

# Unearth, Predetermined Sky

in the heart of the land of creation  
grows a threat which cannot be healed  
efforts soar to restore generations  
grave results give this outbreak the nail  
the growing devastation  
brings human extinction  
this plague aims at our weakness  
predetermined sky  
cradles fall into pine for the mourning  
wailing cries blend endless each day  
poverty proves more than a lifestyle  
sumpathy can not sure disease  
this plague aims at our weakness  
predetermined sky  
blind eye  
saw a man on the streets of lusaka  
selling coffins to a passer bye  
how can we live in a world that lets millions die  
how can we live with such a tragic side  
how can we live in a world that let's the millions die  
that let's the millions cry  
that let's us agonize  
show us the way to terminate.  
immersed in all our dusts is the mother world