

Past tense icons
locked up in cages
A disgrace to us, (and) a vital sight of (impending) doom
Upheld by insane aggression
No tender repentance, (just) denial of ugliness
With the rain come their conquest

Behold those who ride black winds
Satan, the kings are heading home

No harmony on the horizon
when our haven burns silently
An image of absolute mutiny
against those who pertain to the dearest hell

Monotonous graveyard plains -
The soul exile
Quintessence of pain -
a higher form of suffering!

(Why should man be protected,
what has he done to justify it?
This is why we embrace animals;
they represent the innocence man doesn't have)

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