

# Exilia, My Prophecy

Hand over hand, climbing to the sky  
Over the mountains, up in the ice  
I see the oceans before the light  
It's too late to deny

2060, the days are gone  
The forest is burning with mother earth  
There's no return  
And we have no sun  
Flowers are spiders

Another tree falls in it's doom  
The toxic reaction will be the view  
The sentence is clear for what we didn't do  
Butterflies are dragonflies  
We are burning now  
We are burning now  
We are burning like we were nothing

Burning alive, burning with your world  
Somebody waits, somebody waits his turn  
Burning alive, burning with your world  
Burn like a prophecy

Hand over hand, climbing to the top  
No rainbows now, all we have is walls  
There is no air we can't breathe enough  
It's too late, it's too dark

A little child confides in you  
The contamination is getting through  
There is no mercy, there is no cure  
Flowers are spiders  
We are burning now  
We are burning now  
We are burning like we were nothing

Burning alive, burning with your world  
Somebody waits, somebody waits his turn  
Burning alive, burning with your world  
Burn like a prophecy  
Burning alive, burning with your world  
Somebody waits, somebody waits his turn  
Burning alive, burning with your world  
Burn like a prophecy

My prophecy  
My prophecy  
My prophecy

We are burning now  
We are burning now  
We are burning like we were nothing  
Burning alive, burning with your world  
Somebody waits, somebody waits his turn  
Burning alive, burning with your world  
Burn like a prophecy

Burning alive  
We're burning alive  
Burning alive  
Burning with your world  
Burn like a prophecy