

Age Of Excuse VI

Mgla

Forever uphill atop the remains
Of missed chances, of hope and innocence
The withered bones of those who failed
But more so of those who didn't even try
Bursting through the barbed thickets
Sharp with guilt, deceit and shame
To the petty truths buried underneath
Layers and layers of drivel and mud

In this day and age

The litanies of overskurkens moral
Are the only prayers to be heard these days
And all those who dreamt about a True Revolution
Got distracted by hurting each other

What has to be done, has to be done
The human nature is what it is
We cover our eyes in a call to arms
And turn one edge toward ourselves

Arm in arm in this futile strife
Where cards are marked and odds are little to none
Hand in hand with fate worse than death
Relentless in discontent

In this day and age

Empires get wrecked
Principles get crushed
Saviors get crucified
History gets what?
History fucking gets over it all

And the assassins in rose tinted glasses
At the wrong end of the tunnel of light
Practitioners of paramount scorn
And those who'd rig moral compass rather than bridges

Behold the world and spit on it
The noble and the scum of the earth
Just out of some basic damned dignity
In this day and age of excuse

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