

Utopia, millennium
The golden promise old as time
Voices of this glorious decadence
Dancing through flames to align

Words of warning, and premonition
Blackened skies clothed the citadel
Fate of judgment, slow-burning anger
No longer dormant lies the perfect spell

Behold Your Arcadia
Eden's stadium
Hell's Colosseum
In Arcadia

Aroma of reason, burning now
Tears of tyranny stream like rain
A paradise of peace, long forgotten now
Wisdom lost, what will remain?

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We shall rebuild
One stone at a time
The rock will become
A mountain tonight
A shining, golden
Citadel, upon a hill
No empire
Shall overcome
Dreams never to be
Forgotten

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