

Graveland

In Flames

Mankind, the conqueror and King
Swings the flag of primal glory to the winds
Titans of the power myth that failed
Neanderthal hunger for the flesh of war so frail
So weak, so hollow minded
The primal flock responds
The jester race submits
For each day of war is a failure for man
Enslaved into mordial genes
Illusions bleed from their fetid cores
Bent to their rotten extremes, oh
We, the plague of terra firma nature's grand and last mistake
Plant the poisoned seed and set the severed fruits awake
Burning like frozen relics
In God's archaic graveland
So weak, so hollow minded
The primate flock responds
The jester race submits
For each day of war is a failure for man
Enslaved into mordial genes
Illusions bleed from their fetid cores
Bent to their rotten extremes
Burn the visionaire
Kill the ideologies
Mankind must die, yeah
The doves and the angels return to their graves
With flames on their pestilent wings
While mushroom clouds haunt their virgin white skies
To rape their Utopian dreams
For each day of war is a failure for man
Enslaved into mordial genes
Illusions bleed from their fetid cores
Bent to their rotten extremes
Living the last days of evolution's end
From the nest of humanity
The graveland vultures rend

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