

Still a blind believe for raging memories
For a forced interpretation of these fearful sceneries
Creeping through the blood-soaked ruins, ethical disease
For a leadership on both sides of a river flowing deep
Restraining and gaining for rust and mud and blaming
Revelation, cremation for whole
Worlds peoples reputation

They're walking through madness and call the end
An aeon of tragic and God's descent
All ended November a waxing moon
And Aries guided them into doom

Cold the hands and cold the hearts and brains so blunt
For a basal viability and a new dawn they hunt
Listening to the impacts, testimonium of pain
Resting within ruined futures and the futureless to maim
Explain me, obtain thee, how rich the poor one's can be...
1813 still hurting and new fronts ruling, bursting

They're walking through madness and call the end
An aeon of tragic and God's descent
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So many lives sacrificed but for nothing they have died
Strength to ride for a world killed by day and night
It's so many lives, a breathing sacrifice
But for what they died, an uncountable price
A pandemonium without a pendulum
System elementum without its ...cerium
They're walking through madness to be an aeon of my doom
Cerium lost and gone like the reaper's pendulum!