

...Ruins
Of origin unknown
Towering above our heartlands
Beneath celestial malignment
As star collide with star
Over a terror ridden Bethlehem

A scarlet moon
Shall shine upon
A fallen Babylon
Where no morn shall dawn

The silence of the prophets
And their severed tongues;
"Omerta..."

For dark are they indeed
The depths we now must traverse
Steeply they stretch into night unmapped
Where stars like lidless eyes gleam

From deep down there
Returning my stare
Until fearless into that abyss I may fall
And the flames of the altar rise

A scarlet moon
Shall shine upon
A fallen Babylon
In churning seas the ash outpoured

And thus I lay my head
Upon heaving earth
And abandon myself in the fever of dreams
In search of...