

The Church

"Forgotten Reign"

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I walk through your forgotten reign
An anient central nation
Taken under the hand

When she used to know him
To form a perfect relation
waits on gods delights
I accused of testing

All the secrets of the past come floating from their
caves
Calling like a siren through the waves

The great great river flowed away
Across the sand and lived again
Leaving lust he cannot fight
Evolution in decay
Priests with hair and eyes so clear
Appealed the pawn to return
Struck up his lions and caravans
Said fifteen years I've been here

Floats in the air
A for wings
speaks
Language lost along the line

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