

## Arcane Grail "Renaissant The Reverie"

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Look upon this filthy world  
Besmirched to sullied trash  
Heavens are swarmed with poisonous smoke  
Rivers are soured with chemicals

The earth in oxidation  
Our technical progress is self-annihilation

Evil grown in our souls  
Betrayal and hatred preside over those  
Corruptions steeped in our blood  
Mankind is like a gay-parade

Remember  
The freedom of flesh and wit is splendour of our seed  
Rotten corpse on wooden cross is sign of feeble spirit

Christ is pawn in game of rat-men  
The power of artful, money for poor  
Undone the great and sacred sun-men  
Turn the man from path of Gods (to road of  
muckworms)  
Weakness leads to self-denial,  
Thirst for comfort leads to (soul)-mire  
There's no joy in wealth of purse, there is in wealthy  
soul  
But now it's worn like sieve of gilded-maddened doll

[Chorus:]

Wisdom of ancients in our blood  
Rise from the ashes, heavens' light in our eyes  
Sword of truth, seize in hand  
Let people's embers will be rend  
Get wiser for our glorious Rod  
Get stronger for the sake of loved  
Get brighter in the name of brood  
Be real, opened the conscience's route

Men consumes ourselves inside  
Swallowing the all around  
This anecdote we'll stop by bomb  
Our want to die -- salvation's gone!

But I believe there is a Love  
She rules this world, she's higher Gods  
Mankind is not yet spawn of evil  
We'll save ourselves if we're revering

Gift of life, divinity's sigh  
Our souls and paths from kingdom of skies  
Beautiful bodies for endowment of love

Children of Earth, Ye fuel of Her hearth  
We must take care Her not sparing our hearts

[Chorus]

Hail the Light!

You saw the loathing of the present  
Your gaze's turned from fumes-mankind  
Progress completed in regresses  
This is horrid matricide

Remember  
Woe to nation, whose children die not on forefathers'  
land  
And not recall their customs, craving life like other ants

The curse of lapse lied upon hands  
Divine-bred we fell of plants side of worse  
Unleashed the wars for painted timbers and dried  
corpse

Tend thy land and folk  
Be their loyal guards and hawks

Mother-heart is your pure thread  
Love your family and friends  
Hate your rivals for the pain  
Praise and raise your inmost flame  
Ring of life bleeds from your sins  
You'll be in it, but you can slit  
Be the Theos of perfection  
Mend this world for resurrection

Do you want to be the God?

[Chorus]

Get wiser for our glorious Rod  
Get stronger for the sake of love!

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