

Borknagar, Ruins Of The Future

Ruins of the Future

Upon the ruins of the future
I climbed to behold
A distance so pale
An existence so cold

Resembling the views
These angels of damnation
As my mind came and flew

Upon the ruins of future
I stood to be told
That the future will fail
Upon the hands that fold

At the edge of the horizon
I saw the harmony of havoc
The path of the marauders
Transient yet tremendous

Upon the failure, denial of token
Upon the speech, in my tongue spoken
The sign, the pulse that protrude
The resound, the return
The sequence that conclude, the fall of man

Upon the ruins of the future
I climbed to behold
A distance so pale
An existence so cold

Resembling the views
These angels of damnation
As my mind came and flew

Upon the ruins of the future
I settled to be bold
When the downfall arises, as I am told

The denomination of the grandiose demise
Granted as the imious impetus

Upon the failure, denial of token
Upon the speech, in my tongue spoken

Upon the ruins of the future
I settled to be bold
When the downfall arises, as I am told