

Epiclore, Seal To A Century

After a peaceful and quiet era
the age of the new race is calling
Species of pain and corruption thus far
they have seen the future - they're falling
I will give you no power divine
for to challenge the rage of the thunder
But you will gain a curse upon your kind

Behold the sea, the cradle of life:
ruined and decayed - a shame on your kind
You rape the oceans, earth and sky
Leaving the care and worries behind
We are your fate, we infer and feed
on top of the sky and below the sea
We raise a plague upon mankind
and over the years the Seal To A Century reprised

One for the land, for the earth and the sea
will find her way through the fire
Even the science and theology
sustain the nature's desire
I will blame you for what you have done
to the holy, the lord of existence
She will finally rise and judge you all

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