

Broken Link

Esqarial

Before the dust falls down
The fury turns to peace
A figure stoops under weight of the crown
Looking for target to spread deadly disease

There's too much suffering
I know who pulls the strings
The witch hunt has begun
For spoils they broke the link

Being in the center of attention
With my indifference I contribute to this nightmare
Their blood stings my hands
Their screams inside my head
It is a matter in which my life is concerned
The fire, the pyre made of books that must be burned

Involved I turn the blind eye to injustice of others
With my work I earn the favour of the fathers

Persecution in good faith
Flames leave no doubt who's guilty

I did not a hand's turn
When they were cleansing infidel souls