

City of the Dead

Arch Enemy

In this city of broken dreams
Monuments of death arise
This is the Necropolis
Where the nameless live and breathe

Rotten tombs of ancient kings
Days of glory are gone
A mockery to the living souls
Confined in darkness

Trapped inside these walls
Between their father's bones
Stillborn to this world
All their hopes are lost

Doomed to live on a burial ground
An empty shrine their home
The poorest of society
Find some shelter but no peace

Children play between the stones
Laughter echoes from the walls
Their cradle of innocent joy
Will be their grave of sorrow

Trapped inside these walls
Between their father's bones
Stillborn to this world
All their hopes are lost

No safety, no dignity, no light, no justice,
no future, no home and nowhere to go
Their misery, frustration, anger, depression,
sadness, madness will drown in hatred

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Between their father's bones
Stillborn to this world
All their hopes are lost