

## Sweet Opium

Arkan

Vision of a stranger before me  
Forced to face this sad reality

The path seems definitively hopeless  
Ever giving way to madness

Over the years we are struggling  
One against the other  
Feeding the seed of hate  
Dismissing tolerance

Blood will flow for missing brothers  
Horizon darkens more than ever

In front of vengeance's horrible face  
Death's shadow glides in the air

(Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes homines)