

Between the Blue Temple and the North Tower

Lord Vicar

The Cathedral of Light is shining
Open graves eat hungry men
Ashes burning, masses dying
Eternal sin for us and them

In this field, dark marching figures
Holding torches in the night
In the raging wartime horror
Torn by cruel and blinding light

Is this the same light I'm talking about?
This beautiful Cathedral of Fear?
Blinding, protecting, hurting and healing
A bare-chested Serpent is near

Ode to the temple of shimmering light
Ode to the purifying flame
Ode to the shielded and destructive form
Ode to the whip causing pain

You were searching for religion,
see now where you lost your way
Inspired by the misty stories
and the power they contain

...masses ready to obey
...you saw temples meant to stay
...but only ruins now remain

Combining myths and endless murder
with machines made of steel
Blinded by the future's vision:
Your victory so strong and real

...all that you could feel
...broken by the turning wheel
...opening the final seal

When you make your way through the fields of melting glass
You will have to reach for what's inside
Bite your lips until you bleed and let the days pass
Your pain is only going to ease through time

Haunted by the solar sin you struggle towards the light
Your eyes reflect their eternal flame
Circle of the leaders used to will this site
Now ashes of the temple in the north tower