

The Nostalgia Of The Old That Runs Through Our Veins

Drowning the Light

Of another time we stood with pride
And honour in our hearts
And blood that flowed with nobility...
That blood still runs in our veins
The unrecognisable nostalgia of the past
A past we didn't live in... A past we never knew...
Yet somehow we are attached
It calls to us and emotes us
Feelings that only few can feel
This nostalgia is also one of tragedy
Loss that the world is how it is
That we can never return to times of glory
Greed has suffocated this feeling for some
Others are surrounded by paranoia
Or dreams of false grandeur
The few who remain strong, honourable and true
To themselves continue this fight
The past echoes throughout the future
Without it we are nothing...
To the glory of the old and the dark pull in nature
We must stand strong, for our numbers are few
And this art cannot die
The flame burns on in our blood and in our minds
And our hearts filled with pride
For the nostalgia of the old
That runs through our veins