

# 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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