

Undying, When The Heavens Shed Tears

the final war to purge and purify this sacred world - vilified.
one culture interred with righteousness, weaved from deception.
down on bent knees we cry for salvation.
upon death we feast with blood soaked deceit
destruction creeps but demons don't speak.
for the truth makes hearts bleed with sorrow
so angels watch the funeral march
and wait for a desined tomorrow

preyed upon by the pestilence of avarice and ignorance.
from the cradle to the grave we forfeit.
freedom to the ranks of slaves

demons dance to a black symphony
as the war comes quick to a close
and angels on high look down
in disgust to a dead earth that circles below

when the heavens shed tears
a sordid dusk rapes their sun-sorched machinery of disease.
this brutal path we tread etched by tears of the damned.
the art of salvation crafted by hands that would kill... that would kill

a wasteland,
a ruin is all that remains as this iron-age dissolves life to commodity,
our souls committed to atrocity,
no sort of prayer can save us now but...

still we will fight down from the heavens into the arms of my mother earth.
to burn the cradle of civilization - returned to dust,
still we will fight down from the heavens