

Your grace has me well
Don't turn and walk away
Curved and bent coming, coming through
Make no sound, colors of you

In this place new and strange
You had us in a freeze
Flashes of neon mocking the sky
Humid in moonlight, flowers in bloom

I don't know much, but I'm not blind
Crosses of steel, iron and wine
The throne's overtaken, the horns will soon show
Selfish intentions easy to hide

Your aura is visible, blood's on your hands
Shades of grey, you leave on your way
Look back on those years you corrupted prick
See what you have accomplished with your foul trick

The future is written in dystopian stone
Carved and etched into man's every bone