

Altars Of Doom

Dragon

Shadows of our shadows
Thorny winding streets
A train of drunk undertakers
Digging their own graves

The altar full of tongues
Of fluent politicians
Altar of suffering
Of the holocaust
The towns of grey sick faces
Jerking the ropes
Which keep them
In constant suspense
Every day struggles
With darkness for light
Shadows disperse
As there comes the night
The last rays
Of the dying world
Locked in the sockets of empty skulls
The small, the weak, the yellow
Waiting for the Messiah
Go away from his feet
Altar of pain
Of the Holocaust
Shadows impressed
In concrete
And ashes mixed with blood