

Mikoto, Traditional Anthem

Let's take back what's ours. Stabbed in the back, True to the grave.
Take my hand in yours. Bleeding hearts, we're not alone.
Stabbed in the back. True to the grave. Such hollow shells.
A ghost of what was real. Such hollow shells.
A ghost of what was real. Let's take back what's ours.
Stabbed in the back. True to the grave. Take my hand in yours.
Bleeding hearts, we're not alone. Stabbed in the back.
True to the grave. Such hollow shells. A ghost of what was real.
Such hollow shells. A ghost of what was real.
It just recycles itself, Terror breeds terror. [x3]
Meaning is lost for all who care. [x2]