

Aseidad, The Burn

You thought you were in heaven
but suddenly everything turns to change
the yard is burning at the garden of eden
and no one seems to care.

This is the year of silence
this is our grave.
This is the age of violence
the end of the beautiful dream.

The blood of the innocents falls from the clouds
It's the turn of the sun to burn our bones
Look them pray, poor little clowns,
in the line of death, they were the first ones.

This is the year of silence
this is our grave.
This is the age of violence
the end of the beautiful dream.