

## Chaos UK

### "Underworld Act Iii"

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Spoken:

A millenium passed away, small forests  
Became jungles, mountains were devoured from sand  
Violently exiled from vast deserts with the help of  
Hands  
Made from storms. It was as if someone wanted  
To erase the traces. The triumphant laughs of  
Liberation are forgotten. The world that once  
Seemed new and vibrant turned pale and old.  
Why?  
Maybe because of the strange inhabitants were  
To eager to forget the path that led them through.

In their journey they were leaving behind  
Not only spoken; not only part of their body  
But also part of their mind.  
And they became so tired,  
All they demanded was to rest.  
It wasn't difficult.  
There was not any apparent changes.  
So a strange kind of sleep.  
Fell among the lot  
The more they cultivated this habbit.  
To seek in the deep matters of Lethargy.  
The more their environment changed.  
It was a curious transformation.  
It was as if someone wanted to erase the traces  
However there is one trace that will ever remain.  
Week as a whisper it can reopen the way.  
Just listen  
Your Fathers knew these words by heart even  
Those that never crossed, the eerie side.

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