

## Resilience

### Gospel of the Horns

The awareness, the drive of the mind  
Possessed and self driven  
A silence benign

Ride the winds of fate...  
A burning deliverance  
It's never too late

The hands of the maker  
The hands of the true  
What pleasures I feel, a thunderous image of doom  
Ripped to pieces  
An image sold through time  
It's a fight it's a fight  
But we are the first ones in line

Come on... taste blood

RESILIENT TO THE CORE...