

Down, Ghost Along The Mississippi

Lords, can it be mistakes

Throughout the constant vows of the lost and gone, blind and wrong

Inside a faith without a home, a fire that is cold

But grows so well, who's to tell, about it all

A nation cannot see, the hardest part to take

Is not for me, the dying trees

This is what wars are made of

Haunted...

The readings cracked and grey and plagiarized to date

Altered by the bastards of pure disguise of seas and skies

The pagan drums should wake, the sleeping of the fools to forget the church's language

Who's the fool, me or you

The greatest mask of fate, the longest battle through the text of great predictions

For me and you, the old and new

This is what wars are made of

Haunted...