

Convulse, The Green Is Grey

In the middle of the green valleys deep inside the gloomy hills
conceals the origin of all that is in existence
Thousands of years ago people were pieces of us all
but now the virginity is gone and the green is grey
All of the time digging your own grave blind to see the omen of bloody end
It was time to sow but now it's time to reap and your time withers away
like flowers in my meadow