

Exercises In Futility V

Mgła

Blessed be the tailors
The masks are cut to fit

Blessed be the woodworkers
The crosses and the gallows

Blessed be the forgers of iron
And the spikes and the barbwire

Blessed be the stone cutters
It took a quarry to bury the dreams

Blessed be the misery, the filth, the discord and the horror
Blessed be the lies, the guilt, the fear, the woe and the betrayal
For these ones didn't need any outside source
For these ones come from within

And here it is
Grown from within
An invincible stronghold
Adorned with death

A suit of shining armour
Replaced the skin
And calligraphed sins
Are as coat of arms

Hollow