

On The Morrow

In Legend

Your lie supply cannot satisfy all my hunger
For the wisdom in your words
Your soul control is not tight enough to constrain me
To my love of liberty

Wings we've been given need to spread
You gotta get away and fly
Our own volition is the sky

Don't need your doubts to be planted in my
Different point of view
Your train of thoughts
Just brings about
Insanity
Don't wanna live
Those plans of yours
Don't need your dreams
To reach my shores
Don't teach me faith
If you don't trust
In your own words - just words - so devious like dust

Wings we've been given need to spread
You gotta get away and fly
Our own volition brings us to
Ever closer to the sky!
Wings we've been given need to spread
Why would I walk if I'm to fly?
Our own volition brings us up to the sky

Guts and glory
You'd better live up to your story
Kill your prey
Become the author of your day
Face your traitors
For they don't hesitate to trade us

No more sorrow
Another battle on the morrow
No more pain
We never ever get insane
No more heros
For they don't fucking care to save us
Spread your wings

You could stay in line...
Or march to a different drummer
Let them go!
Ask yourself
Would you die
For the things worth living for?

Wings we've been given need to spread
...
Our own volition is the sky