

Affliction

"Chaos Of Two Thousands"

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Bells of death toll for the time of steel
This in complete design will all be ruined
Marching the troops full of animosity
No one could survive they will all be annihilated

What can come after the reign of persecution?
Who can stop the forces of the downtrodden?
This is an awakening of the centuries
The system of exploitation has collapsed
Future is abysmal, future is black
They couldn't see the growing rage
Useless, everything is useless
This is the chaos of two thousands

Affliction, grief, tears and blood
All that you have left behind
What you've done will hunt you down
You will reap what you've sown

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