

## Darkwell

# "Darkwell - Armageddon"

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Lines of time, drawn to an end  
Constants of fate, never thought to be bent  
The fields of destiny already are prepared  
Failure and glory are not to be shared

In the eyes of an angel a heavenly glare  
On the other side a demonic stare  
The wings of light face the winds of time  
The wings of darkness in a blistering line

The armies clashing at each other on the plains  
Twisted features frozen on an angels face  
A demons corpse dissolves in a blaze of flames  
Good and evil disappear in a void

The humans spirit is now free  
Forever gone all agony  
All rules are crumbling to dust  
Absurd beliefs gone in a gust

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