

In a far and ancient land, the power of a ruthless hand  
Enslaves and all burns  
Steady at any cost to reach, dominion cutting meat  
With false promises tries to cheat

Through the rivers through the sands  
Searching for a good new land  
To exploit with a smile so bland

Water, woods, ground and all the men  
Who welcome you giving the hand  
The awareness: a word he can withstand  
The flame still burns, the new plagues are here  
I have something to say

Overhanging the same fear of ancient crag  
My call in raging sun  
Hear the calling, shadows come back from the past  
The void is come

Like a swarm of roaches  
Eat and nothing leave for the coming kids  
Some sort of a boil, some sort of a skin disease  
Turn dark like a bruise

Welcome to the land of darkness, keep walking  
Carry on the race  
Ten plagues come back from past  
Same story but this time it's not god's blame

Can see the overhanging?  
Call the raging sun