

The Death of All Colours

Lord Of The Lost

Son of God
Seen you in a dream
Heavens above
We are torn, in need

Truly you said
To all who came
To all who will stand
And invoke your name

My name has been carved
In generations of the stars
Trees I have grown
But it wasn't my own art

You seek my praise
But even I'm not without shame
I begged him to betray
So he's not the one to blame

The perdition of cosmos and chaos
Does the human spirit die
There's no solace in all of your prayers
No salvation in your sacrifice

Why have my words led you to anger?
I'm the God who has lived within you
Your kiss leads to the death of all colours
For your life will be all pallid too

Lift up your eyes
And look at the cloud
In the pale light
And the stars around

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We are torn, in need