

# Sky Turned Red

Atrocity

An old weak, grey man on the hill  
Alone, sad he looks down, down the vale

He remembers the old days, shadows of past  
The old days, memories he's lost  
He's searching for reasons, recalling the past  
For reasons, fractive remains

He has before his eyes  
As the sky turned red  
Changed the world it's face

Naught was anymore like before  
As the sky turned red  
Fertile days were gone

Many moons raised and set since that time  
Now he's afraid of the return  
He has settled life once and for all

He looks at the ruins of nature  
Mankind's work is done  
Vermins stay behind the downfall  
Weeds grow apace

Withered trees, degenerated  
Desolated, tract of country  
Storming clouds, Unnatural colour  
Threatening, mystic phenomena

Birds flight away  
With them our dreams  
Years of destination  
Took life away

Inactive all the time  
Man's sense of guilt  
Now bones like glass  
He never can take measures

(Sky turned red)  
The omen strikes again  
(Sky turned red)  
The back of beyond

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As the sky turned red  
Changed the world it's face

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As the sky turned red  
Fertile days were gone