

Dovetail Joint

"Landing On The Mountains Of Meggido"

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Lords, can it be mistakes throughout the constant vows
of the lost and gone,
Blind and wrong
Inside a faith without a home, a fire that is cold, but
grows so well, who's to tell?
About it all. A nation cannot see, the hardestt part to
take is not for me, the dying trees.

This is what wars are made of
Haunted

The readings cracked and grey and plagerized to date
Altered by the bastards of pure disguise of seas and
skies
The pagan drums should wake
The sleeping of the fools to forget the churches
language
Who's the fool me or you?
The greatest mask of fate
The longest battle throught the text of great predictiors
For me and you, the old and new
This is what wars are made of

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