

Caliban, Suffocated In The Exhaust Of Our Machines

[Heaven Shall Burn]

Suffocated in the exhaust of our machines, as we turn our faces away, and hold our tongues driven
Agony of mother earth wounds nobody will ever heal.
We produce and consume more and more, we kill and we rape again and again.
Collective suicide our future entranced.
A sea of ashes, where deep forests grew.
On our way to the top we just left deserts behind cleaned and burned.
Barren landscapes.
Contaminated soil.
By polluting our rivers, we poison our blood.
By devastating our forest, we slaughter our souls.
The signals can't be ignored.
The time to change is long overdue.
This disease will be cured.
But our children will be the first to go.