

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