

## The Farmer's Tale Pt. 2 - Annihilation at the Graves

Manticora

"Sweden, somewhere around Jönköping.  
Misery loves company and hope turns  
into annihilation of an entire family"

Hope turned to dust in the blink of eye,  
women and children screaming in a horrid cry.  
Fleeing from the sight, the view of the graveyards,  
I'll scare you with my tale as my horror story starts.

Every day I see my mother crying for her sons,  
and every day I hear her voice crying for her loss.  
Remembering my father's face in anger and despair.  
Cursing at the sky above collapsing in a stare!

I've experienced too much horror,  
a family's ending by the man-made caves.  
And everyone I loved so dear were  
annihilated at the graves.

I've experienced too much death caused  
by mindless pleasure-seeking slaves.  
Everyone I loved so painfully were  
annihilated at the graves.

To the burial ground we go in the misty night,  
I cling to my father's hands among the flickering light.  
Spiders crawl upon the dead, a thousand graves unfold,  
ravaged bodies all around beneath the dirt and mould.

Every day I see my mother crying for her sons,  
and every day I hear her voice crying for her loss.  
Coming from the fields of death, she hears a massive  
blow as the dynamite explodes in the giant graves below.

I've stared into the reaper's eyes,  
heard his endless laughs and cries.  
Felt the stream of tragedy,  
lost my sense of sanity.

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