

Destillery "Timerunner"

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Run through the times of history
Often expected the chance of glory
Would hearts for aims in leaders mind
Monstrous offence they left behind

Waste in their eyes if they gonna die
Take you back to the brink of subordinate
Screams of pain reflect in the blade of sword

Waste in their eyes if they gonna die
Take you back to the brink of subordinate
Behave like a god that remains in the end

Strength, taste of ammunitions haze
Rejection is written in his face
Can hear women's whispering cry

Ask myself
Am I born to die?

What does it look like today with illusion
Hate and contempt to eventual conclusion
Unknown like a star between million specimen
You won't break the walls

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