

Rahowa

"In The Fires Of 1945"

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Walk along the autumn grass, beneath a crimson sky,
Why have all the legends passed us by?
I'm almost afraid to ask the answer to the problem That
spawned the simple question in my mind;
Feel the four winds -
Have they been bursting forth from battered sin?
Blackness is the likeness of my soul,
Harboring the images,
A glorious vision trapped within,
Purging every hope inside my heart.
Everything worth fighting for,
And everything worth dying for,
And everything worth living for,
Shattered right before me like a scourge...

Release my soul - let me go and find the meaning of
this life,
Release my soul - let me know the truth that's taking
such a toll,
Release my soul - let me go and give it one last chance
at life,
Release my soul - let me go back to the time when I
would be at home...

When man was still alive, when man was still alive,
Before everything had died
In the fires
In the fires
In the fires of 1945...

Underneath a star-lit sky, beneath a smothered dream,
Does anyone care to hear the scream?
Of a sombre morbid melody reflecting off the tides at
sea,
Imagining just what might have been?
Tempting mankind's deepest dream, the greater faith
in all,
Waking to the boldest primal call;
Echoing through gracious waves, the cosmic cry of
pain,
Listen to the footsteps once again;
Vivid colors burst to life like a rainbow that explodes,

Fading into black and white the modern man forbodes.
Everything worth fighting for,
And everything worth dying for,
And everything worth living for,
Shattered right before me like a scourge...

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