

Monuments

The Haunted

The martyrs have fallen
Never to rise again
A new dawn breaks
All that remains, are the monuments

The masters dethroned
Now withering with the sands of time
Casting their shadows
All that remains are the monuments

In a world of hate, the fallen, the heroes, the weak
All forgotten, now monoliths of the damned

Storm clouds gathering
The old decrees falls like hailstones
Awaiting the slow burn sunset
Revocate the old beliefs
A day of death and dying conviction
All that remains are the monuments

Spoils of war
The leaders, the outcasts, the pure
All forgotten, now monoliths of the damned