

Let them have their final martyrdom  
Let them come with spear and lance  
Let them impale  
When all is gone anyway  
Let them come with a greater smile  
When all is over anyway

Hail miasma  
Reigning and raging and raining  
Leaving reality behind  
Everywhere

There once was a colour  
In galaxies blinding  
Giving them a chance to foresee

There once was a circle  
Behaving like insects in webs  
Possessed by will  
Not dead yet

There once was a field  
In a desolate nation  
A field with space for millions to come

There once was a funeral  
With a guidance to understand