

# ANTYTILA, HELLO

Trenches as brows on a bloody land's face,  
After low blow there's no one left to blame,  
Just lonely hope, and timeline in the space,  
Swallowing all mistakes.  
Did you expect that, God?  
Did we satisfy you in deeds?  
Do we really matter yet?

Hello from hazy tomorrow!  
Hello, what dreams do you follow?  
Hello, if you keep on feeling?  
Hello.  
Don't turn your misunderstandings  
In thunder of guns in the air,  
You'll set worlds on fire!

In prayer we met,  
This is where we made our stand.  
At the time, when glowed red buttons under the palms.  
When all was spent on iron missiles.  
Which burned from dusk till dawn.  
Who'll dare to glue after all,  
This one single Soul, broken up,  
In front of the abyss.