

The Awakening

Dark Age

The edge is loose, we are growing stronger
Step aside: watch the world is turning!
My eyes are hunting you every night...
Dominate you're reign, control your puppets
The incessant inbred instincts are rising
This night I swear you will fear my name...
And behold the upcoming powers...Opposite reflections,
rising further to escape from daylight
The gardens of life lay rotten with dreams...
The mask of the sun is hiding,
drying seas are marking the surface
A tender breeze blows against the empire...Again our lives are lost,
we are too weak to carry the costs -
Awake!

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