

The Divine

Agathodaimon

I hear a whisper - an old and dark desire
Silent remnants of the past scorched by fire
And from the sky comes a warm soft breeze surrounding me
Kissed by a golden tongue I rise above the starlit sea

Through the eyes of a dead man a shadow's cast upon me
A new god is rising from clay and dust
Bow down herds of sheep
Bow down my enemy
Bow down in agony
So shall it be

The song of sirens echoes above the waters
The stage is set to become perfectly me
My throne is waiting for me to reach the highest goal
No need for a queen - when I can be your king

Through the eyes of a dead man a shadow's cast upon me
A new god is rising from clay and dust
Bow down herds of sheep
Bow down my enemy
Bow down in agony
So shall it be

I am the divine
I rise from down below

On my cold and merciless empire
I'm looking down at you and your false desire
I am looking down and rise with grace
I'm looking down - despise the human race

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A new god is rising from clay and dust
Bow down herds of sheep
Bow down my enemy
Bow down in agony
So shall it be