

Fair Haven, Break what has to be broken

Is this your own private hell
pretending to live a lie
Security is an illusion
Is peace still your intention

Show me a hero, without power
History is written, by the winner
Then cycle of hate demands its price
Armies marching without order
Who wants to use force on the nameless
Who wants to rule over the oppressed
Eye for an eye
Thooth for a thooth
Hate breeds hate
a cycle of hate
Break, what has to be broken
Break, what has to be broken
Cross to the furher shore of existence
Break what has to be broken, break, break