

Mithras

"Beyond The Eyes Of Man"

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I embrace great victory!
Ride, spread the word
Spread to my people the great news
We shall return
To our splendid capital
We shall return
And bask in the glorious greetings

Bask you shall
Bask you shall
Fools
Senseless fools

Hark! Across the horizon - I see it
Our homes - great capital
Come forth and ride
March on and return
Our great victories
Will make us heroes
Our great battles shall make us nobles

What am I?
That follows
That which is
Unseen

We return
To our homes
Oh great city
We return

Come feast my armies
Come feast my sons

I follow
Come my lambs
I call to you
You shall follow

You feast your armies
- I'll take your sons

Lead me to your precious babies
I come for them
And yet you know nothing
Of all that I am
And return with that
Which shall take
All that it desires
All that it desires

Oh! Father
Can you see it... not?
It calls me
Beckons me to follow
I feel a will overpowering me
Save me - I must go
The elders see it not

Oh! Children follow
My will captures your souls
I take you and you shall follow
Watch as they follow
See not that which leads
Those fools they know not of my
But you my children,
Shall learn all

To the mountain
To the mountain
Come infant disciples
I shall grow eternally strong
You hear my song
It enchants your souls
You are in my power
I shall take you away!

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