

Run Wild

The Black Box Revelation

no more fire
the river cries
tears take off
and fill the sky
a silver screen raised
to picture the night
seventeen horses were sacrificed

run wild
shatter what you see
run wild
live it like a dream

no peace no sword
suffering. you drown
in those tears, tears fall down like knives
the silver screen still raised
to picture the light

run wild
shatter what you see
run wild
live it like a dream