

# 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