

Disenchantment

IGNEA

We saw it coming, betrayals are part of this world
Yet without doubts, we brought you our precious inmost
Living in balance, divine and terrestrial realms
Were like reflections but now the connection is trapped

Fire of life was a gift that we put to your legs
You chose to use it for death
We had enough of your worships, we now do not care
May other gods hear you pray

Flame has a soul, electrical sparks are a void
Messed with creation but ultimately you destroy
Wires are bonds of your foolish and blasphemous minds
You're still below, we're up high

Fire of life was a gift that we put to your legs
You chose to use it for death
We had enough of your worships, we now do not care
May other gods hear you pray

When artificial light is off
When you are burned by the watts you loved
When you return to your origins, we'll be far away
When grounds are covered with dust of war
When you are dying from freezing cold
You will return to inception, but we'll be far away