

Stay The Course

Heaven Shall Burn

Consistent, pushing aside all disbelief;
Abandon my friends, my home
Losing my mother tongue
But I will bear this heavy loss

Former brothers calling me betrayer
And burned the words we wrote
I will overcome
Solaced by this certainty this delusion will fade

Our words of reason, lost in the roar of the cadence
The beacon of humanity, beclouded by their cold, black sun
In the scattered light of all your torches his rotten face
Seems like a savior's smile to you

An army of lost sons still hidden in the dark
A voice of an enslaved nation
A force of banished daughters
We have to stay the course!
Consistent, without anguish!

We may sow the seeds of upheaval just from the outside;
But with burning hearts we shall recur