

(Passing By) An Old And Raped Village

Mortiis

Through boughs and leaves and stone on ground.
I feel a presence of evil, a silent sound.
An evil place once lovely and fair.
It's gardens are grey, sad voices of despair.

A village old, pillaged and raped.
All it's houses are rotten or burnt.
Here are signs of battles of old.
Raided for the virgins and their gold.
From where cometh this evil air?
The pressing warning of danger.