

Chronic Future

"The Gods Weep"

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Ululation, WuShe City lay in ruins
Soldiers gather, Death to be apportioned

Uniforms trekked streams to primitive territory
Encircling, enveloping, cutting off all escape
Hemugan ga dala dunexu (dunu)
Mam sa su embunu ga gaya babow Teghen
Valley nooks, Trees crannies, hidden tribal arrows
emerges
Illusions into shadows, formless decapitation
Holding strategic placements
Masks devastate uniforms
Heavy reinforcements called for
Not in vain shall their platoons fall
Toda, Tuluku clans, old blood, feuds reminded,
Shifts in their alliance fall in rank and file
But treachery's only reward is death in
The fore-charge of battle
Blood lust fed by putrid winds, death stench rife
Wilts growth and mutates cherry blossoms
Snow capped peaks stains with fatality
Red covers white
Opposing masks, vendetta killing
The gods weep
Degenerate
War-hounds at bay, the Sacred Land rank
With Spilled blood of all vileness, desecration
Battle songs distinct in the skies
Their beats exposing the Outlanders' artifice

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