

# Tystnaden "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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