

Hierophant

In Mourning

The fog is rising
Soaring through unending grey
Cutting path for
A dawning harvest of the past

Chained a catatonic state
Light flashes and the world burn
Entangled in belief

We are now in the shape to rot
And you will lead us here
We have gathered to see our faults
Unchained

One step from ascension
Recognition at glance
Feet cut by the shards
Banished to a timeless wait

Search for the serpent shaped
Golden path, mesmerize

Stray out of belief again
Become the golden one
The warden of your dreams
Stray out of belief again
Don't let the heart become
The anchor and the sun
Wash yourself in the blood of the pure

Holy messenger, merge the horizons
Gather and assemble
Abandon and dismantle