

Images Of Brickwork Sewers

Stíny plamenů

Dark dismay and horror take me
I travel the tunnels alone
Getting used to solitude

Human worms stand in my way
I awaken the destruction in me
I'm the master of places underground
Bound to protect them forever

Dive into the wastewater, hollow daylight fools!
Know the truth and learn the rules of filthy halls and pools!

There I stride, my powers great
I speak with those I've created
Disposal Lord watches over the kingdom
Destinies interwoven in black patterns

The sewage plant is a home to noble lords
Son of Manhole Lids be my name
I've seen Lord Satan's face at my birth
Still I do not bear his mark

Light reflects on sewer's brick walls
The cursed vaults strenghtened with metal
Gray streams flush the human flesh away
Grim machines fight for art and dust

Cruel wars and endless battles stained the shadows
Each of the bricks remembers it
Witnesses of false gods embraced by mud
In blood and rust and gray they lay

Those places are called "zvradla" in every tongue
Places of death, watery grave of all things clean
There you'll find countless bones of our foes
Though we've won the war, yet another one is brewing

The minds corrupt of foolish men drive them into our lair
The eyes of vaults and walls see all
Once again we call fellow sewer masters
Our kingdom rises ever stronger,
the truth, the truth lies in the filth