

Cloven Hoof "Eye Of The Sun"

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Temple reaches to the sky,
In this year of feathered serpent.
Proud young warrior
Stands in sun light,
With his back against
The world.

Sweat gets in his eyes,
Starts to climb the giant stairway.
Head is bowed,
Mouth is dry.
Awaiting death
The final word.

Every breath may be his last,
Soon in time the end will come.
High priest will spill a life,
Spirits praise...
The eye of the sun!

Down on the ground,
Grim multitudes are forming.
Heat haze hangs on the horizon,
Shadows fall before their eyes.

Tension mounts
The appointed hour,
Is getting ever nearer.
Someone cries
God help him!
Then looks the other way.

Great stone idol
Claims it's prize,
Waits until
The day is done.
Immortality bathed
In golden rays...
The eye of the sun!

Oh but if the holy writings tell a lie,
How many more doomed to die

In vain?
Never asking
Knowing why?
The gods desire blood to give rain!

Solemn hush hangs in the air,
As he kneels before the alter.
Reflections of a past life,
Flash by then slip away.

All hope of freedom gone,
As there cast upon the four winds.
Role of the chosen one,
Was the price he had to pay.

Crimson blade arches down,
And then he's gone.
Phoenix rising from the ashes
Blazing like...

The eye!
The eye!
The eye!
The eye!

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