

## Casiotone for the Painfully Alone

### "Tribe of Eternity"

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Shallow is the talent to see the future  
Where waiting silently to your own murder

We tear down your memory as ruler  
Cold winds run with us to new dawn

We came from north, The Tribe of Eternity  
Our blood is ice, The Way of Inhumanity  
We hear the call, The Tribe of Eternity  
End of your lies, The Way of Inhumanity

I see the fallen land, buried in ice and snow  
Old world has gone, you know it's your time to go

So you redefine the world for your own need  
Just to fall and make you suffer and bleed

We came from north, The Tribe of Eternity  
Our blood is ice, The Way of Inhumanity  
We hear the call, The Tribe of Eternity  
End of your lies, The Way of Inhumanity

The world you create serve nothing but senseless hate  
Turn against indiscreet and lay on mankind's grave

Last thing you'll ever hear are our howls in the night  
Fangs on your throat and we'll let the permission to die

We came from north, The Tribe of Eternity  
Our blood is ice, The Way of Inhumanity  
We hear the call, The Tribe of Eternity  
End of your lies, The Way of Inhumanity

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