

Fractus Promissum

Cirith Ungol

The promise that was handed down was never what it seems
Do we live a life of wonder or a curse of broken dreams
Do we rise up from the ashes, begin the next crusade
Or burn upon the alter of the terror that we've made

Do we cower in the shadows or step into the light
Embrace the blinding fury borne of chaos' holy might
Rise up from the darkness, put an end to wicked schemes
Or do we bow our heads and follow someone else's dream

The promise slips away
Another broken dream

Will we ever heed the warnings sent from up above
To build a brighter future in a world of peace and love
Do we only hear the trumpet calling from below
And destroy this lowly planet leaving nothing left to show

Once a land of milk and honey, now it slowly rots away
Living in a world of broken promise