God shall perish in our fire

When the final perfidy
Bleeds from the skies
Our abject eyes will see the truth

Death
Death from above

Forsaken lepers rot away
Away