

The Mortal Soul

Night In Gales

The treasures within the collective mind of man erased
As the sins of mankind will be forgotten

Souls will burn
The truth of mortality
Forever we rest in our insanity

On this warpath
We cannot see
On this warpath
We strife, we cease
And never regain

Reflecting the signs
We once created

Dreams of death
A morbid dance

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