

At War with Reality

At the Gates

A howling wind of nightmares
Howling through barren streets
Frozen in time
The city woke up, paralyzed Where is the splendor?
All our ambitions decay
Among the ruins
Covered forever in dust War The sound of beating winds
Chaotic dreams asleep
As phantoms we answer
At war with reality Where is the hunger?
With eyes of sadness it stares
The air it hangs dying
Dressed in the nightmares of old Abandoned in panic, fortifications decayed
From our own indulgence, the golden age dead War The sound of beating winds
Chaotic dreams asleep
As phantoms we answer
At war with reality As phantoms we answer
At war with reality

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