

Staple, Forging Generals

These are the ties that bind.

Contracts signed with pulsing blood remind us of color when everything turns to grey.

Absolutes are life.

Deterioration's the killer.

Oath reforms for fallen, lords whose kingdoms die.

Are we fallen lords who've laid their weapons down,
trading resolve for rash cowardice?

We're at war, but the generals' names were forged.

The pen is mighty when the sword is sheathed.

When battle's waged, we'll see what choice we've made by the deeds ink tells;
of valiant feats, it should spell.

For we vow to stand until the end or die.

And the scars we've acquired aren't shadowed in remorse...

these scars are our testament.

That we didn't quench spirit's flame

but we assailed hell with swift feet and iron fists proclaiming.

"WE FIGHT! 'TIL VOWS FULFILLED WE SHALL NOT REST!

ASSAIL FOR HONOR TO THE DEATH!"

We're at war, but the generals' names were forged.

The pen is mighty when the sword is sheathed.

When battle's waged, we'll see what choice we've made by the deeds ink tells;
of valiant feats, it should spell.

For we vow to stand until the end or die.

Show me courage.

Show me strength.

Show the resolve it takes when buckled knees carry the world because the will doesn't break.

When sweat is blood, as wrung from a sponge

and vinegared wounds cover your progress like rank, cheap, expired perfume.

The Almighty's head held resolutely 'til dead

for greatness wrought, the wise should be taught.

Forging generals.

We're at war, but the generals' names were forged.

The pen is mighty when the sword is sheathed.

When battle's waged, we'll see what choice we've made by the deeds ink tells;
of valiant feats, it should spell.

We will sign our names to stake our claims.

We know the choice that we have made

ASSAIL FOR HONOR TO THE DEATH.

'TIL VOWS FULFILLED WE SHALL NOT REST