Wildfire, Part: III - Wildfire Town, Population: 0

Sonata Arctica

You didn't come in peace, wear a flower in your hair
Didnt mean to harm anyone of us in here
You need what you take, like a candle needs a snowflake
The roots are alive and the bodies will rise
You can try the same, but you'll never have a dice
Waging a war to a mountain; death, eruption
Know that if Mountain wants you all begone, thou wilt be gone
You bring in the machines... "fire in the hole!"
Money is the power, morals gotta go
Tomorrow comes and the law is not a problem.
Corruption.
On every standing nail a hammer is to fall
No value in the oddities, evolution's gone
Talk is cheap but the suits are not
Thy will be done, thou wilt be dead
You dig another hole in the one youre standing in
Nothing is enough for Generation Greed
Angels die for the cause, long live the faction
If you have access, "it is fine to reave!"
You only destroy to be able to leave
this planet one day. What a perfect day!
Thy will be done, Thy will be done,
Thy will be done, thou wilt be dead.
Fiat iustitia, Pereat Mundus
Tulkoon oikeus, tuhoutukoon maailma
Seen so many of you die, thy will be gone. Yay!
You are wasting your life, use a pen as a knife
Always wanna take more than you ask for
All your promises reek, gluttony makes you weak.
Our planet is ever so grateful,
grateful when your offsprings gone: done!
Gomorrah be gone, revolution, a new spin
You dont wanna dance in the ballroom youre in
Mountain gives no hope, line up to die now.
You are in a battle youre not supposed to win
Still you run to your death, face it with a grin
Run home, kids, while you still have homes
A place where you learn about harmony and peace
These you never knew, wish you would, but never will

It's in your blood, but your blood runs thin
The Mountain still wants to believe, you can turn the page again
You lose your hope here, one by one
Listen to me, son, you've got nowhere to run
You are not perfect at anything, least of all in things we were always good at
Slow to learn, you are slow to learn, children grow and burn, 'cause you'll never learn...
Thy will be done, Thy will be done,
Thy will be done, Thy will be, Thy will be...
...thou wilt be dead.
Species, generations. Extinct? Evolved?
What you call progress, must be put on hold
To let you have your way is not an option
"Using his burgeoning intelligence, this most successful of all mammals
has exploited the environment to produce food for an ever increasing population.
Instead of controlling the environment for the benefit of the population,
perhaps it is time we control the population to allow the survival of the environment."

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