

Undying, Echoes

echoes of mesopotamia

a whispered disease that left us on knees too weak to stand
upon this empire nature's purity revealed
wave the sword of science, keep the truth concealed
we are the ten thousand year reich - with us let it end
to the sands of time that lent destruction a hand
let harmful ways amend
for the path has been chosen, the damage is done
but our culture continues its course

sip poisoned wine from the chalice of one culture's way
down the highways of progress we've paved
crosses stand erect where death won the day
and we prayed our mortal souls to save

when one does not see what one does not see
one does not even see one is blind

do we choose to close our eyes
or is it the veil is so stained
by the treasons of our humanity
that we're helpless of knowing new ways?

a tender hush lulls us to sleep
our hope lies shattered like broken glass
march upon hollow dreams
take me back to an unseen past,
and cleanse our minds wrecked by time

listen, can you hear them?
it's such comfort knowing they are there
looking over our every move,
and guiding us in the right direction
without them what would we be
but lost souls trapped in an untamed jungle?
what would we be
but a species undeserving of our proper place?
without this civilization
our way of thinking, our way of life,
what would we be?
what kind of lives would we be living?
what would we do and where would our paths take us
without the whispered lies of angels...

death to the wisdom of the ancients
five hundred generations - now it seems we are forever lost
like priests cloaked in dominion's robes
cut up, control, shape this world in a better way
you've staked your claim so dance in the flames...

...while we fight to write our names.
on the walls of this world going down
what are we fighting for? whose world are you fighting for?
if ours is the voice that knows only silence
then to whom should we turn for recourse?