

Into Ashes

Funeral Mist

Shapeless clusters of temples turned into pyres
Twisted crown of a nation thrown into the fire
Numb and crippled by the poisoned song of the masses
With tears of joy we shall watch it fall into the abyss

But a new song shall rise
From the dirt
That will awaken the fires
Of the rebirth

Crumbling altars of gods reduced into vermin
Barren echoes from when leading turned into herding
Deformed offspring of a people sworn to the madness
With eyes aglow, we shall watch it plunge into darkness

But a new song shall rise...
From the mud that will restore the might...of the blood

Stones of false glow to sink us deep into slumber
For fear that these coils of shame should turn into hunger
Stones of false weight to grind our teeth into fine dust
In case these loops of hate should suddenly turn into blood lust

But a new song shall rise
From the dirt that will awaken the fire... of the rebirth

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