

# The Mortal Soul

## Night In Gales

The treasures within the collective mind of man erased  
As the sins of mankind will be forgotten

Souls will burn  
The truth of mortality  
Forever we rest in our insanity

On this warpath  
We cannot see  
On this warpath  
We strife, we cease  
And never regain

Reflecting the signs  
We once created

Dreams of death  
A morbid dance

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