

# Dead World Assembly

Draconian

Ghosts with gentle voices, calling us never to wake,  
and we see another nation rising from the ashes...  
Soon to unearth what we cannot escape,  
as time draws near for all of us

Make amend, dear tyrant  
and be my ominous companion  
Through horrors' eye we'll seek vision lost to the sheep;  
rapt and fitfully chained

Hear the trumpets' sound!  
The angels of discord are gathering;  
such beautiful faces, such poisonous tongues;  
a dead world assembly...

Into the world you brought me,  
and after your world you wrought me  
with a finger to your mouth  
And I lost myself in the sea;  
carrying the waves of time  
There's nothing to believe,  
and you ask me why I grieve

Make amend, dear tyrant  
and be my ominous companion  
Through horrors' eye we'll seek vision lost to the sheep;  
rapt and fitfully chained

"Earth raised up her head  
from the darkness' dread and drear  
Her light fled, and her locks covered with grey despair"  
[Quote is taken from the poem "Earth's answer" by William Blake  
(1757-1827)]

Hear the trumpets' sound!  
Our empire stifles and crumbles  
This terrible loss will generate us,  
gone from this dead world assembly...

Here is the void  
Here is the cross we carry with us  
through this dead world assembly