

Source of Tide "Final Battle (Ode To The Art Of Self Destruction, Part # 2)"

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[Thus they speak:]
Bright twilight twinkled like silver,
The world seemed to be filled with warmth.
It was no place for us
As we were dissolved in sorrow.
(Light is darkness itself.)

Full-moon rising towards massive dark,
Nor the darkness itself
Shows us dark as the light itself.

[Sorrow and agony:]
We used to ride the night butterflies
When we were submerged in the smoke of your
powers.
Their souls seem to twinkle in silver light.
The skies gave us mist and flowers..
(Light is darkness itself.)

In this sticky swampiness of your hands,
We dressed our souls in colours of the
Flowers and lights.
And while our songs cried
Against the human race,
Our tired voices in the
Flash of lights did blaze.
So a bird built a nest in our skies,
And your smoke became our roof..
As we know our mother, you destroyed her,
Only to remain the ruins of her beauty.
So we prepared for the final battle
When nature itself turned against man.
In those words of self determination;
We sing an ode to the art of self destruction.

Full-moon rising towards massive dark,
Nor the darkness itself
Shows us dark as the light itself.

[War:]
And the hills were burned to make our bodies old,

So again and again the moon grows cold.
We lived so little and yet too much,
But still the evenings are as beauty as dawn of birth.
(Light is darkness itself.)

Full-moon rising towards massive dark,
Nor the darkness itself
Shows us dark as the light itself
Shows the wholeness of darkness.
The true manifestation of black-end,
Shows itself by the source of tide.

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