

the last bird from a scattered flock  
seeks shelter in a tree  
alone amongst the lonely woods  
he will cry when noone hears  
he will fall when noone cares  
palls of grief hanging in the clouds  
what must go wrong, so that we see  
there's not enough to make us stop

we are the devils of a dying land  
what evil spirit holds us here  
we wear a careless mask  
making friends with death  
we are devils of a dying land

mankind took all nature's pride  
mercy out of sight  
demons dark around us swarm  
forests' last time  
the short last sound of singing birds  
we don't know what it means  
will we ever know?

a world where iron shells  
can kill men's blood  
a world of emptiness,  
a dying land