

Circle Of Dead Children, Oak And Iron

Forced to scorch at the stake of humanity

Our heavy skulls and cumbersome bodies fastened by straps of fear and mediocrity

Anchored and confused

Confused and naive

We bled upon the oak and iron and sang songs of revolution and tyranny

The spitting cracks of ember harmonized our singing voices as the scent of servitude left our presence

Together forever... married to illusion

Together forever... the end