The metallic sounds, which we heard of playing in slow motion.

Groaned under the guise of the divine we were told

Of stories of superstitious merciless hearts hacking their own.

How we thought that they were just monsters that lacked emotion!

We criticized them and their notion

Because they believed their whims – the ones that they could never atone.

Numerous wars had already flown.

When would they stop? Why all the commotion?

Hey, that was a war between differing religions.

They mighta been full a promise and full a future,

But aah! – The screams of their cruelty haunts that purity.

Sniff. Now the blood from their metals is gone, no more religious obligations.

The times have changed since those days of slaughter.

The metals have broken and so will our little fights – don’t cha agree?