

# Zenith of the Black Sun

Enforcer

In a faraway time, in the dawning of man  
They were bound by the laws of the land  
A flash in the sky, a roar in the ground  
Had effects that they could understand

A river of gold the morning would bring  
With lifeblood in every ray  
Their cornucopia  
Would run dry this every day

No turning back  
Skies growing black  
Now gods appear as people run

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Skies growing black  
Now gods appear as people run  
Behind the zenith of the sun  
The black sun

In a gathering held a decision was made  
To restore the imperative light  
They couldn't dissuade their desperate fear  
Of a life in perpetual night

The forces at work, a will they must have  
There must be a reason behind  
A human sacrifice  
The very first of its kind

Sending ripples of fear and a growing unrest  
A belief of a spiritual cost  
The couldn't unsee the prophecy's lie  
On the day when humanity lost

Their innocence gone, taken away  
By powers yet to be seen  
Their powerless cries, their desperate calls  
For deities to intervene

Now gods appear as people run  
No turning back  
Skies growing black  
Now gods appear as people run  
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The black sun

Gods appear and they demand a ransom for their sun  
Black sun  
Show your face  
Black sun  
Show your face

The chosen ones in servitude  
Will look upon your gaze  
Again