

The Autumn Offering

"The Wolves At Your Door"

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This is my retribution
Your betrayal awoke my ire
Your one life counts as hundreds blood
Drained cast upon the pyre
Empires fall and cities crumble
Still no remorse left for the dead

... and I search for you
In a sea of faces
They're all the same to me
Ask the dead if they'll trade places
... and this wolf you would set free
This wolf you would set free

All light will vanish
Your angels sing no more
The stain of choking prayers
The wolf is at your door
You sit with rival gods
At your feet you find your place in hell
This is my retribution
Your betrayal awoke my life

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