

The Prophet's Council

Psycroptic

Strength needs to be forged in iron
To survive in this ice-cold wasteland
Coherent thoughts cease to arrive
Intoxicated by the light's reflection

Monumental like the ocean's tide
Bloodred trailing all in its path

Fires burn stronger on approach
As if the sun itself has come to us
Our treachery soon to be forgotten
History shall be erased for all

The sins of the past will perish
Never again to see the light of day
Once-great towers amount to nothing

Defenceless now it seems
Our guardians have retreated
Left to our own demise
Our frozen giants will surely crumble

This is our fate now
Our failures come to light

Fires burn stronger on approach
As if the sun itself has come to us
Our treachery soon to be forgotten
History shall be erased for all

The sins of the past will perish
Never again to see the light of day
Once-great towers amount to nothing
The keys of wisdom now to retire
The prophet's word was bond
Forced into a great slumber