

Via Crucis (The Way Of The Cross)

The Forsaken

[Lyrics: Albert Bell / Music: Forsaken]

I walk through barren corridors glistening
With a stench of a promised salvation
This sultry wilderness mourns
The grieving of a mother's supplication

Seraphic overtures inebriated
By the suffering of aeons of compromise
Here he is legion, heir-apparent to Apollyon's throne
Breathing the progeny of all lies

[Chorus]

Via crucis (The way of the cross)
My kingdom has come
Arcana lucis (arcane light)
Thy will be done

A resurrection conjured on altars of impunity
Scars of betrayal shrouded in a sanctimonius reliquary
Wine-made-incarnate in a chalice of iniquity
Graven effigies accolade a deception
Enshrined in consanguinity

As the twilight sleeps, I hear
the resuscitation of a withering womb
Christendom weeps, for the child of a virginal prostitution
Ascetic icons seep with the blood of dismal martyrdom
Subjugator of the meek, the spirit of man fades
in the eyes of the distant kingdom

Serpent hordes summon the cinnamon king
Venerating the vestiges of the lonesome crown
Babylon whores writhing in ecstasy
Procreating the seven seals of prophecy

[Chorus]

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