

Grave New World

Neaera

Hand me the mask
Make me go blind

If it all slides down the spiral
Hand out the oil
When the fire's spreading rashly
Pass us water to waste

We storm the castles of hate with rage
And burn the fortress of protection
Long live our emperor, we scream off our throats
...as we chop off his head

If the dark is getting darker
We put out the last torch
When the air is getting thinner
Let us breathe faster

When the water's getting dirtier
Let us pour out all the poison
If with a smile I could make a change
Hand me the mask

If the truth is within reach
Let us call upon the lies
If I could see the way out
Make me go blind