

Solitude Aeturnus **"Believe"**

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In this land of the pious
Deceiving one of small mind
Controlled as if - as if the devils tools
I see a horizon - the armies align
Prey upon the weak - twisting their feeble minds
riding down - a sickend sort takes the reigns and
dominates
[CHORUS]
Pray to your hands for salvation bend your cross to fit
your ways
We are a species beaten by ignorance
Misguided fools lost in a shell
An open eye soon extinguished
the blind lead the blind
as we chase our death
I believe - in only myself the dark shall grow in the end

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