

Subliritum, Fear The Morning To Come

This night is filled with silent fear and horror
We look towards the sky
And we know what our written word has told
It can tell us everything we seek for if we just listen
We can hear and feel the icy winds sneaking upon us
We can feel the coming of complete darkening in our bodies
The following tears from our eyes will be uncountable
Our warriors and heroes are prepared for this day
But will they win? Will they find what they are seeking for?
What can we expect of this morning to come?
This night is filled with silent fear and horror
How can we be strong enough to let these
Evil, cold forces just drift away?
Are we know heading towards complete Armageddon?
We seek for answers,
But will we ever find them until it is too late?
Heavily breathing and our hands folded as this night invades us.
Will this be the final hour in peace?
We never know what the future will bring
This might be our final breath in peace
Can you hear the cries coming from the battlefields
Thousands are dying for sure, will it be you or me
I wonder as the blood stench are stoking my mind
You must fear the morning to come