

Ini Kamoze

"Prophecy Of A Dying Watcher"

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From the plains of the unborn
I have traveled from the lands beyond the mirror
I originate

From the ashes of what used to be

Now scorched is the lands of the ancient
Horrid screams from God that perished

Elderly paradise
Consumed in flames of forgotten hatred

I know to the gate of warping
That leads eternal waste
Smell the incense of the ancient
That watch the gate in peril
Names of the dormant God

Lost in societies of a man
They've awoken from their slumber
To clench the earth with hate

From the ashes of what used to be

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