

Conjuring The Thoughts

Skyfire

Towards the line that
separates life from death
Marching towards the freedom
that you think you will win
Heroes behind cowardly
creations gives no respect
Sleepless lie the enemies
awaiting the next move

A nothingness that is formed
into something greatly
A ghost that many others
already have turned into
We all are wandering towards
extinction, coldness
And this is where you
want to create life?

Giving birth to a life that is
to follow the trace
But the ghost you hunt will
never ever let you win
You sacrifice your life for it all,
this is the end of the race
The life you live will soon
be taken for its sin

Doomsday, the very last
day in your existence
The thought conjures cold
shivers along your spine
Have you done your share
or have you fumbled?
Hordes of people flees
from their home
Burning fires make your
eyes become blind

Transforming into beasts while
judging and imitating their acts
The mist of death spreads
from land to land
Burning fires make your
eyes become blind
And is this where you
want to create life?

A war built upon invented extraction
You will become one in the end
Or will you fall?
You will get the answer
A war built upon invented extraction
You will become one in the end
Or will you fall?
You will get the answer