

Sweet Opium

Arkan

Vision of a stranger before me
Forced to face this sad reality

The path seems definitively hopeless
Ever giving way to madness

Over the years we are struggling
One against the other
Feeding the seed of hate
Dismissing tolerance

Blood will flow for missing brothers
Horizon darkens more than ever

In front of vengeance's horrible face
Death's shadow glides in the air

(Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes homines)