

# The Unborn

## Mors Principium Est

Smell the stench of the human flesh  
See the bodies so rotten  
The broken arms and the broken legs  
No chance to get away from them  
A lonely girl standing in the dust  
Her eyes are cold and blind  
The world is dead, there is no hope  
We must never be bornThe end of mankind has finally arrived  
The voices of death will sing to us all  
We have seen the signs in the sky  
Yet nothing new has ever been born  
We are the ones who will pay in the end  
For the crimes and mistakes we made  
We don't see it's already too late  
It is too late to regretStop the game and lay down to the grave  
No glory for the weak  
Close the door and never open  
No hope for the weak  
Stop the game and lay down to the grave  
No glory for the weak  
Close the door and never open  
No hope for the weakYou want to dominate and rule this world  
But there's nothing for you to rule to  
Can't you see, your power is too weak  
You are too weak, you are too weak to see  
That the game we all are attending  
Is so close to it's end now finally  
There's only one turn left, but still  
We are the ones, we are the ones who will loseSmell the stench of the human flesh  
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No chance to get away from them  
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The world is dead, there is no hope  
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