

The New Dark Age

Kiuas

It's a sign of the times
That dead are the minds of men
And how long before the world grows cold
See the scars on your face
They tell to the future you are blind to
Again and again

Sad is the fate of the human race
Seeking comfort in a futile embrace

Born into the world of chaos
Rising up from the gray, gray masses
Amidst the mayhem we must find our place
I know my way just read the smile on my face
No need for God or salvation
Stay on my path of dedication
You seek the light in vain, I rest my case
I am prepared for the New Dark Age

Have you read the scriptures
Oh, how they clash with each other
My will, my heart,
The circumstances dictate my direction
With no bonds or confinement
Only a fool needs instructions
To tell right from wrong

In stupidity wallows
The bulk of the human race
Dead minds hold our species in disgrace

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The future is owned by those who own themselves.
Their visions are the blueprints of the future,
Their deeds the monument of the past

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