Konkhra, The Lions Are Hungry

In darkened days, our falling from grace A bleeding man with something to say Fulfil this ancient prophecy Return to our serenity Mars, Saturn and jupiter All the power in the universe Will turn a monkey into god To rule the earth from above The last to be the first to go:

And then they bow their heads To get their just reward Their soul is saved, their flesh Will burn in countless of wars

Through the ages the fires burn
The ones in power overturned
Man falls into oblivion
The codes of faith enslave
False prophets to rule our time
The lies cluster the thinking mind
No man escapes our our destined fall
So stand in line, until your number's called