Keelaghan James "Orb Of Man"

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Walking the dying orb of man An empty path, blinded: fear Unable to speak the tongue of wrath Deaf to words not spoken in crowd Nameless centuries Still underneath I am so alien to you Shut were those fragile eyes During all these starlit nights Hearing the dying prayer Of a man His pity words disgust me Who are you too speak Whose mind (is) in chains You never walked alone Tasted sour wine Warriors like me - The wicked kind Hand of mans demise Darken spirits Asleep for so long It is time to open our eyes

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