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