

The Sorrow Fields

Morta Skuld

Through eons of time history has repeated itself
Those blind to its fury are condemned to this disease of
our age known as the sorrow fields
As we have prayed years and years
In hopes of some salvation
As icons placed before us and false religions reign
No one or thing is immune
Some sheltered to its tribulation only to realize what
does lie ahead
The sands of time may soon run out
As the people of the earth await and pray for the end of
the sorrow fields