Mettle Eastern

Chris Caffery

I see the redness of the sun, I see the fading of the moon
Into the day we charter ships upon the blackened sea
Eyes peeled across the nations, some angered celebrations
In 24 we found enough, the operation's met with glee

There sits a martyr, he enjoys the sight of blood and pain
Across the border he has marched, he is just plain insane
Into horizon rises, death in roadside surprises
We spread the madness to the masses ‘cuz each father knows best

Who knows best?

The west is riddled
It's time for Mettle Eastern, Mettle Eastern
It's a way of life now
Mettle Eastern, Mettle Eastern
Mettle Eastern, Mettle Eastern

It's clear and crisp his vision, some can't resist the mission
It is amazing as their grave becomes a crystal ship
Some wish them rest in peace, some wish to blaze the East
Kings, Princes, ministers brimming eyes distilled in prophecy

We are a bearer of a message for all mankind
We need to live and must let die the fury left behind
It seems a hopeless mission, as one betrays decision
The peace is nebulous as we march on ‘cuz the son won't rest

He won't rest

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