**Temple Doors**

I hear the voices, excited and free

As he leaves Jericho and passes me

I can smell the incense, as the temples close their doors

Is this the moment I’ve waited for?

*But what do my eyes see?
Nothing but darkness
Is it true, is it you that I have searched so long for?
The Son of David, is who you are*

And so I’m told, to trust this man

I touch his hand, it’s rough like sand

I touch his face, I smell his hair

I hear his voice, I say “Beware!”

“I must have faith, in a man I’ve never seen”

“Man from Nazareth, have mercy on me!”

He puts his hands across my eyes

Told I can see, no longer blind

**Heavy Riders**

It’s a cruel world and we’re huddled ‘round the fires

Sharpening our swords and our spears

Hopin’ and prayin’ and the holy men are sayin’

There’s nothing to fear

I, for one, still have my doubts

It all sounds like a lie

Onward we slip away

We raise our flag high

It’s a cruel world, and I know it

All caught in the strangest dream

There’s no hope left and we’re starting to believe it

Tattered souls on bended knee

No longer alone in my doubts

Lives are on the line

One by one we slip away

As the sands of time

*Darkness weighs heavy on our hearts
We forge a trail through ancient sands
Glaciers of leather our hollowed and sorrowed souls
Heavy Riders through distant lands*

There is salvation there is no respite

Through pain and suffering we’ll hold our heads high

Heavy riders, these roads that we pave will surely last

Heavy riders, footsteps engraved in the past.

**Byzantium**

Ceaseless searching, following empty skies

The land of cedar and sword, unfounded home lies

Endless wandering, the sand and stone it never ends

Our home, the land of cedar and sword, awaits us to make amends

*Byzantium*

**The Will of the Ancient Call**

Left all alone with my thoughts, madness abounds me

These timeworn hills endless roll, no walls that surround me

No roof overhead, The sun and the rays

A sermon from the depths of the stone, the ancient of days

These dreams haunt me

As the ossuary overflows

Ceaseless whispers

Of a voice calling out from far below

*The Will of the Ancient Call*

 *The ties that bind*

*The Will of the Ancient Call*

*Runs through my bloodline*

All these walls seem to speak, echos ring from beneath

Awaiting death’s final call, the sweet release

These dreams haunt me

A sacrifice the voice commands

Ceaseless whispers

The blood of my child on my hands

**Enter the Holy of Holies**

We stand before an altar to a silent god

Incense and burning flesh the scents that fill the air

There is no salvation for those who once believed

No fire from heaven, no answer to their prayer

No longer shackled to the myth of a silent god

Once forced to kneel but determined to stand

The chains are off and the truth has been revealed

All this time we held the magic in our hands

*Into the holy of holies
There is no wind to give us flight
Into the holy of holies
There is no fire to give us light*

My kingdom come

The curtain falls, there is no sign of silent god

Take to the wind and wing the angels hold their breath

There is no salvation for those who once believed

Take to the skies we proudly face our death

*Into the holy of holies
There is no wind to give us flight
Into the holy of holies
There is no fire to give us sight*

**The Master’s Bouquet**

“Death is an angel, sent down from above
Sent for the souls of the ones that we love
Surely it’s so, for in heaven’s own way
Each soul is a flower in the Master’s bouquet”

They’ve always said,

“You can’t destroy the Master’s house with the Master’s hammer.”

I laugh and say,

“I will use any tool I find to tear down his manor.”

The sheep gather flowers for the Master’s bouquet

They say that these flowers will never decay

They’ve always said,

“Don’t bite the hand that gives you food, the hand of the Host.”

I laugh and say,

“I’ve never known a deed so good performed by a ghost.”

Gathering flowers for the Master’s bouquet

Beautiful flowers that will never decay

Gathered by angels and carried away

Forever to bloom in the Master’s bouquet

But they die

They wither and die

**Out of the Garden**

There once was a time when thought we knew the answers

Before the rules were carved in stone

In those dark days, before we held the fire

We never never knew we were alone

Awakened in time, the serpent held the answers

That fruit was rotten to the core

No more dark days as the angel holds the sword high

Still the fire never lights the lands below

*We're out of the garden now
We've never been so far from home
We’re out of the garden now
Forever now we roam*

Waiting to be called back

Not a whisper, nor a cry

Ever onward endless searching

No answers as to why

There is no repentance

Unholy consequence

We can never atone for our crimes

Fly away, the demons now know my name