

Dying Land

Darkseed

the last bird from a scattered flock
 seeks shelter in a tree
 alone amongst the lonely woods
 he will cry when noone hears
 he will fall when noone cares
 palls of grief hanging in the clouds
 what must go wrong, so that we see
there's not enough to make us stop
 we are the devils of a dying land
 what evil spirit holds us here
 we wear a careless mask
 making friends with death
 we are devils of a dying land
 mankind took all nature's pride
 mercy out of sight
 demons dark around us swarm
 forests' last time
 the short last sound of singing birds
 we don't know what it means
 will we ever know?
 a world where iron shells
 can kill men's blood
 a world of emptiness,
 a dying land

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