

Tysta Mari

"Nevermore"

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Wheels of tanks smashing their soil and
What do they leave behind their noises?
Only blood and crying faces
How can they do
This pure lamb's slaughter?

Kill all their fancies
You're proud to be a god on earth
Burn all their poor frail houses
You're crowned with their blood
Ruin all their fool dreams
You don't dream you waste your life
Bury all with your ego
You write down our doom

Run with your arms
Taking your sons
What the hell are you waiting for?
They are near
Feel their foulness
Leave your home and run away

Firing squads are shooting targets
Did you hear their laugh
Within these noises?
Hear the voices of the lambs, they're forgetting their
lives
Into this slaughter

Kill all their fancies
You're proud to be a god on earth
Burn all their poor frail houses
You're crowned with their blood
Ruin all their fool dreams
You don't dream you waste your life
Bury all with your ego
You write down our doom

Run with your arms
Taking your sons
What the hell are you waiting for?

They are near
Feel their foulness
Leave your home and run away
You'll run for yours
Seeing the dead around you
You'll run for me
I'll be waiting for you

You don't seem to understand why you are here in this
cold sand
Why killing lives gives you such fun, and for your
wealth you do it again

Run with your arms
Taking your sons
What the hell are you waiting for?
They are near
Feel their foulness
Leave your home and run away
You'll run for yours
Seeing the dead around you
You'll run for me
I'll be waiting for you

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