

Septic Flesh, The Future Belong To The Brave

Decline is the symptom of the failure to evolve forwards
Change was and will be the most permanent element of experience
deny to go on and you will be left back
Going backwards by remaining stagnant

We watch from our abodes
As hawks we cut the electric skies.
With pride
We keep the order, designing fate
We give access to countless futures...

A time of exodus will come.
The time to break out from the womb
And ships will lower down on Taia
On shining arks then we will go
On lands and stars forgotten...

The origin of riddles, what can restore the lunar wings
Is challenge of the underworld
For challenges to come, we will stand against the tide
Under the banner of the brave

Mission AIEPIA, the future belongs to the brave
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