

Chronicles Of The Dead

Falchion

Now here I am
In the coldest rain of night
I'm the last man standing and
I try to remember

Burning remains
Of my home, my light
Why it's just gone
Why there's no life in sight

Tyrants
New law rising
A triumph is
In all their minds and thinkings

Their figures
Carved in marble
Power-hungry
And ill-advised, insane

Among the scorched ruins
The writings of the last of the living
Words of wisdom and peace and life
Future dreams, all smashed and torn

The knowledge I must pass on
But there's not a soul on this planet
So in silence will I crawl into my shallow grave

All are blind to see it clear
Propaganda reaching all
Decisions made in haste
Protesters deafened with deadly force

Armies marching on
Nations are on fire
Millions are bleeding
Millions are burning

The knowledge I must pass on
But there's not a soul on this planet
So in silence will I write the last chapter of
The chronicles of the dead

The final battle, flaming showdown
Total chaos, total war
Take your last breath and wait
Still waving the flag of hate, soon dead

This knowledge I must pass on
But there is not a soul on this planet
So in silence I'm writing my last words into the chronicles of the dead