

Puissance, Trace Elements

There is a strange look of expectations of the faces of the people I meet
There is a building tension in the air, traces of sulphur in the breaths I take
It seems that something has been growing, behind our backs for a long long time
It's war you taste when you open your mouth, it's the iron of blood awaiting to be spilled
It's the winds of revelation that are coming, the storm of Armageddon is soon to be released

There is a glow at the horizon, a second sun sets in the east
Still there is hope for a future, pure rid of people at least
Hope we so secretly carry, the one day we may just be free
Free of the lies and liars, that all that remain is debree

You may not admit it openly, you may not admit it at all
But most things in your life is empty, hollow shallow and false
You might not even feel the longing, to be out out of your misery
But if you were handed the answer, I'm sure you all agree

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I don't believe it's impossible, I don't think the road is too long
I'm quite convinced we can bring this, even if most consider it wrong
As we have said so many times, and history has proven us right
It only takes but a dozen, to transform our day into night

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