

Still a blind believe for raging memories  
For a forced interpretation of these fearful sceneries  
Creeping through the blood-soaked ruins, ethical disease  
For a leadership on both sides of a river flowing deep  
Restraining and gaining for rust and mud and blaming  
Revelation, cremation for whole  
Worlds peoples reputation

They're walking through madness and call the end  
An aeon of tragic and God's descent  
All ended November a waxing moon  
And Aries guided them into doom

Cold the hands and cold the hearts and brains so blunt  
For a basal viability and a new dawn they hunt  
Listening to the impacts, testimonium of pain  
Resting within ruined futures and the futureless to maim  
Explain me, obtain thee, how rich the poor one's can be...  
1813 still hurting and new fronts ruling, bursting

They're walking through madness and call the end  
An aeon of tragic and God's descent  
All ended November a waxing moon  
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So many lives sacrificed but for nothing they have died  
Strength to ride for a world killed by day and night  
It's so many lives, a breathing sacrifice  
But for what they died, an uncountable price  
A pandemonium without a pendulum  
System elementum without its ...cerium  
They're walking through madness to be an aeon of my doom  
Cerium lost and gone like the reaper's pendulum!