

Eldritch, No Direction Home

We are the age, no restriction shall stop the brave

We've got the rage of who's trapped in a fancy cage

The rage of the useless scorn of the unaware new born

We've got the flame and the fear of the dark's been lost

We've got the blame and the cure in our thirsty veins

We pine the deadly blow from a world that changed too fast
grown too slow...

One of the Heaven's bringer of despair, stop us if you can

with thunder rising from thin air,

show the power, show the might, show the light

We've got the greed of locust that flies, kills and breeds

We've got the speed, but we drive over boundless fields

We rush against a wall, lost in this world too vast
grown too small...

One of the Heaven's bringer of balance, won't we eat each other

or won't we have another chance?

Show the limit, show the gate, show the way

For I've been drifting, no direction home, no direction

not at all, for I've been roaming, roaring

just to conceal a weep

We were born to be the least, just the meat for worms to feast

so rise up, rise up on lost horizons

We were born to be the least, weak & wicked, weak the most

We were born to be the least, wo rise the highest to fall the best