

And to Posterity a Plague

Neaera

And to Posterity we sent a Plague
Creating destruction - forging decay

Who will ever grant us absolution
For the crimes we daily commit?
Who will wash free our hands
From the blood that sticks with them?

The faceless screams of misery
The catalogue of pain
Should make the stones weep

You cant enlighten the mind without blackening your soul

The faceless screams of misery
The catalogue of pain
Should make the stones weep

We should bear the fiercest grudge against the unjust
Yet our wrath is choked

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The silence is false
The silenced are falsed

You cant enlighten the mind without blackening your soul