

It's a Mystery

Stratovarius

In the middle of the jungle
There are ruins of temples build along ago, stone by stone
They were made by the Mayas
A tribe that is not so well known

Each picture's on the wall
Recorded history

They were gazing at the sky
Seems stars turning back the days all the year
The remains might die
But altars meant death and fear

Worshiping Gods
Now gone a long time ago
The population grew
New cities were found

What happened then?
Was it strange decease that wiped away almost everyone
Or it might have been starvation
Caused by drought and a scorching sun

It's a mystery
The way they disappeared
It's now history
We will never know

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