

Rage, The Crawling Chaos

It was the year of madness and insanity.
There was no other cure for my disease.
The overdose - I took it 'cause I had to flee,
it was nearly a journey that had no return,
the fever burned, I was gone -delirium.

There I was striding to heaven and they were calling me from beyond and I heard
Don't look back!
But I did and my eyes, they can't forget that sight
'cause all water and land was dead.

Destroyed, denied, all tears undried,
the crawling chaos comes.
The twilight died, eternal night,
the crawling chaos comes.

A giant maelstrom, absorbing what we'd left back,
the deserts of cadaverous, mortal loam
and jungles of decay and decadence, where once
had been the homelands of my people,
temples of my ancestors, they were gone, dead and gone

Then the cracks in the ground, they were breaking up
and all water was streaming in,
manifesting the sight of the dead Berlin and London and Paris were graves