

Use of a Weapon

Between the Buried and Me

In your city built with concrete and lies. We have
slaved away so lifeless. With every breath a
compromise. So sickened by your process and our pain.
Plague by the fear of a tomorrow, another day in vein,
we can throw all this away. Trading our sorrow for
sin. We can throw all this away.

For too long we have starved. For too long we have
fucking stayed so blind to every instinct as you paved
the way. So tomorrow we will take back every year you
stole from us, and every night silently desperate and
hopeless. Every dream never realized, and every tear
shed from these eyes.

We will sin and you will suffer. We will set fire to
your machines.

We will put life back into hearts and you will suffer.
We will run life through our veins and you will suffer.
Passion will be found in time, and your world will
fall behind us. Under your dark polluted skies, we may
live as the damned.

But our essence and soul and freedom will unfold. And
only in death shall we see the end.

For as long as the light of the sun still dances
across every sea. We will know there is something to
live and die for, and we will know every breath to be
free.