

Order from Chaos

At the Gates

As parasites we grovel, through the dust
A temple devoured, by the ancient fires
Autumn falls hard on restless flesh
Persistence buried in the sands of timeThe gray man kissed the mud
Circular the ruins, in a dawn without birds
Crowned by the deities of deathStreets as cracks in the skin
To drink from the night itself
Webs of perdition, crush the rushing earth
The aching void lures, promising rebirthOrder from chaos, every thought a tool
Order from chaos, profaned by the burned and the dead

Songwriters

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