

Neaera, God Forsaken Soil

We are the Breed of a New Dawn
Born from a Different Light
We are Choking on Your Archaic Voices
We Breathe a New Age's Mind

You Rest on your Cross and Tradition
In Defiance of Change and Progression
Against the Face of Modernism
The Holy Church of Escapism

Conservatism, Immunity and Pride
Has Pushed you Far Aside
Versus renewal and Equality
You have Mistaken Your Fear for Dignity

Avoid the Open Wide
Don't Endanger Your Pride
Ages Keep Changing - Your Values Don't
Upon Mere Tradition
You Build Your Fragile Thrones

You Rest On Your Cross and Tradition
In Defiance of Change and Progression

The Ancient World
A Timeless Mask?

Of Splendour, Sublimity
From Power to Neglect
A Glory Unwavering
Another Flawless Sect?

[Chorus]

The Vatican Stands on God-Forsaken Soil
With One Foot in the Middle Ages
Hands are Bound to a Bygone Doctrine
And Eyes Allergic to Reality

Standing on God-Forsaken Soil
Cursed with Blessed Stagnation