

Landing on the Mountains of Meggido

Down

Lords, can it be mistakes?
Throughout the constant vows
Of the lost and gone, blind and wrong Inside a faith without a home
A fire that is cold
But grows so well, who's to tell about it all A nation cannot see
The hardest part to take
Is not for me, the dyin' trees This is what wars are made of
Haunted The readings cracked and grey and plagiarized to date
Altered by the bastards
Of pure disguise of seas and skies The pagan drums should wake, the sleeping of the fools
To forget the Church's language
Who's the fool, me or you? The greatest mask of fate, the longest battle through
The text of great predictions
For me and you, the old and new This is what wars are made of
Haunted

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