

The Conspiracy Of The Blind

At the Gates

Let the language be the blade

Dead it stares into our empty livesCreated needs, as tumors they grow

The swarming worms of a thousand liesThe conspiracy of the blind

Staring dead into our lives of decayHermetic halls, echo silent now

Flood the landscape of our mindsThe conspiracy of the blind

Staring dead into our lives of decayFrom the lips of the blind man

A kiss of decay

The dawn of the iconoclast

A sharpened bladeThe conspiracy of the blind

Staring dead into our lives of decay

Songwriters

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