

# Paramaecium, The Chosen Land

Over time they've forsaken that great war crime of the ages  
I dig and toil with bleeding hands and recoil  
At the thought of mine own sunken faith  
My own heart is as hard as this land  
Which has been chosen by the Ancient of Days

Over time I embrace all the words sublime of the pages  
I rend the soil with bleeding hands and recoil  
At the thought of my life

Now as I stand at the edge of the field of Armageddon  
I understand warfare that's been  
And wars that are yet to be seen now  
I understand warfare now

Over time I embrace all the words sublime of the pages  
I rend the soil with bleeding hands and recoil  
At the thought of mine own sunken faith  
My own soul is as dry as this land  
Which has been chosen by the Ancient of Days

Over time they've forsaken that great war crime of the ages  
I dig and toil with bleeding hands and recoil  
At the thought of these fields of blood turned to dust