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