

Saints of Eden, Millenium Dawn

A barren scene, no counter veil, everything stands still.
Intensity, a pre-empted tale, where silence the air does fill.
What do you believe 'Millennium' It's time to see.
It was a mark that seemed so far away. So bitterness turned sweet.
But where to be the next vanish point. A target we've yet to reach.
Celebrating and loosing faith-in, do messangers call?
Togheter tasting, like full on wasting. Today we rise, tomorrow we fall.
I see rain and snow. Temperatures fall to a record below.
I see tables rise, as continents crumbling, severing sides. War and pain.
A greed that's followed by whoever insane. Lightening strikes. A terror inside.