Remission Blame, Dusk over magic land

Red sun comes down Bring smell of ancient flowers This is the beginning Of new mysterious day Old threes remember everything Good and bad years When human beings want To compete with God Here I am, here You are Between historic war In this dangerous world Everyone sold his soul No more rights, no more help You are on your own Find the truth, find yourself And always by prepare Clean mountain rivers Ale mixed with blood Old lakes are poisoned **Everythings lost** Beautiful birds dont fly Above our head Black fog is now Your friend Dont let it happen Red sun comes down Take smell of ancient flowers This is the end Of old mysterious day