

The Conquest

Shakra

Let me tell you a true story
About the so called human race
How it's seeking for a new and better world
Full of hope and without fear of loss, exodiel tendency
Just set the sails and control unknown sea

But they will never reach a shore
Not knowing what they're looking for

Many have gone away for summer
Many have gone away forever
Many have gone away for summer
Many have gone away forever

We only think about the bad things
Don't enjoy the real good things
We are chasing our tails until we die
Some people call it irony and others destiny
Considering too long, till it's too late

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