

Esqarial, The Day When the Sun Went Out

Shake yourself free from torpidity
Rub your eyes to see the nearness of insanity
Lightless corridors too winding for the goal to be seen
Walls imbued with blood watch with silent reproach

Trapped in the maze of their own rage
Ground burns feet and hides the curse of the age
Is there any chance to save humanity
When the only view is a rod of your own cage.

Reload your gun bearing on mind that the last bullet is destined for you

Country underground
Oxygen is running out
In the day when the sun went out
Dripping water measures persistence of time

Candle's burned down and I feel so tired
The limit of the common sense allotted by barbed wire
It's our private war
Senseless as the true one
In the day when the sun went out
Killing is the only fun