

All for None

Sarea

We are the voice of the few
The wearied left unspoken
We are the old and the new
The beaten and the broken
We are the sad and the scorn
The spectre in the closet
We are the unwanted born
The reaper at the doorstep

We're the pain you feel inside
The heartless, the never ending
We're the ones you cast aside, the restless

We are the ones on the run
The legion of the fallen
We are the second to none
The risen from the calling

Destined to fall, bringer of plague
Constantly haunted by thy game
Misunderstood, wounded and sore
Scattered and beaten down right to the core

We are the heroes of none
The soldiers of misfortune
We are the wars never won
The platoon of the tortured
We are the itch in your brain
The scratch mark in your heart
We are the perfectly sane
The ones you tear apart

We are the lost without a name
We are the outcasts, all the same