

Dark Millennium "Fatehistory"

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"The Apocryfal Wisdom Of An Allegorical Apocalypse"
[The prophet:] Many martyrs have fallen since I passed
this way...
[The truth:] Many skies have bled.
[The profet:] Many gods did returns, many players lost
their aim many loves have felt.
[The truth:] Many sons were born.
[The prophet:] I wonder if the children will forgive...
When the light dies through infinite darkness
And the children start to cry;
When a scream turns a whisper
When the ages bleed alive...
Reality becomes illusion
Illusion is reality;
Is this the alliance for the ancient
Of the new birth of a profecy?
Unnatural beings, morbid existence
Resuscitated horror, ambigious visions
See the apocalypse - rise...
We were banned by the fire, in the grip of the
ceremony.
We saw types in our hearts, we denied every life we
could give.
And infinity grasped out for slaves, day by day - year
for year.
Why that prophet spoke to the abyss below him:
"Have we ever been free?"
And behind the shade sleeps an apocryphal wisdom
In the hour of twilight
In this legendary times...
Unnatural beings, morbid existence
Resuscitated horror, ambigious visions
See the apocalypse - rise...
Now that the breath has gone the fire claim it's might;
Now that in this dark millenium no master is alive.
Now that a castle atends between the ruins of the past;
Now that the omens wither away, no hope will ever last.
[The prophet:] Iwonder if the children will forgive...

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