

# Flesh Field, Prophecy

The water turns to dust,  
And the sky comes crashing down.  
And you will know they're coming  
When all you hear are sounds  
Of the screams of the Earth,  
And the howling of the wind.  
And when your time has come to break away,  
You will never win.  
For they crush all their opposition,  
And slaughter their own kind  
With their bleeding hearts of stone.  
They're in their right mind.

Digging will take you nowhere.  
Your blindness, an unexpected blessing.  
Your eyes that do not see  
Hold the key to the fate of humanity.

Fate is nothing more than lies;  
A false way to prophesize.  
And the weakness of humanity  
Was born from its own disease.