

The Art Of A Mourning Kind

In Mourning

Parading on the pride of others
It is their fine art of slaughter
One by one go down, cascading bloodstains on sacred ground
The art of the mourning kind
The cry of Gods children, when Eden burns

Accusing innocence
In a Graveyard of dreams
Showing ignorance
To the art of the mourning kind

Undiscovered beauty, the blind men kill another one
Just a fragment, a dear memory remains
In the ashes of another life that drowned
All the broken heroes are burying their nightmares in the sand
Touched by cruelty, the ghost of shadows arrives
And the magpie never used it's wings to fly

In the sequence of a shaded kiss
The fearless uniformed got his tears on the inside
All the emotions gathering on the shore
In every moment there is one more failing hour to come

Grey light, in the silhouettes of dawning
The weak are gathered here for mourning
And the barbarian is honored once again
Yet another war for the statistic statues in command

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