

# 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 confirmlife 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