

# Mors Principium Est, Inhumanity

Again we're on the line  
and this time i feel the day is not mine  
Touch gently on the surface  
or crash like hell  
I won't be sacrificed

I let the hours wear my heart  
I leave the others to impale nightly moon  
and when I hear the call crying loud  
I just turn and turn and run away

Impleasent all the way  
still a form of life tradition yet remains  
and when its starts to rain  
I seek for shelter and blow my storm away

I let the hours wear my heart  
I leave the others to impale nightly moon  
and when I hear the call crying loud  
I just turn and turn and run away