

Withering Surface, The White Path

Orbital decay, saddle the right horse
The sickness of their weakness
Their pain values high

And our lives seems so empty
Upon the savage shores
Laughing in controlled madness
Have a look, but not too deep

Orbital decay, raise the iron flag
Leave the path astray
The White Path

The deeds, the rights, the cross of iron
The faith, the trust, raise the iron flag

The White Path
Enter self, follow the path against the lying faith
Leave your sign, raise the flag
Place the trust in the dying race

Orbital decay, saddle the right horse
The sickness of their weakness
Their pain values high

Orbital decay, raise the iron flag
Leave the path astray
Sense the lying plague
Resist before it is too late