

The Silence of the Storm

Soulfallen

Burning through the pages of history
Ruthless like an ancient plague on words
Onwards with our tales of inglory
Infecting worlds beneath our herds

Burning! Ruthless! Onwards!
Infecting worlds beneath our herds...

But now the silence has spoken
The curtains drawn to reveal a whole new play
Play no more with your games of war
For we all in Death's sweet lullaby...now sway

The warmth, the light, the joy, all the love and the care
The cold, the dark, the grim, all the death and despair
Within these walls they have all turned the same
And with eyes aflame we cast around the blame...

Burning - with flames long died out
Ruthless - with no one to cast down
Onwards - on a road long dried out
Infecting - the dead with life newfound

Burning... Restless... Onwards...
Infected by this death unbound...

This is not the calm before the storm
For they have now become as one
Fix your eyes from the outworn
To see what this world has become...

This is not the odd outside the norm
For this is all we'll ever be
So feast your eyes upon the swarm
And let it all devour thee

Awake! Sleeping through the ages
In dark dreams that go on for days
Grim sights in these slow hours
We pray the soul within us would slay...

The warmth, the light, the joy, all the love and the care
The cold, the dark, the grim, all the death and despair
Within our hearts we know who are to blame
And long ago we have learned to curse our names...