

Artas "Gipfelstürmer"

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[Chapter 2]

Unable to see the cruelty of man
Carrying the sins of his father's deeds
Born weak but blessed with inner fire
Taught how to dream learned to hope
Designed to be saviour

Starring in innocent eyes
So clear and quire
Reflecting the circles
Of a thousand lies

Baptizing everything
Burning through anything

Unable to see
Beyond destruction
Breaking under the weight
Of his father's sins
Born strong an cursed with inner fire
Taught how to kill learned to reign
Designed to be a king

Dishonoring thy father's sins
Spitting on their graves
My memories rebuild savaged lands
Give birth to new shores
My last supper is near

Guilty eyes muddy and vagrant
Starring at me
Cutting through the circles of a thousand lives

Erasing everything
Burning down everyone

Innocent eyes tainted by guilt
Judged as traitor
For speaking lies
Unchained and misjudged
For dreaming free
Time is running out

Last supper served
The hangman waits in devil's shape

Now it's time to trade
My blood and flesh
This is my pact
For a better world

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