

## To Cross The Bridge

High on Fire

Wandering warlord, tales of horror  
quest and saga snares the batterer  
Fallen victim taken capture, wheel of pain  
gives strength to un-mastered

Chained and shackled, earthen toil  
made to serve the whips and lashes  
Quench your thirst and drink this bottle  
the warrior's chains are self inflicted

Lay the steps upon the mountain  
open gates reveal the temple  
Quench your thirst and drink this bottle  
the warrior's chains are self inflicted

Mirrored armor reflects squalor  
a day will come when I will conquer  
Take your stand and cross my line  
the eye Aleph has seen my kind