

At the sundown of a civilization  
The night air moves with a dismal tone  
In the weakening grip of our infestation  
Serenity will reclaim its throne

Today the Sun was not born  
Held down by heavy clouds of rain  
No light for our last days  
Desires long washed away...

I never saw the mountains moving  
For me the world was always still  
I was held down by the weight of the waters  
With heavy stones my heart was always sealed

Tonight the Moon howled with scorn  
To a pack of wolves dressed as men  
In a flash the stars were reformed  
But as soon as I looked again

(I saw...)  
What I saw was the end  
Yet all still looked the same  
No stigmas cast upon men  
No pits of brimstone or flame

"Beholding the moors by twilight  
Serenity that never came  
I realized it was not carved for my name  
But neither were the pits of brimstone and flame"

I never saw the mountains moving  
For me the world was always still  
I never held the keys within me  
The prophecies remained unfulfilled

I never saw the Earth in its grandeur  
I only saw it on its knees  
I never saw a wholesome picture  
I only saw it torn piece by piece...