

# Stolen Souls

Yyrkoon

On this hill where blows the wind  
Some children are standing  
Feelings seems to be so cold  
In their deep blue eyes  
Why so strong  
They are the children  
Of a perpetual sun  
Their will is nothing else to fight  
The decline of their daughters  
Through this secret thing that is time  
Don't forget your will and your honour  
If one day the clouds are grey  
Maybe that your acts are to revise  
Gods let's play the chess, Again

Stolen Souls  
Time is to throw your servants  
Stolen lives  
Spending your time to handle your pawns

On the other side stand in the night  
An opposite young tribe  
Those ones obey to occult rules  
Neglecting the whole of nature and sphere  
Why so strong  
Gods let's play the chess, Again

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Time is to throw your servants

More and more profits done  
Minds souls everything you can stole  
Black gods in your struggle  
Don't miss who you trust  
Through this secret thing that is time  
Don't forget your will and your honour  
If one day the clouds are grey  
Maybe that your acts are to revise  
Gods let's play the chess, Again

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