

Woe Of Tyrants "Kingdom Of Might (The Eclipse)"

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Before the angels, the arrows penetrate my back.
Hear the laughter, as they dig into my flesh.
And my decisions are echoing into eternity.
From this moment, the fight is raging; the war is on.
Crying loud, hoping for the end of this power's
embrace, for defense.
Infused with my spirit, forging new visuals with a
striking prowess.
Prophetic men, pray for the cleansing of every weapon
we hold.
Again, the sun is blackened and the powers turn hot,
spewing guilt into my wounds.
Crying loud, hoping for the end of this power's
embrace, for defense.
Infused with my spirit, forging new visuals with a
striking prowess
Prophetic men, pray for the wisdom to use every tool
that we can.
Avenge fallen brethren, who've been taken once and
lift them to the sky.
With a power forged in blood, the arrows of our love
show that while eclipsed, we still believe the sun will
shine upon this field and dry up every tear.
Power rages on, rages over sorrow.
Over hope passing.
Pray for cleansing and wisdom in dark times, even
when it doesn't shine, but it burns with light, for the
creature shields it's eyes, from the untamed parts of
night.
But now I see the glow, radiating off the angels,
screaming out in tongues, firing into the air, as the
trumpeters blare a new song, of transformation from
the old.
My hands are waving, frantically searching for
weapons of my own.
I'm strengthened by numbers, the melodies of the
angels from home...
Reach out your arms...
And believe in Me...
Reach out your hands, and take this in...
Reach out your arms, and believe in me.
And open your eyes.

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