

Clouds Over Normandy

"Vanity Is Slang For Submission"

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An uprising empire ruled by the antithesis of tolerance,
thousands of doomed, empty animas bound to the
tyrant's will.

The sand castle is raised: the sand castle must be
brought down.

With insincerity they led their so called brotherhood to
an undesired slaughter.

With insincerity they led their so called supremacy right
at our feet.

Who will protect their beloved families when our
vengeance unleashes?

The hangmen implore for amnesty as their lives
depend on a mere trigger pull.

At this point of my journey I can't discern between
mercy and scorn; place

your bets, let's play roulette with my heart as the
croupier. Will this be the

time for the final retaliation or will my pride submit to
my regret once again?

To the rhythm of another song about honor and purity, I
close my eyes and

trust the righteousness of He who holds the fairest
perception.

(And so, the most important decision was taken in the
smallest of times. The curtain of obliviousness
surrounded the scene; a gunshot in the dark...).

[So you led out your disdain and shed the blood of the
innocent]

Make them perish. Today I will avenge our fallen.

{Today I will avenge our fallen and
there will be no sunrise for you}.

Please, forgive me. Redeem me from all my sins, for I
will bring peace at last... after the rivers run red.

