

## The Art Of A Mourning Kind

### In Mourning

Parading on the pride of others  
It is their fine art of slaughter  
One by one go down, cascading bloodstains on sacred ground  
The art of the mourning kind  
The cry of Gods children, when Eden burns

Accusing innocence  
In a Graveyard of dreams  
Showing ignorance  
To the art of the mourning kind

Undiscovered beauty, the blind men kill another one  
Just a fragment, a dear memory remains  
In the ashes of another life that drowned  
All the broken heroes are burying their nightmares in the sand  
Touched by cruelty, the ghost of shadows arrives  
And the magpie never used it's wings to fly

In the sequence of a shaded kiss  
The fearless uniformed got his tears on the inside  
All the emotions gathering on the shore  
In every moment there is one more failing hour to come

Grey light, in the silhouettes of dawning  
The weak are gathered here for mourning  
And the barbarian is honored once again  
Yet another war for the statistic statues in command

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