

Eschaton

The Foreshadowing

When you embody all the silence
That make us proud
I walk like death through your gates,
And thunders light.
A sound and our world is gone

It's a sound that burns lies
And weakness of might...
It's a sound that goes down
With the scent of the mortal divine.
It's vengeance of tears
Cleaning all of your smears.
It's a promise of fear
For the rebels who live.

Gone with the world without a cry.
It's a crime
That we can go on
And nothing goes wrong.
We're slowly down.
What have we done living just like parasite?
They watched my tears
And looked inside him...
And slowly down

As we're collecting the remains of a tragic life
I look in your eyes and in no time we're paralyzed.
A sound and our world is gone