

Triumvirat, The Earthquake 62 A.D.

Deceitful sunshine rose above
Pompeii, it's homes and streets
That morning of 5th February
Sixty-two a.d.

There were no signs of panic
And there were no signs of hate
Which turned out to be errors
Pre-arranged by human fate

The way of life did not contain the chance
Of times to end
No use in shooting arrows
When the bow is overbent

They failed to please their gods
They didn't please their mother earth
Destruction was the only way
To give room to new life
These modern sources will change the times

The warning born in unknown skies
Had deathly been ignored
Pompeii's lights were fading out
That afternoon was short

The planet opened up it's mouth
To gulp it all away

The night Pompeii died
Seemed like the devil's fair
A morbid deal was signed and sealed
Vesuvius raised his hands,
"We'll see you there!"