

# 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?