

# Inheritance

Aeon

Forever chaos rule  
All lives, all suns, all worlds  
All depths, all skies will fall

Fools you think you're safe  
In your world of light  
But you are like dust  
In a hurricane  
Your world was raised by them  
Made by dreams of the gods  
And your empty lives  
Is only a fools work

The work of the week are what you are made of  
Soon they will wake up the bringers of chaos  
No God or man can withstand their will  
Soon they will wake up your world will be dead

In your veins runs the blood  
of a prince of the Gods  
So in many ways  
You are spawned from chaos  
You will always be  
an heir of the week  
As long as your world will stay alive

The work of the week are what you are made of  
Soon they will wake up the bringers of chaos  
No God or man can withstand their will  
Soon they will wake up your world will be dead

Raised from chaos  
Soon to be chaos again  
A dream of the Gods  
Soon to awake  
Fragile lives  
Soon to be dead  
Made by the week  
Soon to be dead

Fools you think you're safe  
In your world of light  
But you are like dust  
In a hurricane  
Your world was raised by them  
Made by dreams of the gods  
And your empty lives  
Is only a fools work

The work of the week are what you are made of  
Soon they will wake up the bringers of chaos  
No God or man can withstand their will  
Soon they will wake up your world will be dead