Lakaien Deine "Tarkus"

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I. STONES OF YEARS

Has the dawn ever seen your eyes?

Have the days made you so unwise?

Realize, you are.

Had you talked to the winds of time,

Then you'd know how the water rhyme.

Taste of wine,

How can you know where you've been?

In time you'll see the sign,

And realize your sin.

Will you know how the seed is sown?

All your time has been overgrown,

Never known.

Have you walked on the stones of years?

When you speak, is it you that hears?

Are your ears full?

You can't hear anything at all.

II. MASS

The preacher said a prayer,

Save ev'ry single hair on his head.

He's dead.

The minister of hate had just arrived too late to be spared.

Who cared?

The weaver in the web that he made!

The pilgrim wandered in,

Commiting ev'ry sin that he could

So good...

The cardinal of grief was set in his belief he'd saved

From the grave

The weaver in the web that he made!

The high priest took a blade

To bless the ones that prayed,

And all obeyed.

The messenger of fear is slowly growing, nearer to the time,

A sign.

The weaver in the web that he made!

A Bishop rings a bell,

A cloak of darkness fell across the ground,

Without a sound!

The silent choir sing and in their silence, Bring jaded sound, harmonic ground. The weaver in the web that he made! III. BATTLEFIELD Clear the battlefield and let me see All the profit from our victory. You talk of freedom, starving children fall. Are you deaf when you hear the season's call? Were you there to watch the earth be scorched? Did you stand beside the spectral torch? Know the leaves of sorrow turned their face, Scattered on the ashes of disgrace. Every blade is sharp; the arrows fly We're the victims of your armies lie, Where the blades of grass and arrows rain Then there will be no sorrow, Be no pain

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