

Atrocity, Sky Turned Red

An old weak, grey man on the hill
Alone, sad he looks down, down the vale

He remembers the old days, shadows of past
The old days, memories he's lost
He's searching for reasons, recalling the past
For reasons, fractive remains

He has before his eyes
As the sky turned red
Changed the world it's face

Naught was anymore like before
As the sky turned red
Fertile days were gone

Many moons raised and set since that time
Now he's afraid of the return
He has settled life once and for all

He looks at the ruins of nature
Mankind's work is done
Vermens stay behind the downfall
Weeds grow apace

Withered trees- degenerated
Desolated- tract of country
Storming clouds- Unnatural colour
Threatening, mystic phenomena

Birds flight away
With them our dreams
Years of destination
Took life away

Inactive all the time
Man's sense of guilt
Now bones like glass
He never can take measures

(Sky turned red)
The omen strikes again
(Sky turned red)
The back of beyond

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Changed the world it's face

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Fertile days were gone