

# Conjuring The Thoughts

Skyfire

Towards the line that  
separates life from death  
Marching towards the freedom  
that you think you will win  
Heroes behind cowardly  
creations gives no respect  
Sleepless lie the enemies  
awaiting the next move

A nothingness that is formed  
into something greatly  
A ghost that many others  
already have turned into  
We all are wandering towards  
extinction, coldness  
And this is where you  
want to create life?

Giving birth to a life that is  
to follow the trace  
But the ghost you hunt will  
never ever let you win  
You sacrifice your life for it all,  
this is the end of the race  
The life you live will soon  
be taken for its sin

Doomsday, the very last  
day in your existence  
The thought conjures cold  
shivers along your spine  
Have you done your share  
or have you fumbled?  
Hordes of people flees  
from their home  
Burning fires make your  
eyes become blind

Transforming into beasts while  
judging and imitating their acts  
The mist of death spreads  
from land to land  
Burning fires make your  
eyes become blind  
And is this where you  
want to create life?

A war built upon invented extraction  
You will become one in the end  
Or will you fall?  
You will get the answer  
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