

# Esqarial, Broken Link

Before the dust falls down  
The fury turns to peace  
A figure stoops under weight of the crown  
Looking for target to spread deadly disease

There's too much suffering  
I know who pulls the strings  
The witch hunt has begun  
For spoils they broke the link

Being in the center of attention  
With my indifference I contribute to this nightmare  
Their blood stings my hands  
Their screams inside my head  
It is a matter in which my life is concerned  
The fire, the pyre made of books that must be burned

Involved I turn the blind eye to injustice of others  
With my work I earn the favour of the fathers

Persecution in good faith  
Flames leave no doubt who's guilty

I did not a hand's turn  
When they were cleansing infidel souls