

At War With Reality

At the Gates

A black wind of nightmares
howling through barren streets
frozen in time
the city woke up - paralyzed

Where is the splendor?
all our ambitions decay
among the ruins
covered forever in dust

War

The sound of beating wings
chaotic dreams asleep
as phantoms we answer
at war with reality

Where is the hunger?
with eyes of sadness it stares
the air it hangs dying
dressed in the nightmares of old

War

The sound of beating wings
chaotic dreams asleep
as phantoms we answer
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