

# The Waste Of Time

Saint Vitus

Wipe the sweat from your eyes  
A new war has begun  
The rules are old as time  
For a game never won  
The tribes are rising  
The hourglass has begun  
All morals forgotten  
All the talking done

Ragged fists in the air  
Black horizons appear  
Bodies are rising  
The final end draws near

Bloody scalps are worn  
As trophies of pain  
Horrors marching  
Crushing all in the way  
Wretched are the voices  
That summon death from the sea  
They drown themselves  
As the world still bleeds

Smoking ashes remain  
Disease feeding the cause  
Mother nature weeps  
Everything is finally gone  
The endless night has arrived  
Warriors bow their heads  
In a moment of silence  
The last prayer is said