

Puissance "Trace Elements"

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There is a strange look of expectations of the faces of
the I meet,
There is a building tention in the air, traces of sulphur
in the breaths i take.
It seems that something has been growing, behind our
backs for a long long time.
It's war that you taste when you open your mouth, it's
the iron of blood
Waiting to be spilled.
It's the winds of revelation that are coming, the storm
of armageddon is
Soon to be released.

There is a glow at the horizon, a second sun set in the
east.
Still there is hope for a future, pure rid of people at
least.
Hope we so secretly carry, that one day we may just be
free.
Free of the lies and the liars, that all that remain is
debree.

You may not admit it openly, you may not admit it at all.
But most things in your life are empty, hollow shallow
and false.
You might not even fell the longing, to be put out of
your misery.
But if you were handed the answer, I'm sure you all
would agree

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debree.

I don't believe it's impossible, I don't think the road is
too long.
I'm quite convinced we can bring this, even if most

consider it wrong.

As we have said so many times, and history has proven us right.

It only takes but a dozen, to transform day into night.

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Free of the lies and the liars, that all that remain is debree.

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