

A long lost tradition existing through the ages
Of monsters made and superstitions born
Behind closed doors lies the work of our creators
Sorrow turned to joy as the weak are deformed

What happens next is a mystery
The only answer lies in the deep of the sea
Recreate the code to change our destiny
Singing "There's no life, no death... just me"

Hidden away in an unmarked tomb
Behind secret symbols and forgotten runes
The all-seeing eye misses nothing down here

The order kept alive through magic and fear

We are the disappearing keepers of the mystery
Poison your heart with the salt of the sea
Changing the code to write out own destiny
Singing "There's no heaven, no hell... just me"

Templar, secular, false prophets
A masonic throne made of prosthetic limbs
We change all the names of the dying kings
And we memorize the words to the songs they sing