

Truth isn't clear  
Visions get lost in the haze  
The darkness comes down, so near  
Brave men fall, the madness waves.

As I see the children die  
And the mothers that can't cry, The fear grows on  
And on like fire inside me.

Sacred promises  
Words that were never heard,  
Winds against the screams  
The damned plague is here.

Harvesting lost lives  
A sight that slowly kills  
The weak ones,  
Smashing the believers  
A piece of heaven is gone.

[Pre chorus]  
Resurrection of sadistic  
Ways to show  
The weakness of our kingdom.

[Chorus]  
Holy prophecies deteriorate in time  
Lost in old cold boxes out of sight.  
And now we don't know how to stop.  
There's no limit for the pain and suffering  
Prosperity is lost in past remains.

Against our faith  
The lights becomes darkness  
The beauty becomes ashes  
There's no sunset, there's no dawn

Face the sky,  
Pray for the angel's arrival  
Dead hope of wasted lives  
The house of God may fall.

[Repeat Pre Chorus]  
[Repeat Chorus]

[Solos: Stanley, Jean, Jean, Stanley, Jean]