

A century of ruins

Morta Skuld

Our world glows with heaven's light
A genocide of pain and strife
A century in ruins
The thousands gather
Devouring of what they see
Grasping for the first sign of release
Deceived by their ignorance
Greed of humanity torn of life
Tearing grief in infinite sleep
This world's endless voyage throughout eternity
This dark age descends of the dreams
Many are certain
Perpetual ruins
As your God turns from the world