

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