Arch Enemy, City of the Dead

In this city of broken dreams
Monuments of death arise
This is the necropolis
Where the nameless live and breathe
Rotten tombs of ancient kings
Days of glory are gone
A mockery to the living souls
Confined in darkness
Trapped inside these walls
Between their fathers' bones
Stillborn to this world
All their hopes are lost
Doomed to live on a burial ground
An empty shrine their home
The poorest of society
Find some shelter but no peace
Children play between the stones
Laughter echoes from the walls
Their cradle of innocent joy
Will be their grave of sorrow
Trapped inside these walls
Between their fathers' bones
Stillborn to this world
All their hopes are lost
No safety, no dignity, no light, no justice
No future, no home and nowhere to go
Their misery frustration, anger, depression
Sadness, madness will drown in hatred
Trapped inside these walls
Between their fathers' bones
Stillborn to this world
All their hopes are lost