

Voices of the Dead

Keldian

late one night they caught me, as my boat came into harbor
I was put in prison to await the sentenced horror
one chance of escaping, one chance out through doors to nothing
wounded, blinded, crawling, I hear deathly voices taunting
me

voices of the dead speak
voices of the dead speak

on my journey, wandering, I could never avoid blaming
ills of not belonging on the change I knew was coming
but then what of them who never made it to diminish?
wounded, blinded, crawling, I hear deathly voices calling
me

voices of the dead speak
voices of the dead speak
voices of the dead speak
voices of the dead speak

out here in the desert of the dry and lonely winter
I can find no comfort in my dogged explanations
I'm confronted day by day, I can't escape their judgment
wounded, blinded, crawling, I hear deathly voices cursing
me

voices of the dead speak
voices of the dead speak
voices of the dead speak
voices of the dead speak
voices of the dead speak (genocide, genocide)
voices of the dead speak (genocide, genocide)
voices of the dead speak (genocide, genocide)
voices of the dead speak (genocide, genocide)

no, you are gone
voices of the dead speak
no, you are gone
voices of the dead speak: genocide