

Mental Home "Plague Omen"

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The new age comes to change the old,
Long awaited dream of insanity.
Old scripts are back to life,
Here lies the seal of truth...

Like a silver tear
In the morning wing,
In the mist of time
So divine...

Triumph of our weakness grows,
False prophets turned to reality,
Possessed by rising sign above,
They do inspire me sense of doom.

Now candle burns at both ends,
Millennium's short for lifetime,
We stand before the gateways,
I hear beyond - they blame us...

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