

Stolen Souls

Yyrkoon

On this hill where blows the wind
Some children are standing
Feelings seems to be so cold
In their deep blue eyes
Why so strong
They are the children
Of a perpetual sun
Their will is nothing else to fight
The decline of their daughters
Through this secret thing that is time
Don't forget your will and your honour
If one day the clouds are grey
Maybe that your acts are to revise
Gods let's play the chess, Again

Stolen Souls
Time is to throw your servants
Stolen lives
Spending your time to handle your pawns

On the other side stand in the night
An opposite young tribe
Those ones obey to occult rules
Neglecting the whole of nature and sphere
Why so strong
Gods let's play the chess, Again

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Time is to throw your servants

More and more profits done
Minds souls everything you can stole
Black gods in your struggle
Don't miss who you trust
Through this secret thing that is time
Don't forget your will and your honour
If one day the clouds are grey
Maybe that your acts are to revise
Gods let's play the chess, Again

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