

Autumn Leaves, Blood

Awaiting the war of ages thoughts awake
Sickness builds within our souls
Piercing through the hearts of the weak
Tremendous tribulation brought unto mankind
Self-destruction is at hand

Reaching the point of the return
the battles we fight are glowing
Now the reality of our planet burning
Is reaching the surface now showing

The insanity - will it ever stop?
Not in a thousand years
We are doomed to bring ourselves down

All life near the end
The chances of survival minimal
The rage of humanity has grown strong
The result of our non-intelligence