

Gloria In Destiny

Rough Silk

Centuries of war and lies,
crusade and inquisition
an old man's face with eyes
in flames of superstition

somewhere in a darkened room
beyond the gate of fire
twilight calls the claws of doom,
wisdom and desire

like raves in the morning light
saints of death prepare the night
sister mercy's sacred rite
awakes the wings of fire

and when the tears are falling
will you call my name
will you touch the flame

Gloria - Gloria in destiny...

my son, and when you're old enough
to reach the skies of hate and love
listen to the stars above
and lift your spirit higher

and when the tears are falling....