

## Christian Death

### Old Man's Child

Lonley as the autumn evening  
Flowing on its last days  
A wanderer of long-past wisdom  
Facing his last conflict

Met the time of withering  
Destiny, towards a clearer star  
More bright than ever seen before  
What's my will?

Well on his quest  
In search for magnificense  
He weakens before the grave of god  
Banished, soon dead

See it in his eyes  
Like you see it on the tombs  
Of human decades, one by one  
All the things he spoke of

Plastering the circuit split  
Spawn of Satan, lightning blood  
The circuit of demons, told him  
What to see