

Solitude Aeternus, Plague Of Procreation

In the world of distortions
Procreation our doom
Images set before us
Weigh false in truth

Swords from other lands
Are wet with blood
An enemy invades us
The great plague has come

Leaders of the twisted sect
Backwards in their love
Bind upon terrors chain
Shackles of the prophet's vision

The Plague of Procreation
The white satin blood
The Plague of Procreation
On Earth it is done

In a madman's deliverance
Destruction's fire
This drive inside our veins
Only fool's desire

Through shallow cities vast
Crying souls pray for death
Like ruins that never collapse
In the final face of regret