

Our secrets are laid bare before my eyes
It's I and I alone who can grant passage to our most inner circle
Who can judge the weak from the strong?
The truth from the falsehood
The sacred record of our unforgiving past
And of the torturous road we have trodden

I alone bare these burdens on my shoulders sit sins of the angels,
I alone know the names of those who've fallen from grace
I cannot rest whilst they still remain to stain our our,
I'm the master, you're the puppet that dances to my tune.

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And you shall taste the undreamed joys
that lie beyond the bounds of a mortal sense.
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