

Rainburn "End Of Sleep"

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Come to the dungeons of waste and wild
where light never shines
an abyss bottomless waits for you
with its jaws open wide

Your weary virtues shall wither fast
when you succumb to my guile
I will bless you with riches vast
the fruits of our exile

Legions of angels nigh
sent from a place on high
where on distant shores
unfold crystal doors

Creepers of faith grow on restless quests
feeding on fears of the mind
they'll die in dungeons of waste and wild
where light never shines

Follow the rays of dawn
to the kingdom that lies within
hold steady the reins
across the windward plains

I know the paths to sin begin
where men kill their conscience
but by what divine providence
does conscience kill men?

Your word says love it implores
that vile prophets sell
paths that lead to your heaven doors
lead to my gates of hell

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