

Sweet Opium

[Arkan](#)

Vision of a stranger before me
Forced to face this sad realityThe path seems definitively hopeless
Ever giving way to madnessOver the years we are struggling
One against the other
Feeding the seed of hate
Dismissing toleranceBlood will flow for missing brothers
Horizon darkens more than everIn front of vengeance's horrible face
Death's shadow glides in the air(ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes homines)

Lyrics provided by

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