

Keep Of Kalessins "Orb Of Man"

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Walking the dying orb of man
An empty path, blinded: fear
Unable to speak the tongue of wrath
Deaf to words not spoken in crowd
Nameless centuries
Still underneath
I am so alien to you
Shut were those fragile eyes
During all these starlit nights
Hearing the dying prayer
Of a man
His pity words disgust me
who are you too speak
Whose mind (is) in chains
You never walked alone
Tasted sour wine
Warriors like me
- The wicked kind
Hand of mans demise
Darken spirits
Asleep for so long
It is time to open our eyes

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