

Arkitech

"Children Of The Gods"

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Children of the gods, the gifted ones,
Born of sun and moon as keepers of truth.
Failure, defeated balance!
Wars are fought to keep our holiness,
Evil decadence, the price of our loot.

Symphony of agony ever we compose,
Gluttony, our disease, swells through the world,
Larcency, conspiracy, we can do it all!
Our empire will collapse.

Balance is broken,
Killed the treasure meant for thou to guard!
Seeking our nature,
Errand children must strive to reconcile

Long we've waited for the fated end,
Still, survival is a primitive desire,
A dream of mine
But it is just too late.

Ignorant of the past
We are bound to harm again,
To conquer whatever's left.
Innocence is transgression,
No one can claim they don't partake;
The utter truth is within.
Forests on fire, oceans are higher, still we inquire
Who is to blame?

If there's more than I see
All my faith lies in you.
If there's no future, be done,
There is no time, not for us, no time left!

If ever I release my wrath,
Thou shalt depart in fright!
Thou hast shaped an awful scene
Within my sacre womb!

Children of the gods, the gifted ones,
Born of sun and moon as keepers of truth.

It'd be hard to break the chains,
It'd take courage to abandon dismay.

Balance is broken
Killed the treasure meant for thou to guard!
Seeking redemption,
Errand children must strive to reconcile
Beauty forsaken,
There's still time for men to come about.
Children of Nature,
Time has come to mend thy soul!

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