

The Conspiracy of the Blind

At the Gates

Let the language be the blade
Dead it stares into our empty lives
Created needs, as tumors they grow
The swarming worms of a thousand lies
The conspiracy of the blind
Staring dead into our lives of decay
Hermetic halls, echo silent now
Flood the landscape of our minds
The conspiracy of the blind
Staring dead into our lives of decay
From the lips of the blind man
A kiss of decay
The dawn of the iconoclast
A sharpened blade
The conspiracy of the blind
Staring dead into our lives of decay

Songwriters

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