

Daughters Of Winterstone

Unleash the Archers

Demand, consume, repeat the cyclical flow

Man, stolen in the night
Ripped right from the arms of his child
Drain the workforce
Torn, forced into the dark
Working for his heart, cold and blind
More than they can bear

Pushed unto the edge of life
And then further
Pushed unto the edge of life
Expire, replace

Overhead the sun it shines no more
Skies opaque with winter's squall eternal

With faces cast in stone, emerge into the light
We'll never return home, with ashes in our skies

Crushed, kicked, tortured
Quick and painless death you will not find
Slowly, surely, purged clean
Growing ancient, lost within the mine
This is our home

Imprisoned and alone, drowning in the night
We are daughters of the stone, wandering in time

With faces cast in stone, emerge into the light
We'll never return home, with ashes in our skies

Chained to the factory floor, smoke fills our lungs and our world
There is no escaping this well
Cold to the touch yet it burns, fuelling our whole universe
Living hell

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