

Abydos

"The Descent"

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As I breathe this cold that confines me
It is I who hopes to bring light to this valley of death
Behind the shadows of lies
Brilliant beams converge now to blind me
I cannot feel shame nor regret but in the presence of
death
When the vultures arrive
Slaves, your time of descent will come with us all
Pain the way of all flesh that withers to old
All that you dream will be forgotten
And burn with the kindred of souls
I am the seed who was begotten
To rot with the waste of this earth down below
Now burn with the kindred of souls
Your hopes have now aged and withered away
All that you dream will be forgotten
And burn with the kindred of souls
I am the seed who was begotten
To rot with the waste of his earth down below

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