

On Through the Desert Storm

Old Man's Child

We hail our light
The sun of Satan
For with thy might
Come forth
We dominate the world
By one mightful force See the slaughtering
Growing weak
Born by vice
And we drink of the
Doomsday chalice
And paint us with the blood of him Sowed into flames
In their own pitiful graves
I kiss the raven that flew with me
Trough all the desert storms Winged by sorrow -- grief of man
Flying high beneath the sky
Quiet and silent through the
Night cyclone Tears wet my throne
Your dreams were not immortal
I enter then my realm We hail our light
The ethereal sun
For with thy might paragon face
We dominate the million eclipses

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