

Ancient Ceremony

"State Of Regression"

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Faster than the speed of light
To the Moon and back again
Virtual life in different shapes
As if this one has never been
Weapons to protect the nations
Instruments of celebration
Of a world that lost control
And faith in the Almighty God

A new path chosen, a new "race"!
Stop this mad world, or we'll all fall!

I pray for a new way, just
A matter of Time
Time spent to throw into disarray
What's left behind
Behind tears future appears bright
Open your eyes
Eyes show no pain to me
Mind's finally free

[Solo: ALE]

Watchtowers those stand alone
To protect means of mass control
One mind thinks what's right or wrong
The regress is "working on"
Hybrid armies show their force
In the name of Holy Lord
They forget what He commands
"Love your brother like yourself"

A new path chosen, a new "race"!
Stop this mad world, or we'll all fall!

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