

the last bird from a scattered flock
seeks shelter in a tree
alone amongst the lonely woods
he will cry when noone hears
he will fall when noone cares
palls of grief hanging in the clouds
what must go wrong, so that we see
there's not enough to make us stop

we are the devils of a dying land
what evil spirit holds us here
we wear a careless mask
making friends with death
we are devils of a dying land

mankind took all nature's pride
mercy out of sight
demons dark around us swarm
forests' last time
the short last sound of singing birds
we don't know what it means
will we ever know?

a world where iron shells
can kill men's blood
a world of emptiness,
a dying land