

Down The Years

Sol Invictus

For his rune and for his gold
How easily the flock is steered
By hands so fine, cruel, and kind
Hands that point us down the years

Down the years

The power of gold, or even God above
Awash in blood in history's mud
With assassins' bullets and martyrs' spears
Slaying and praying down the years

Down the years

Sex and money, like birds of prey
Feed on the betrayer and the betrayed
Time's demon lovers go from poison cups
Their lying and plotting just got too much

And your paper heroes--they'll turn to dust
Like our knights in armor--they turn to rust
Go hang the scapegoat; let the masses cheer
Their idiot laughter an anthem down the years

Down the years