

Meadows End, Deadlands

So now our hero's fallen!
Seeks sanctuary to feed his soul.
He don't know where he's gone but he has lost control.
A place for the souls to rest, in a painful slumber.
Death meadows guarded by angels for centuries

We're no mortal-beings experiencing purity.
But we are born spiritual!
Granted a mortal life, granted the gift of birth, marble pieces in a soul creation

Screams!!!
Trapped in mouth of man.
To bear such fear!
To not speak, to not feel, to not dare.
To not know what face to see.
To be sojourned.

And as the curtain falls, his body reeks and pains.
The frostclad tears undone.
Death meadow shelter gone

Give your soul up heir!!
And face the embrace of nature.
Turn your back upon your gods!
Pure your soul ablaze!
Can't feel the creation in thee!
You bear the life... we seek!

Deadlands!!
A somber nation draped in shades!
Where resting souls can wander free
Deadlands!!
A way to embrace your life in time
Where no one's left for centuries