

Eater Of Gods (At War With Reality 2014)

At the Gates

Hunger, and the world is reduced
Reduced to the surface of her skin
Like a spray of broken glass
His bones began to fill with words
Like a monolith once lost
As our ash crown the barren mountains
As if mercy were a skin of water
We fall into a prior dream
The number of the grains of sand
Exiled from the memory of men
The strategies of war through a universe of grief
Ad the city of mirrors wiped out by the wind
Through the impenetrable haze
Through shapeless fog
Scattered through these desolate plains
White shine the bones, Eater of gods
As if mercy were a skin of water
We fall into a prior dream
The number of the grains of sand
Exiled from the memory of men
And as the smoke shifts in black
Only ashes remain
And as the smoke shifts in black
Eater of gods
Eater of gods

Songwriters

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