

# New Ark

## Orient Fall

Welcome to our doom, what we call earth!  
And then when the written word will pass away  
and our slender speech of our race will set to fail.  
Nation of an enigma, a troubled existence:  
This is how people lose control!- Son, this is the worst in me!  
- Father, we will bring you relief!FEAR MY WRATH!  
Call it a solar flash - a reason to see and a reason to be.  
Flashback of our coexisting disorders,  
nightrage of our upcoming disease inside!  
Let people raise their flags!HELL NO! Waiting the dawn, waiting the pest  
to summarize how to merge with the everything  
We are waiting the dawn.  
The men who are waiting to be get known  
and to be trigger it off to find where do I belong!  
Hold on, I won't raise the sea!  
Father, bring this back to me!- Son, this is the worst in me!  
- Father, we will bring you relief!If there is a sign that we are all waiting for! If there is a sign: than this is it, this  
is that sign!You are setting up this world to an end!  
New ark! Ready to be released at the end!  
Through the sun, the faith these designed bliss of frail words!"You are the only one knows I am here, you are  
minority  
and you better get used to it, but I'm not getting of this ark."

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