

The Mortarian

Lord Of The Lost

Through skies we glide, creatures of combat
Beliefs collide to serve the bombast
Victims of none, peace is a weapon
We fight as one without confession

Fly so high through disharmony
First to die but the're calling me, is this glory?

I was born to die this way
I have sworn to fight my fate

Woes cast aside to face the menace
We've sacrificed, seen comrades perish
Inflict our will, imposed repression
We have no guilt, free from. transgression

Is this glory?

I was born to die this way
I have sworn to fight my fate
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We've taught to conform to the Mortarian code
I wonder if there's another home, is this glory?

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