

A New Breed

My Ticket Home

The first of new breed.
Make me a beast. Make me a slave.
Give me chains in a world that I can't control.
We fight among ourselves. Cowering beneath the whip.
No longer will we be.
No more will we be their weapons of war.
No rest for the dogs.
We are not the weapons of war.

This is a milestone. This is the death of my love.
Make me believe again. Make me believe I'm enough.
This is my birth again. This is the end of your way.
This is when night turns to day.

We suffer!
Uproot the shackles! Make way! Make Way!
Rebel! Rebel! Rebel! Take back control!
We will be born again. There will be a new life waiting.
I am reborn with the taste of freedom.
Be reborn and embrace freedom.

This is a milestone. This is the death of my love.
Make me believe again. Make me believe I'm enough.
This is my birth again. This is the end of your way.
This is when night turns to day.

Because the glory of one's past cannot excuse a present guilt.