

Meadows End, Remnants

Many years has passed now, since the treason came before us.

People are suffering still, breathing fear.

And it comes from within, agony brings them to despair, seeks vengeance upon those who started

None speaks the treason, silence feasting on hearts so frail.

Families plundered, families slain.

Once lush and prospering, now desert meadows and vast land fields.

A war swiftly passed but the remnants were cursed...

Ignorance burn as plague rests, suffer engage the reaper bow.

They bear, in fear, out here.

Death come out of here!

A pale hooded figure stepped through the odour, simply walking away.

No more feeding from outstretched hands or promises.

This hooded creature were born to a slave, a circumstance he rejects.

Fathers and fathers of dead generations, all born the same...

Utter curses of pestering silence.

This son will not take it no more.

Mediating with inner turmoil.

What in hell is this conscience for?

Temptations are fed through the heart, screaming at peace, screaming out harshly of lure.

Was this how the meaning of life meant to be?

A fire in his eyes as dark as disguise.

This son will not take it no more.

Reverence for fathers and time that has gone.

What in hell is this conscience for?

Leaving his family oathed to a blood feud for fathers and fathers of dead generations.

Imbued with will, setting his feet for the road...