

Prophecy

Flesh Field

The water turns to dust
And the sky comes crashing down.
And you will know they're coming
When all you hear are sounds
Of the screams of the Earth,
And the howling of the wind.
And when your time has come to break away
You will never win.
For they crush all their opposition,
Slaughter their own kind
With their bleeding hearts of stone.
They're in their right mind.

Digging will take you nowhere.
Your blindness, an unexpected blessing.
Your eyes that do not see
Hold the key to the fate of humanity.

Fate is nothing more than lies;
A false way to prophesize.
And the weakness of humanity
Was born from its own disease.