

Holy Prophecies

Glory Opera

Truth isn't clear
Visions get lost in the haze
The darkness comes down, so near
Brave men fall, the madness waves.

As I see the children die
And the mothers that can't cry, The fear grows on
And on like fire inside me.

Sacred promises
Words that were never heard,
Winds against the screams
The damned plague is here.

Harvesting lost lives
A sight that slowly kills
The weak ones,
Smashing the believers
A piece of heaven is gone.

Resurrection of sadistic
Ways to show
The weakness of our kingdom.

Holy prophecies deteriorate in time
Lost in old cold boxes out of sight.
And now we don't know how to stop.
There's no limit for the pain and suffering
Prosperity is lost in past remains.

Against our faith
The lights becomes darkness
The beauty becomes ashes
There's no sunset, there's no dawn

Face the sky,
Pray for the angel's arrival
Dead hope of wasted lives
The house of God may fall.