

Seven Agasint Thebes "Feed The Furnace"

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Just a step cried the sad man
Take a look down at the madman
Theatre kings on silver wings
Fly beyond reason
From the flight of the seagull
Come the spread claws of the eagle
Only fear breaks the silence
As you all kneel prey for guidance

Tread the road across the abyss
Take a look down at the madness
On the streets of the city
Only specters pray for pity
Patient cues from the gallows
Sing the praises of the hallowed
Our machines feed the furnace
If they take us they will burn us

Will you still know who you are
When you come down who you are

When the flames have their seasons
Will you hold on to your reasons
Loaded down with your talents
Can you fight well and keep you balance
Do you sleep with your dagger
Sheathed inside deep of it's scabbard
Hope and pray for a quick death
As watch you take your last breath

Will you still know who you are
When you come down who you are

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