

The Island

Oh, Sleeper

Such bittersweet
Fruits from the seeds I sowed
When I took the oar
I pulled the needle off of north
I forced my course
Without waiting for the wind's answer

I joined the infantry singing

No gods
No masters
That life is over
It's over
Forget the call, make it work and sing
No gods
No masters
Their reign is over
It's over
You're on your own, make it work

We built this ship from the wreckage
And just prayed it might be more

One step, two steps
Blood is warming in me yet
Three steps, more sweat
Now I'm gonna build my own damn throne
Even if I have to melt the one we built to make one

Why leave the fire to chase an ember?
Why would you sunder your mast for tinder?
Just for tinder
Why leave the fire to chase an ember?
Why rob the hull of your surrender?
Your surrender

We built this ship from the wreckage
But left broken we ran ashore

One more, two more
Build a wall around my world
Three more, four more
Now I'll make it out of frozen stone
This time the mountain's gonna keep it's fire clear of my throne

We built this ship from the wreckage
We, the praised, ran ashore

One day at sea
Now one more day is all that I plea
And I'll burn the oars
I'll force dependence on the wind's answer
For this world
Is all rubble masquerading pearls

Why leave the fire to chase an ember?
Why would you sunder your mast for tinder?

Just for tinder
Why leave the fire to chase an ember?
Why rob the hull of your surrender?
Your surrender

Feeling returns like a surgeon severing a nerve
Lost soul's sending pain from the phantomverse

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