

Saint Vitus

"The Waste Of Time"

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Wipe the sweat from your eyes
A new war has begun
The rules are old as time
For a game never won
The tribes are rising
The hourglass has begun
All morals forgotten
All the talking done

Ragged fists in the air
Black horizons appear
Bodies are rising
The final end draws near

Bloody scalps are worn
As trophies of pain
Horrors marching
Crushing all in the way
Wretched are the voices
That summon death from the sea
They drown themselves
As the world still bleeds

Smoking ashes remain
Disease feeding the cause
Mother nature weeps
Everything is finally gone
The endless night has arrived
Warriors bow their heads
In a moment of silence
The last prayer is said

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