

In Time

Portrait

The burdening looks of the profane
Their watching eyes, a tormenting strain
Cursed to wander in this strange land amongst the lame
For how long must we play this game? The load I have to carry
To cope with their horrid masquerade
Drooling mouths conjoined in awe for mundane glory
A blind procession bound for the grave The living dead around me I see
Shackled in line they keep spreading their seed
But I know that in time, all by the Master's grace
Triumphant I'll stand to see the end of their ways
The tormenting sight of the soulless
Brain-washed minds in a tragic mess
Born of mud by the hands of my enemy
They're shaped and fit for an endless sleep The living dead around me I see
Chained by their necks, yet spreading their seed
But I know that in time, all by the Master's grace
Triumphant I'll stand to see the end of their ways Long live the silent
Who behind our masks take the Warrior's Stance
The exiled and branded and hidden ones
Despising the tyrant's dance Blood shall adorn our tools of harvest
As faithful shades blind their watching eyes
So we may work in this place of unrest
Relieved from all con men of lies
The living dead around us must bleed
In shallow graves we shall plant them as seeds
And we know for all time, all by the Master's grace
The shades we so plant will oblige and obey

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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