

The Dying Art Of Recreation

Dark Age

There is no peace in men
But thus do I warn you to master life without a treatment
... or splittet tounes will speak to you

Be careful, be careful when you fight the monsters
Be careful, careful before you become one

There is no love in men
But thus do I warn you to confirm life with no achievement
... or their voice will lie to you

No matter how wrong, no matter for how long
One knows only defeature in life
No matter how wrong, no matter for how long
One knows there's no way in life

There is no soul in men
But thus do you warn me to recreate my unique picture
to show this world who is not like you

Be careful, be careful when you fight the demons
Be careful, careful before you become one

Not by wrath does this world kill, but by laughter
Not by pain does this world kill, but by laughter
Not by hate does this world kill, but by laughter

The root of all evil lies in the heart of men