

As if I haven't had enough
I've felt more hate than there is love
But now the sky is looking new
Is this a curse upon my line
Was I born in prophetic times
Or is this all because of you

Wasn't it a perfect lie
When you said you'd be here by my side
Never gave up searching
Now my world is burning
Just for a fiction of your pride
Pulling at the darkest strings
Dreaming that a bird could be a king
Killing for ascension
You've eclipsed obsession
To leave our bones beneath your wings

Pulled into audience with dark
My pain survives and leaves me marked
Led to the slaughter by god's hand
I reject your apocalypse
Fighting the heart of the eclipse
To put an end to your demands

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I pick up my own pieces
Scattered as mayhem ceases
History marked us
But you've written your own page
Monstrous and proven wicked
My very soul is sickened
Used as a pawn to christen your golden age

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