

Remission Blame, Dusk over magic land

Red sun comes down
Bring smell of ancient flowers
This is the beginning
Of new mysterious day
Old threes remember everything
Good and bad years
When human beings want
To compete with God
Here I am, here You are
Between historic war
In this dangerous world
Everyone sold his soul
No more rights, no more help
You are on your own
Find the truth, find yourself
And always by prepare
Clean mountain rivers
Ale mixed with blood
Old lakes are poisoned
Everythings lost
Beautiful birds dont fly
Above our head
Black fog is now
Your friend
Dont let it happen
Red sun comes down
Take smell of ancient flowers
This is the end
Of old mysterious day