

Dirge "Épicentre"

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It moves, tremors, splits and blazes
Roots come loose, scattered rocks, shattered in pieces
Soil rumbles, struggles, breaks the chain
Skies torn asunder, white stained rain
Gaping mouths of dirt, scars wide open
Ground erupts, you collapse, I burn
Limbs and depths, dwell within
Earthlike eyes, blinking
Trapped on both sides of this quartered world
Hands united, gaia dismembered
This is the endless tide, just a movement
The great divide of continents
The great divide of continents

But you fade away, beyond reach
Letting storms rushing across the breach
And through the coins on our lids
Can we see how long we'll bleed?
As this night has no bounds
Would I wait for the crack of dawn?
Would I wait for the crack of dawn?

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