

Zenith of the Black Sun

Enforcer

In a faraway time, in the dawning of man
They were bound by the laws of the land
A flash in the sky, a roar in the ground
Had effects that they could understand

A river of gold the morning would bring
With lifeblood in every ray
Their cornucopia
Would run dry this every day

No turning back
Skies growing black
Now gods appear as people run

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Skies growing black
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Behind the zenith of the sun
The black sun

In a gathering held a decision was made
To restore the imperative light
They couldn't dissuade their desperate fear
Of a life in perpetual night

The forces at work, a will they must have
There must be a reason behind
A human sacrifice
The very first of its kind

Sending ripples of fear and a growing unrest
A belief of a spiritual cost
The couldn't unsee the prophecy's lie
On the day when humanity lost

Their innocence gone, taken away
By powers yet to be seen
Their powerless cries, their desperate calls
For deities to intervene

Now gods appear as people run
No turning back
Skies growing black
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Gods appear and they demand a ransom for their sun
Black sun
Show your face
Black sun
Show your face

The chosen ones in servitude
Will look upon your gaze
Again