

# **Drowning The Light**

## **"The Nostalgia Of The Old That Runs Through Our Veins"**

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Of another time we stood with pride  
And honour in our hearts  
And blood that flowed with nobility...  
That blood still runs in our veins  
The unrecognisable nostalgia of the past  
A past we didn't live in... A past we never knew...  
Yet somehow we are attached  
It calls to us and emotes us  
Feelings that only few can feel  
This nostalgia is also one of tragedy  
Loss that the world is how it is  
That we can never return to times of glory  
Greed has suffocated this feeling for some  
Others are surrounded by paranoia  
Or dreams of false grandeur  
The few who remain strong, honourable and true  
To themselves continue this fight  
The past echoes throughout the future  
Without it we are nothing...  
To the glory of the old and the dark pull in nature  
We must stand strong, for our numbers are few  
And this art cannot die  
The flame burns on in our blood and in our minds  
And our hearts filled with pride  
For the nostalgia of the old  
That runs through our veins

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