

Poema Arcanus "Mars Lullaby"

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You've heard about it many times before
A dead-fairies-tale that we all know

A mechanical deadly weeping
A ragged flag spreading the scent of blood
Return to that place you've never seen before
The memory of the sleeping predator...

Remembering how to forget mercy,
As ravens sings their lullaby

Hell is there for those who believe
Hell is there for the slaughtered lambs

Devoid of my old good will, devoid of all faith

Now I understand, now I see the blurry picture so clear
The end used to be near, the end is almost here

Devoid of my old good will, devoid of all faith
Now I understand, now I see the blurry picture so clear
The end used to be near, the end is already here

The swan corpse left to rot
Soon the worms will bring their truth
Dead flesh and absent spirit
The stench became so real

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