

Morne

"Force"

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Cold sun sets as we break from the chains of fear
Our will is strong when covered by night
We march against the invincible force,
Which must be destroyed
We must carry on the faith of victory that must be
there,
Must be near
Machine we're living for
Our hearts turned to stone
No more feelings left at all
Iron wheels that move this invincible form

So we march under blood stained clouds of lies
Towards black dead sun that stare at us
Triple bones of steel and blind eyes of glass
And this smell of death and decay,
Carried by wind of dying invincible force
That we have destroyed and now we must carry on the
grace
And wisdom
Of our mothers that we mourn

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