

## Iniquity

# "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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