

## At War With Reality

At the Gates

A black wind of nightmares  
howling through barren streets  
frozen in time  
the city woke up - paralyzed

Where is the splendor?  
all our ambitions decay  
among the ruins  
covered forever in dust

War

The sound of beating wings  
chaotic dreams asleep  
as phantoms we answer  
at war with reality

Where is the hunger?  
with eyes of sadness it stares  
the air it hangs dying  
dressed in the nightmares of old

War

The sound of beating wings  
chaotic dreams asleep  
as phantoms we answer  
at war with reality  
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