

Nasum, Relics

Take aim at your promised land
Where would you be without it?
Destroy your legacy so grand
No "peace" will halt your vengeance

...and so again...
What makes you settle so convinced?
A relic that leaves no room for peace?

So fragile it has always been
Outside main focus

Your focus should be suffering
Or have their cries made you go numb?
Can't you see the enemy within?
Blind with hate you desecrate what brought you here

...but then again...
It makes you settle so convinced
A relic that leaves no room for peace

So fragile it has always been
Outside your focus

Extinction - your final goal
Now you're the relic

...and so again...
You stand here settled, so convinced
Blindfolded, hatefilled, without regrets

The centre of attention
Doomed, you stand and fight the flames...
...lit by your own hand
You can't float upon the river of flame