

# Lack, Soot, Smoke And Ash

The world is open, the world is free  
You could have been anything you wanted to be  
Seen every place you wanted to see

You need not crawl and break your knee  
Don't break your knee

You could have stolen  
The key from Peter's hands  
And brought your tyrants down

It could have been beauty, not burders and coils  
The gallows and the bloody soils  
The unmarked graves, sharpened knives  
The prison cells and broken lives

You speak in moans and sighs  
And your towers collapse  
As you reach the sky

You have become death  
Destroyer of worlds  
With no sanctuaries in your netherworld

Where your churches and havens  
Are monuments to fear  
Monoliths of the doom  
In your heart and soul

So in the end, for there is an end  
When you shudder a sigh  
Bent and broken  
Worn out and worn down,  
You'll ask yourself  
What have we gained?

Three worlds will answer you:  
Soot, smoke, ash