

For More Glory

Lunatic Gods

Here we stand face to face
Here the story is turning to end
The stone pavement of the city that witnessed his birth
The two who know and the crowd of the ignorant
Once so beautiful, once so proud
The Earthfolk lost their way to paradise
What no wisdom could have foretold
The powers of evil brought tears to their eyes

Noone questions what they have done
Lead to the light with darkness inside
Pursued visions they could never see clear
Still follow their leader - the crowd of the blind

Family bonds give way to glory
Conscience speaks through the eyes of the Son
But next generations will not ask
About the horrors that brought their brave new world
Confirm your victory
Finish the tragedy
Spill the blood of your enemy
The blood of your Son

The blood of your Son

"Kill him!"

"Father, why?"

"You are not my son!"

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Murder