

Chronicles From The Stone Age

Gorod

Borned into an ageless fossilized tribe, at last I wake up
My body and my Heart both bleed for Man's destiny
As budding as disappointing, it will hasten Adam's coming
Now all seems clear and outlined to me as it must be

Borned at the dawn of evolution, I finally wake up
My mind and my hand both sign Man's destiny
My cavern will be the concrete expression of my genius through
the centuries
Now all seems clear and outlined to me as it must be

Broken, snatched, hacked, scattered
Men and Women hand over your souls and give them to Adam
Destroyed, carved, mutilated, mangled
Men and Women give me your rests to illustrate my account

For decades, I built the story of the One who will save the Earth from decay
Day after day, I shaped, I shaped Adam's existence, the Saviours
The stone got the gift to convey absolute equilibrium
Blood permits to create the sadistic dimension for history's survival
Now all seems clear and outlined to me as it must be

My work will be my existence, my cave will become my art
My music the sound of stone against stone
My pain the one of others, limbs that I'll snatch from victims
Now all seems clear and outlined to me as it must be