

Ideals That Wont Surrender

Psycroptic

In this forest of dreams a light passes through
A brooding cold wind blowing through the trees
Of these ravenous ravines, the fog so thick

Set to disappear in this darkened time
Left a barren wasteland in decline
Days ahead will decide the fate of it
The warriors strap themselves up where they see fit
Peaceful resolution it has been tried
But the nature of man they cannot decide
Both sides of this conflict are too extreme
Situation in turmoil

Why these forceful measures
Trying to bring the other down
Solutions will not be found
Arguments lead nowhere now

Agreements we say they're needed
But what's the point if they're not conceded
Always try to plot and deface
These people are a fucking disgrace

Where to now
We search for something always
Ease the pain
Of never ending dispute
Ideals of a force that won't surrender
Knee deep in this
Swamp lands is all that stands

Dying in fire it is a sign
Of things to come and places to define
A problem that won't be sorted over night
Protection needed but not with a fight

The day will come when compromise is achieved
A finish to this with no side deceived
When does it stop and where will it end?

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