

## Secrets

## God Module

A long lost tradition existing through the ages  
Of monsters made and superstitions born  
Behind closed doors lies the work of our creators  
Sorrow turned to joy as the weak are deformed

What happens next is a mystery  
The only answer lies in the deep of the sea  
Recreate the code to change our destiny  
Singing "There's no life, no death... just me"

Hidden away in an unmarked tomb  
Behind secret symbols and forgotten runes  
The all-seeing eye misses nothing down here

The order kept alive through magic and fear

We are the disappearing keepers of the mystery  
Poison your heart with the salt of the sea  
Changing the code to write out own destiny  
Singing "There's no heaven, no hell... just me"

Templar, secular, false prophets  
A masonic throne made of prosthetic limbs  
We change all the names of the dying kings  
And we memorize the words to the songs they sing