

Forsaken, The Eyes Of Prometheus

In orphaned seas, where the haunters of the dark
Weep in solitary madness
The poet grieves a dying muse
Flowered in sin, where the smoldering earth bequeaths
The ashes of sleeping pantheons,
She lies so majestic
Her sonorous beauty, inanimate and white
A silent lyre sings homage to the lovelorn neophyte
Mordant sinews breathe and entwine
Vultures feed on the demigod's shrine
Preying on the innocence of a yesteryear

(Chorus)

The eyes of Prometheus
Guardians of the hallow hearth
Keepers of the Naochian spirit
Raise the brimstone acolyte

Raven moon, burning seed of the autumnal fire
The embers still seer in the memories of the martyr's pyre
Supplicating his mercy, benevolent and benign
Conjure the congregation in the abysmal shrine
Refute the absolute, the shrouding ambivalence
The hopes of the destitute, the mark of the inane reverence
He is the iconoclast of primeval pleasure

(Chorus)

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