

In Flames "Graveland"

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Mankind, the conqueror and King
Swings the flag of primal glory to the winds
Titans of the power myth that failed
Neanderthal hunger for the flesh of war so frail

So weak, so hollow minded
The primal flock responds
The jester race submits

For each day of war is a failure for man
Enslaved into mordial genes
Illusions bleed from their fetid cores
Bent to their rotten extremes, oh

We, the plague of terra firma nature's grand and last
mistake
Plant the poisoned seed and set the severed fruits
awake
Burning like frozen relics
In God's archaic graveland

So weak, so hollow minded
The primate flock responds
The jester race submits

For each day of war is a failure for man
Enslaved into mordial genes
Illusions bleed from their fetid cores
Bent to their rotten extremes

Burn the visionary
Kill the ideologies
Mankind must die, yeah

The doves and the angels return to their graves
With flames on their pestilent wings
While mushroom clouds haunt their virgin white skies
To rape their Utopian dreams

For each day of war is a failure for man
Enslaved into mordial genes
Illusions bleed from their fetid cores

Bent to their rotten extremes

Living the last days of evolution's end
From the nest of humanity
The graveland vultures rend

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