

Through The Eyes Of The Dead "Autumn Tint Of Gold"

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Autumn Tint Of Gold

Descending from the night sky, a shimmering tint of
gold. Masses of
messengers sent for blood now come forth.
Descending from the night sky,
a shimmering tint of gold. A rain of bloody feathers,
future has been
foretold. Descending from the autumn sky, behold our
faithful demise As
they drift through godless lands raining fire upon all
man As they drift
through godless lands, forever dying. Masses of
messengers see now as
horror unfolds. Bones are broken and lives are
destroyed. Cities crumble
beneath an autumn tint of gold. Demise of this land,
demise of a land as
I drift through Godless lands, forever dying.

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