

The Cult

"The Watchtower"

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Through times I thought of what we created
For greater causes that brought us down to this
The ground is shaking from all the people below
One thing I've learned from this is,
What you reap is what you sow

In elderly forms and surroundings
In the flesh of spirits incarnated
They are here for the hate forgotten
A rearview mirror to all lost souls
A slow burn shattered the field
Pain through body fire drained vein

Walk down to the watchtower
And with the right kind of eyes
See waves roll in and over
Never could you see the watermark

Man marches through the rust and dust
The burning fields will soon be ashes
Bodies woven in smoke and skin
And clouds descend to the sea
I see the bonds that tie belief
For this I choose to sink

Walk down to the watchtower
And with the obscure shapes
See smoke roll in and over
Never will we see the lights

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