Contaminated

Kooma

Forgotten memories that touches our minds
Painful splinters of a cold relief
A humble bow in front of a war to come
Species allied from the dawn of time

Lie scattered on the brinks of hell
Not more than a whisper, a sigh of faith

Ascending hate outlines our path
Into the precipitous oblivion
Glorified acts of violence produces
The foundation to our ruin
Conditions are right
Exclusively yours, not more than a whisper
A sigh of forgotten faith

Forgotten memories that touches our minds
Painful splinters of a cold relief
A humble bow in front of a war to come
Species allied from the dawn of time

Lie scattered on the brinks of hell
Not more than a whisper, a sigh of faith

Desolate planes, human destructive glory
Lingers in the hollow remains
Of a slowly penetrating anger
We're tied up in darkness, helplessly bound
Exclusively yours, not more than a whisper
A sigh of forgotten faith

Contaminated mind
Creator of the growing feud
Contaminated soul
Creator of a conclusive war

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