

Commissioned By Kings

Oh, Sleeper

Give me your eyes so I can see through fire.
Give me your strength so I can stand so strong...
Now we walk on leathered skin to freedom.
The tempest roars but I am fearless.
With each step I crack and stretch and each breath is a sting to my chest.
My God, will this push bring purity or...
Bring out the dead! Bring out the dead!
Bring out what you will have bow down, and they will bow down.
"They're climbing, they're climbing through soil and earth."
They have my scent! "but you can stop them, I'm sure..."
Yes, I can best even the devil himself. "...but your pride has just made it worse..."
What writhing spite is unearthing here?
Why choose from prodigals a band of cowards to hoist your banner of love for the world to the slaughter?
"Just a crack, the smallest of flaws and your legs have now failed you to crawl.
You're, from the dirt, insurgent to warning, from lion to nothing at all.
Look and see, you're feeble and weak for your body fights only your heart.
Call to me and unleash the strength, your soul will begin to roar."
Give me your eyes so I can see through fire.
Give me your strength so I can stand so strong...
I breathe in your light and like fire my colors now light.
Though outnumbered by lines, we'll stay and fight.
When we reach the gates all you'll hear us say is,
"Bring out the dead! Bring out the dead!"
Bring out what you will have bow down and they will bow down.