So silent the crowd

Come just, to witness the death of a beast
Why the look, why the doubt?

Have you not come here to feast?

You can only gaze through what is given to you
Through the bars of foul conscience and fear

Now look to my left for a clue:

See Jörmungandr judge Fenrir

The serpent breaks the silence
This brother in blood blames me for his own sin
Yet it's not my hand that's stained
You fear what I'd bring

When will you have your shackles undone? Don't speak what we can't understand Can you not hear the cries of the sun? Our god is worth more than this land Your god is lies, a venomous insanity Even in death, you'll never be free

What did you speak, Zarathustra
As we wandered the desert of submission?
Were they wisdoms they took from your lips
By veiled dagger-tips, hidden by superstition?
Who was it of the six sons of Abraham
Of the cowards claimed more than men?
How fitting then, how I find my end
A crucifixion, in nomine Khristos, again

The serpent calls for silence
The hooded step forth, the stillness complete
Close my eyes, open the door
Your chains will enslave my soul nevermore
Nevermore
A flash of silver from afar, and I smile, gazing up to the stars

"And in the final glimpse, the All as One Eyes of the deepest sea, in the halo that runs as time Crowning gods of impossibilities To see, when, finally, the All becomes undone..."

All as One reach to the sky
All as One to die
And we know you never lied
Save our souls
You know I won't
'Cause cowards die alone

We pray away on through the night Gods have you defiled Now we see the sun has died Treason's tried In vain you cried With men the gods themselves will die