

This World Shall Fall

Shylmagoghnar

Slowly - yet steadily
The curtain for mankind falls
Like chariots, unmanned, we ride
Straight towards the chasm

(And) just as sure, as the wind blows
Our great walls will crumble
We are drawn - like poison from a wound
Now only emptiness remains

We have abandoned; cast our rights away
We have run our course
The final chapter; is closing near
As vultures circle to feed

Like chariots, unmanned, we ride
Straight towards the chasm

This world shall fall!