

Knight Area

"The Balance"

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Feared and outcast we stand, workers of magic,
The keepers of the balance of life
Crafted in age old rituals keeping the earth
In delicate equilibrium
Watching in revulsion the oblivious crowd
Taking control of this world
Feeling replaced by theorem and laws of nature
Replaced by the nature of law

Heeding what your hallowed books command you
You abide by rules you believe divine

Masters of the black art of secrets of life
Versus the reason of man
Inventing machines of destruction
Believing it to be a sanctified gift from your gods
Spinning your wheels of fortune
Playing with powers you cannot comprehend
But when all cards have been played
And none remain you may be holding the fatal one

Heeding what your hallowed books command you
You abide by rules you believe divine
Heeding what your hallowed books command you
You'll die on your knees before your shrine

Knowledge without wisdom is like a poisonous flower
That blossoms in spring
The ignorant who picks her, will pick only death
Taking innocent lives with him
Crafting your machines of war
The barrels of your cannons obscure the sky
Of a world in its final hour
Oh yeah

Proud of yourselves
All headed for destruction
Maimed misguided souls
Marching on towards the end
Hallowing the martyrs
Who right before them fell

Chanting names of gods
Who open up the gates
Of hell

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