

The Caitiff Choir: Revelations

It Dies Today

Can you hear them?
Their weary screams of agony
Traveling back
From the blackest regions of their hereafter
You may have to hollow me
To understand this mortal blasphemy
We are born of the blackest hearts
We all are heirs to the morning star
Do you hear the Caitiff Choir?
Faithful to none but themselves
Now do you see them?
Can you see me now?
Can you see that we are?
Born of the blackest hearts
We are all heirs to the morning star
Disheartening, isn't it
To find that man is inherently perverse
Disheartening, isn't it
That man is inherently evil
Do you hear the Caitiff Choir?
Faithful to none but themselves?
We are of the blackest hearts
We all are heirs to the morning star

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