

Bastards of the Earth

Allegaeon

Cursed visions of secret lights
cast through glass and drawn curtains of fire
rooms of forlorn abandon
where the eyes of the mind cannot fathom
Standing in the place where stones of ruins rest unshaken
by intrusions traced through time
On approach light finds the eyes

Thrust into a world
akin to darkness, ruptured by the sun

A spinning wheel that spells disaster -
the circle growing deeper every day.

New and overwhelming senses
the warmth arrived and welcomed
is blinding, white, and deeper into light
Hesitant to enter,
or rather crushed by grave impediment
incapable of pushing onward -
a spirit transmuting.

Thrust into a world
akin to darkness, ruptured by the sun.

A spinning wheel that spells disaster -
the circle growing deeper every day.

Impetuous it must be -
stepping out into the unseen
to carve a valley unending;
to break from trepidation and be free.

Through growth and decay:
chasing through overgrowth and horrors
where once was the way
led to promise and visions of a great salvation.

A spinning wheel that spells disaster -
the circle growing deeper every day.

Bastards of the earth,
now standing pillars to the flames -
the hardened monuments to wistful misery/

Masters of the earth
erecting pillars within flames -
arduous monuments of listless misery.

[Guitar solo1: Greg Burgess]

[Guitar solo 2: Michael Stancel]