

# Firestorm Redemption

Ares Kingdom

I am the offspring of resignation  
adopted by the fires of discontent  
Optimism becomes an opiate  
Survival and glory to the brave  
Struggle stirs the human spirit  
kept keen on the grindstone of toil  
Pain and fear light the fire  
But how high to stoke the flame?

Burn

Can the sheep be awakened?  
I see signs of life flicker and die  
Countless as the stars are our choices  
The road has forged before us - now choose  
not this time, a new way must be forged  
Forged to or from hell - we choose  
Salvation just within reach  
But how high must we stoke the flames?

Burn, burn, burn

The sanctimonious rabble cries louder  
Opposition for its own sake  
All caught within this maze  
How many wolves are there among us?  
If discipline is born through struggle...  
Where is it now ?  
Unconscious and buried by apathy  
A cleansing firestorm gathers and grows...

The Cloudless night sky glows at the horizon  
But the zenith remains black as pitch  
silent flashes like summer lightning  
Dawn approaches - the morning  
Horned moon rises  
This morning will be like no other  
Firestorm awaits beneath the skyline  
Awaits to consume our timid world  
Because it's time to burn again

Thunder sounds a warning  
But no one stirs to rise  
Silence descends like a funeral shroud  
A final chance passes  
The firestorm consumes the dead

Burn, burn, burn

White phosphorous flames reaching higher  
Heaven chokes on the smoke  
Mesmerised by the light of their own death  
Burning out forever  
The dust - borne by the wind...

Slash and burn and slash and burn and  
turn to fire...

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