

## Mars Lullaby

Poema Arcanus

You've heard about it many times before  
A dead-fairies-tale that we all know

A mechanical deadly weeping  
A ragged flag spreading the scent of blood  
Return to that place you've never seen before  
The memory of the sleeping predator...

Remembering how to forget mercy,  
As ravens sings their lullaby

Hell is there for those who believe  
Hell is there for the slaughtered lambs

Devoid of my old good will, devoid of all faith  
Now I understand, now I see the blurry picture so clear  
The end used to be near, the end is almost here

Devoid of my old good will, devoid of all faith  
Now I understand, now I see the blurry picture so clear  
The end used to be near, the end is already here

The swan corpse left to rot  
Soon the worms will bring their truth  
Dead flesh and absent spirit  
The stench became so real