

# Tacere, Born Of The Ground

Behind this veil of lies, among this squalor  
Amid tears, I cry out, I know the truth  
From my ghastly haven I watch the nightly sky  
The crescent's eerie moonlight cloaks my livid face

Look at these chantries  
With immense harness of ones fear  
They obfuscate the truth

They think our eccentricity is detrimental  
This decadent system disdains us as pariahs  
Now we want to bestow our arcane knowledge  
Now listen to these words and revel in pride

We've got to draw in  
Those protean truths, they are all lies  
This age-old knowledge will free us:

Out of this world we all came Not from heavens  
We belong to the ground From dust to dust art we  
All the nature is our mire She shall not deceive  
We are the existence And the existence is us

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