Pantomime

The Kovenant

Burning bright in the industries of night
Between the stars like a wanderer, across the sea of suns
I reached out for the radiant shadow of a figure with horns
Drawn like a moth to flame, and into the lions denSpace cities of wonders, at an evolutionary dead-end
Pale electric shadows, locked together in common self-hatred
All it takes is an idea, a single word can change the world
I tried as hard as I could to make you understand,
There`s no difference between up or down out hereXenophobia...Five fingers are no longer enough
Xenophobia...We lost control along time agoThe Judas halo - The betrayer spirit
The human ambition in all its disfigured glory
Liars of Light - Masters of Night
We all get what we deserve in the endXenophobia...Five fingers are no longer enough
Xenophobia...We lost control along time ago

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