

# Ruins Of The Future

## Borknagar

Upon the ruins of future, I climbed to behold  
A distance so pale, an existence so cold  
Resembling the views, these angels of damnation  
As my mind came and flew Upon the ruins of future, I stood to be told  
That the future will fail upon the hands that fold  
At the edge of the horizon, I saw the harmony of havoc  
The path of the marauders, [Incomprehensible] yet tremendous Upon the failure, denial of token  
Upon the speech in my tongue spoken  
The sign, the pulse that protrude The resound, the return  
The sequence that concludes the fall of man  
The fall of man Upon the ruins of future, I climbed to behold  
A distance so pale, an existence so cold  
Resembling the views, these angels of damnation  
As my mind came and flew Upon the ruins of the future  
I settled to be bold  
When the downfall arise, as I am told The denomination of the grandiose demise  
Granted as the [Incomprehensible] impetus Upon the failure, denial of token  
Upon the speech in my tongue spoken Upon the ruins of the future  
I settled to be bold  
When the downfall arise, as I am told  
When the downfall arise, as I am told

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