

Human Ground "Wrath Of Ages"

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Torn between the poles
Sleeping dreamless
Nothing left but holes
Falling screamless
Through the thin soles
Of worn sneakers
The noise still consoles
Pushing out of the speakers
Forget what you will
And wash out the stains
Follow the thrill
That flushes your veins
When storms stand still
The calm still rages
Still seeks for the kill
My wrath of ages
Restore your true name
Remember your past
What good is the fame
If you're not made to last
Are you ready to let
Lions out of the cages?
Are you ready to bet
Your wrath of ages?

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