

# Chronicle From The Stone Age

Gorod

Borned into an ageless fossilized tribe, at last I wake up  
My body and my Heart both bleed for Man's destiny  
As budding as disappointing, it will hasten Adam's coming  
Now all seems clear and outlined to me as it must be

Borned at the dawn of evolution, I finally wake up  
My mind and my hand both sign Man's destiny  
My cavern will be the concrete expression of my genius through  
the centuries  
Now all seems clear and outlined to me as it must be

Broken, snatched, hacked, scattered  
Men and Women hand over your souls and give them to Adam  
Destroyed, carved, mutilated, mangled  
Men and Women give me your rests to illustrate my account

For decades, I built the story of the One who will save the Earth from decay  
Day after day, I shaped, I shaped Adam's existence, the Saviours  
The stone got the gift to convey absolute equilibrium  
Blood permits to create the sadistic dimension for history's survival  
Now all seems clear and outlined to me as it must be

My work will be my existence, my cave will become my art  
My music the sound of stone against stone  
My pain the one of others, limbs that I'll snatch from victims  
Now all seems clear and outlined to me as it must be