

Burn The Priest "Ruiner"

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How light could be our darkest hour?
None will be left when they come to collect their blood
debts
All accounts will run dry, a binary vessel
Full of nothing but dust

A vicious lust for control has turned us
Into faceless pawns for faceless kings

Shedding rivers of blood turned the color of lucre
greed
Fiscal commandments impel and we will obey

[Incomprehensible]

The fury of the sun has passed into the hands of men
Whose hands were already too full of abused strength
and anger
Of abused strength and power
Bio-economics killing again and again

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