

# Chronicles Of The Dead

Falchion

Now here I am  
In the coldest rain of night  
I'm the last man standing and  
I try to remember

Burning remains  
Of my home, my light  
Why it's just gone  
Why there's no life in sight

Tyrants  
New law rising  
A triumph is  
In all their minds and thinkings

Their figures  
Carved in marble  
Power-hungry  
And ill-advised, insane

Among the scorched ruins  
The writings of the last of the living  
Words of wisdom and peace and life  
Future dreams, all smashed and torn

The knowledge I must pass on  
But there's not a soul on this planet  
So in silence will I crawl into my shallow grave

All are blind to see it clear  
Propaganda reaching all  
Decisions made in haste  
Protesters deafened with deadly force

Armies marching on  
Nations are on fire  
Millions are bleeding  
Millions are burning

The knowledge I must pass on  
But there's not a soul on this planet  
So in silence will I write the last chapter of  
The chronicles of the dead

The final battle, flaming showdown  
Total chaos, total war  
Take your last breath and wait  
Still waving the flag of hate, soon dead

This knowledge I must pass on  
But there is not a soul on this planet  
So in silence I'm writing my last words into the chronicles of the dead