

Ghost, Kaisarion

Kaisarion, a prophecy told
We're building our empire from the ashes of an old
Kaisarion, the fruit of the womb
Our brotherhood of good faith sealed an apostate witch's doom

It's the sound of another deadline whistling past your ears
It's the sight of a million regrets mounting over years
It's the words that were never spoken that echoes through the times
It's the smell of the burning temples swept away by rhymes

Hypatia Far away from the stench of the heavens
Hypatia Long ago, yet too close to forever
Hypatia When a paradise is lost, go straight to...

Kaisarion, a matter of love
When Mother Earth is calling for a father up above
Kaisarion, put on the smiles
And throw your holy rocks right at her for her satanic wiles

It's the truth of candor shone through the prism of deceit
It's the continence of bishops with their choirboys en-suite
It's the tongue selling adulation that licks to no avail
It's the noise of the righteous dogma that hides the handmaid's tail

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