

Flames In "Graveland"

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Mankind - proud conqueror and king
swings its flag of primal glory to the winds
Titans of the power-myth that failed
Neanderthal hunger for the flesh of war so frail
So weak, so hollow-minded
the primat flock responds
the jester race submits
For each day of war is a failure for man,
enslaved to her mordial genes
Illusions bleed from their fetid cores
bent to their rotten extremes
We, the plague of Terra Firma,
nature's grand and last mistake
plant the poisoned seed of cancer,
set the severed fruits awake
Burning like frozen relics
in god's archaic graveland
Burn the visionaire
Kill the ideologies
Mankind must die
The doves and the angels return to their graves

with flames on their pestilent wings

while mushroom-clouds haunt their virginwhite skies

to rape their utopian dreams

Living the last days of evolution's end

from the nest of humanity, the graveland vultures rend

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