

Heaven Shall Burn, To Inherit The Guilt

To erase three generations.
To slaughter millions of dreams.
A monument of suffering.
Build from human flesh.
A world taken away from ever.
Existence turns to ashes.
How many poets dies, how many books.
Were never written, so many songs we'll.
Never hear, so many friends we'll never meet.
No answer to find.
No killers left to charges.
Wash from hands in innocence.
Our crime is called forgetting.
Just one bloodshed in history.
But our shame for ever.