

Paths Of Possession

"The End Of The Hour"

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For all the faceless walking dead across the land
I will go to a place that you don't understand
I put a razor to my wrist and spread it wide
And as the blood drips from the walls I slowly
Close my eyes

This was not meant for your eyes
This is the end of the hour
There's no use wasting precious time
This is the end of the hour

Hours I have wasted sitting here, wet dripping pain
At last my eyes roll back, the visions start again

The earth will split' the skies will rain ash to the land
Black clouds of death roll in, what is this?
Is it the end of man?

This was not meant for your eyes
This is the end of the hour
There's no use wasting precious time
This is the end of the hour

This ruptured vein, black and vile
Is pouring truth from a sacred place

And we will see that when the world burns, the weak will
be thrown in that fire
Join with me my brothers as we march to endless
glory...

Let's burn it down, let's burn it down
In glorious ashes we will burn

The empty nest lies here awaiting his return
Our murderous father, his intentions we learn
Eradicate the mindless flocks upon the shore
And we will slip away into these ages
Forever.

This was not meant for your eyes
This is the end of the hour

There's no use wasting precious time
This is the end of the hour

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