

## 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