

# Solitude Aeturnus, 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  
Chorus:  
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