

Source Of Tide

"Ruins Of Beauty (An Ode To The Art Of...)"

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Slaughter. Mayhem.
Skeletons all around.
Broken swords. Battlefields.
I glimpse into no-man's land.
We are all dead!

Full moon rising towards the massive dark.
Nor the darkness itself show us dark as
Light itself.

Souls, you did not survive.
That is what's left of humanity
Not a thought, or dream
Outlived this metamorphosis.
Incarnation, paradise is now stated as
Illusion.

Full moon rising towards the massive dark.
Nor the darkness itself show us dark as
Light itself.

Humans! You've now ceased to exist.
Humans! Your ideologies were a fatal
Curse.
Humans! Developed into destruction

Full moon rising towards the massive dark.
Nor the darkness itself show us dark as
Light itself.

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