Down, Landing On The Mountains Of Meggido

Lords, can it be mistakes
Throughout the constant vows of the lost and gone, blind and wrong
Inside, a faith without a home
A fire that is cold, but grows so well, who's to tell
About it all, a nation cannot see
The hardest part to take, is not for me, the dying tree

This is what wars are made of

Haunted

The readings cracked and grey, and plagiarized to date Altered by the bastards, of pure disguise, of seas and skies The pagan drums should wake, the sleeping of the fools To forget the church's language, who's the fool, me or you The greatest mask of fate, the longest battle through The text of great predictions, for me and you, the old and new

This is what wars are made of

Haunted