

Fall Of Byzanz

Sons Of Seasons

Gold-sprinkled servant, east-roman child
Like God's own creation, where the blisters of ages in glory su
bside.
Speaking of wisdom, speaking of pride,
I stare down the bridges and conjure up the old heart of mankin
d.

Justinian's children saw the coming of the Osman Foray.
Failing allegiance no friend in need, so that's what they say.

They build a bridge to heaven
To see the Word unfold.
But seeds of disillusion
Were planted in sand, to blossom in enemy's land.

When bloodshed has started, the siege began.
A clash of religions, as some failed conversations brought deat
h in the end.
Thinking about sadness, thinking about pain
I still hear the echoes, paradise shattered by steel-
bladed rain.

The prophet's disciples went for battle and for heaven's reward
.
Belief is a leader, inspiration, and a reason for war.

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