

Tales Of Darknord "Glass Flowers"

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It's alarm, incurable mind destroy
Poisonous food.
It's result of industrial laws.
Obliterated!
We'll rise in the desert
Prepaing all presents.
My God was transformed,
My life was deformed.
We was prepossessed
By drugs mystical dreams.
My hands suffocate
Destinies of hollow beastes.
Final of the holy war for own lifes.
Sucrifice, suicide!
Now you prefer to die,
Now you life at the other side.
She won! Breaking death. Holocaust!
Idylly dreams fell into burning hell.
Look around, we plant a glass flowers.

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