

The Ruins

Abused Majesty

Among the ruins old people I see
Bearing witness to their beliefs

Among the ruins wind strokes old moss and stones
Omnipotent death harvests it's faith
Mercifully cutting crowd of pious Beasts
'Let justice be done'

Devoided of conscience,
Helpless struggle of existence
Slowly departing, all the believers
Among the ruins nothing is left

Let the efforts of Man be ruined, his work
His home become the lairs of field Beasts
I shall tangle their mind with Darkness
Why? because I have remorse for creating Man

Let the Darkness once be known to him,
Secondly strange... for he is the bed of harlot
And the house of Lucifer King
Among the ruins nothing is left

Oh thee, grand spawn of earth's vermin
Which placed Inferno in my mouth
Your voices mightier than the biggest armies
For you are like a structure, nonexistent, apart from senses