

Codeword: Uprising

Orphaned Land

Thy castles we shall storm
Hierarchy of light is taking form
Enemies fall as dawn is born

Strike fear, all units act as one
Thin red line, the power of man
Ours is the path of light
Redemption through superior firepower
Mirrors shall crack, now is the hour

Sing in praise
Thy dark caress
In thee I wait
Lie still, lie still
Rage engulfs my very being!

A holy fire burns in your mind
God is perceived as a thing that's so vile
End lives of pure men, and their beloved wives
Sons and daughters they hold dear you'll defile
In thy sin you shall dwell
No humanity, a landscape of hell
See now the depths into which you have fell
Into death, ending life
Blood flows again in the river Nile

We are the terrorists of light
Shadows that haunt the innermost depths of your soul unseen to most
We are the sparks that shine so bright
Shall not live on bended knee, shall not lay down our arms while we stand

These iron shields are raised
Armed brothers together we stand
Holding our ground
No quarter is given, no quarter is asked
Enter the fray
We fight not for gain, but for freedom, not land
Storming the walls of ancient stone
Seven times we surround 'till they crush
To the ground in a thunderous sound

O brothers, let's drink to the battles ahead
Remember the fallen ones and the souls of the dead
Memories linger of these wars
In which we fought and bled

Sing in praise
Thy endless rage
In thee it waits
Lies still, lies still
Right and wrong they seem too clear

A target you wish for now beckons so near
God is within us all, what we hold dear
Ending of life is the ending of fear
Sons and daughters, they shall end our tears
In thy belief, no hate you feel but the will to forgive

See now the truth, the one which you believe
Into desire, ending the storm that still rages inside

We are the terrorists of light
Prometheus to all, torches that burn in mighty halls, shadows denied
We are the stars that shine so bright
Alpha and omega are one, the yin and the yang intertwined

Light a match in the dark
And watch it burn as the fires grow
In the veins of the world,
We are the blood that pumps and flows
Shadows reflected on fallen walls when the beacon is lit
The masks that we wear are the hearts on our sleeves
Enter the sacrament, lead us not to a path of deceit