

Kryptos

"Visions Of Dis"

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Behold the profane sun
The center of this spinning cosmic void
The shards of life, our creators dying dust
The chasms call, churning lunar winds
Apollo's wrath, a summons to us all

When the martyr falls from grace from heaven's rusted
cage
The seven moons align and the abyss flows with tears
When the fragments of all hope lie scattered in the
sand
These visions I invoke shall plague the son of man

The serpents maze, the crumbling walls of gods
shattered dream
The ruins of light, the last throes of man
Illusions fall, twisting cosmic black
The grand design of this godless morning star

When the martyr falls from grace from heaven's rusted
cage
The seven moons align and the abyss flows with tears
When the fragments of all hope lie scattered in the
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Bronze veils on virgin flesh
The cry of souls in Pluto's wake
A messiah comes on hooves of sin
Salvation by the serpent's touch

Awaken the realms of Dis, twirling rings of grief, fire
and loss
The vortex throne, misshapen perverse lust
Empyrean coils cover the ebon sky
The jester laughs upon his crippled cross

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cage
The seven moons align and the abyss flows with tears
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