

Imposters for All Times

Warhammer

We carry the disguised gift throughout the centuries
Leaving behind a trail of tears and shame
Through decaying souls that long for flesh and youth
We're bound to stare into the abyss of our minds They are imposters for all times
Gone now, amused by our struggle
They were strategic leaders
And I can see their grinning faces Some fools they were to cherish us with such novelty
Or were they masters of invention, imposters for all times?
It's too late to lay it down, this instrument of danger
Used in (the) dark ages, can you hear their distant laughter? On the turn of another era, will it be our last?
And if it's so, you can be sure that they've done their best
Some day the race of leeches will only be a memory
With all its arrogance, wiped out for good, wouldn't you agree?

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