

# Landing on the Mountains of Meggido

## Down

Lords, can it be mistakes  
Throughout the constant vows of the lost and gone, blind and wrong  
Inside a faith without a home, a fire that is cold  
But grows so well, who's to tell, about it all  
A nation cannot see, the hardest part to take  
Is not for me, the dying trees This is what wars are made of  
Haunted The readings cracked and gray and plagiarized to date  
Altered by the bastards of pure disguise of seas and skies  
The pagan drums should wake, the sleeping of the fools to forget the  
Church's language  
Who's the fool, me or you  
The greatest mask of fate,  
The longest battle through the text of great  
Predictions  
For me and you, the old and new This is what wars are made of  
Haunted

Songwriters

BROWN/KEENAN/ANSELMO/WINDSTEIN/BOWER Published by

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