

## **Human Fortress**

### **"Under Black Age Toil"**

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Under black age toil we live

That night the stars shot madly from  
Their spheres and we're raging like a violent storm  
And the moon that was no crescent but  
His horns were visible within the circumference  
One saw more devils vastest hell can hold

Within moonshine we left to bury the dead  
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve

The pestilence has taken our eyesight  
And our graves are gaping wide  
Everyone sets forth his dying sprite  
And the church way paths to glide  
Through dead bodies - nor rich or poor  
Anymore with stolen pride

Under black age toil we live

Oh scornful masters we leave our homes  
Under black age toil our sweat runs bold  
Let the pestilence resolve our end  
We won't leave our fathers land  
We won't learn trial patience for a customary cross

We've abandoned to relieve and heal  
Even strong men with their hearts of steel  
And the beggars, fools our knights and kings  
Met the demon with this blackened wings

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