

## The Green Is Grey

Convulse

In the middle of the green valleys, deep inside the gloomy hills.  
Conceals the origin, of all that is in existence.  
Thousands of years ago, people were pieces of this all.  
But now the virginity is gone.  
And the green is grey.  
All of the time digging your own grave.  
Blind to see the omen of a bloody end.  
It was time to sow, and now it's time to reap.  
And your time withers away, like flowers in my meadow.