

Kryptos

"Eternal Crimson Spires"

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Woe is the light you shine upon this barren land
Fear is the wake of these unholy blackened winds
Grief is the curse of man, your wretched fallen seed
Death by the touch of those who reign with bloody
hands

Lies are the truth you speak behind your mask of sin
Greed is the world you seek in the light of day
Wrath is the staff by which you lead your flock of
sheep
Pride in the loss you create with the words you say

Faith is the light that blinds this favoured holy child
Black are the eyes that see all through the dead of
night
Kings made of clay sit up high on their marble thrones
Queens made of glass feed on desires bones

Hope is the sand of time that's running out on you
Blood is the scarlet wine that lieth in your cup of woe
Hell is the fate that comes with crawling icy hands
Rage is the cosmic breath that drains all you know

Heed the crimson spires, their shadows beckon you
In your mind's eye, code of eternal life
Monolith of stars - Key to the endless source
Dark mother soul guards your afterlife

Now at the twilight of man
At the wall of all dreams
Lies the heart of the lord of infinite sleep

Now at the twilight of man
At the wall of all dreams
Lies the heart of the lord of infinity

Rise again fallen star
Rise again crimson spire
Rise again cursed sun
Rise again crimson spire

Now face the twilight of man
Now behold crimson spires

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