

Human Fortress, Under Black Age Toil

Under black age toil we live

That night the stars shot madly from
Their spheres and we're raging like a violent storm
And the moon that was no crescent but
His horns were visible within the circumference
One saw more devils vastest hell can hold

Within moonshine we left to bury the dead
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve

The pestilence has taken our eyesight
And our graves are gaping wide
Everyone sets forth his dying sprite
And the church way paths to glide
Through dead bodies - nor rich or poor
Anymore with stolen pride

Under black age toil we live

Oh scornful masters we leave our homes
Under black age toil our sweat runs bold
Let the pestilence resolve our end
We won't leave our fathers land
We won't learn trial patience for a customary cross

We've abandoned to relieve and heal
Even strong men with their hearts of steel
And the beggars, fools our knights and kings
Met the demon with this blackened wings