

Distorted "Children Of Fall"

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Gray clouds are getting crowd
Leaves keep falling on the ground
Air is starting to flow
And the wind softly blows

The naked trees are all over
The days are getting colder
The sun was removed from it's place
And now the sky uncovers it's real face

Their hearts are beating fast
As they slowly wake up at last
Their skin gets it's color back
And now they are ready to attack

So, From the ash
They slowly rise
With their dark and firey eyes
And they are set to take us all

They are... the children of fall

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