

Inhumanity

Mors Principium Est

Again we're on the line
and this time i feel the day is not mine
Touch gently on the surface
or crash like hell
I won't be sacrificed

I let the hours wear my heart
I leave the others to impale nightly moon
and when I hear the call crying loud
I just turn and turn and run away

Impleasent all the way
still a form of life tradition yet remains
and when its starts to rain
I seek for shelter and blow my storm away

I let the hours wear my heart
I leave the others to impale nightly moon
and when I hear the call crying loud
I just turn and turn and run away