

Children Of Stone

Evocation

Stillborn of sickness your time is here to be
It's time to kill the monster that lurks beneath your sea
Illuminated death row, you're running out of time
The puppet master laws shall paint your game
Astray this masquerade, it's black in white
It's not about what paint they use, it's how they draw the line
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And as the fever embrace
As it stains your soul
That's when the faceless ghost
Will rise above what haunts your world
From birth to death eternal slavery
The eye of the beholder, number six consists of three
Reactivate your vengeance, throw flesh upon their cross
And save yourselves from drowning, kiss of death, the bitter lo
ss
Now hear the dogs of doom, their hungry cries
Those undertakers seem to be untied
Transcend your boundaries in silent grace
The skulls, the bones, its everlasting maze you'll feed