

Graveland

In Flames

Mankind - proud conqueror and king
swings its flag of primal glory to the winds
Titans of the power-myth that failed
Neanderthal hunger for the flesh of war so frail

So weak, so hollow-minded
the primat flock responds
the jester race submits

For each day of war is a failure for man,
enslaved in her mordial genes
Illusions bleed from their fetid cores,
bent to their rotten extremes

We, the plague of Terra Firma,
nature's grand and last mistake
plant the poisoned seed of cancer,
set the severed fruits awake
Burning like frozen relics
in god's archaic graveland

Burn the visionary
Kill the idealogies
Mankind must die

The doves and the angels return to their graves
with flames on their pestilent wings
while mushroom-clouds haunt their virginwhite skies
to rape their utopian dreams

Living the last days of evolution's end
from the nest of humanity, the graveland vultures rend