Plague creeps on the spine of the earth The air sings of thunder The wind carries a roar That tears the ground apart

World ridden of fruit Holds but blight and disease Her skin pulsates with pain With a sigh she ceases to be

On a bed of rotten soil lies the sole child of man

Plague creeps on the spine of the earth The air sings of thunder The wind carries a roar That tears the ground apart

Alone she bears the weight of genesis Sins of her kin now dead

On a bed of rotten soil lies the sole child of man

Chorus:

The girls fragile arms
Cradle a withered dream
Promise of a broken progeny
Her loins carried no life

On a bed of rotten soil lies the sole child of man

(chorus)

(lead)

(chorus)