

Casus Belli II: Necrologue To The Unborn

Sons Of Seasons

How can we all believe that times are changing
As long as genocide's a policy?
Remains of battlefields, of troops they've sent in,
Justification of democracy.

The face of desolation breaks the spine of morality.

Rain falls on seeds of sorrow,
A broken mind's soft elegy.
Seems there is no time to borrow.
Chances die where
Children don't dream and
Bullets corrupt the mind.

Conceptions of the world are shattered pieces,
The broadcast's random stitches on human brains.
The breaking news change with the
Flow of seasons.

Time kills the names of all,
Of devils and saints.