

# The Edge Beckons

**Sol Invictus**

The windows stare at an empty world  
Above the doors that lead to nowhere  
Home for skulls and wind-kissed  
All these roads lead into the mist

The edge beckons  
The edge beckons

Steel wands have lost their power  
As the rain rusts them away  
Green palms bend beneath the showers  
That washed our world away

The edge beckons  
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Church is empty, cross stand alone  
Grave gardens, flowers of bone  
Caves of teeth, hills of hair  
Gifts from the past fill empty lairs