

Landing on the Mountains of Meggido

Down

Lords, can it be mistakes
Throughout the constant vows of the lost and gone, blind and wrong
Inside a faith without a home, a fire that is cold
But grows so well, who's to tell, about it all
A nation cannot see, the hardest part to take
Is not for me, the dying trees
This is what wars are made of
Haunted...
The readings cracked and grey and plagiarized to date
Altered by the bastards of pure disguise of seas and skies
The pagan drums should wake, the sleeping of the fools to forge
t the
church's language
Who's the fool, me or you
The greatest mask of fate, the longest battle through the text
of great
predictions
For me and you, the old and new
This is what wars are made of
Haunted...
Lyrics taken from www.DarkLyrics.com