The Kinslayer

Nightwish

For whom the gun tolls
For whom the prey weeps
Bow before a war
Call it religion

Some wounds never heal
Some tears never will
Dry for the unkind
Cry for mankind

Even the dead cry
- Their only comfort
Kill your friend, I don't care
Orchid kids, blinded stare

Need to understand
No need to forgive
No truth no sense left to be followed

"Facing this unbearable fear like meeting an old friend"
"Time to die, poor mates, You made me what I am!"

"In this world of a million religions everyone prays the same way"

"Your praying is in vain It'll all be over soon"
"Father help me, save me a place by your side!"
"There is no god Our creed is but for ourselves"

"Not a hero unless you die Our species eat the wounded ones"

"Drunk with the blood of your victims
I do feel your pity-wanting pain,
Lust for fame, a deadly game"

"Run away with your impeccable kin!"

"- Good wombs hath borne bad sons..."
- Cursing, God, why?
Falling for every lie
Survivors' guilt

In us forevermore

15 candles
Redeemers of this world
Dwell in hypocrisy:
"How were we supposed to know"

4 pink ones
9 blue ones
2 black ones

[In memory of the Redeemers 20.4.1999]

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