

Artillery, Concealed in the Dark

So you head out, on a journey with no help at all
The words that they speak, you don't hear
Prepared to survive, and rise not to fall
The screams so loud fall on deaf ears
What were you thinking a minimalist's lie
You just sit there and wait in the cold
Outside there is hope, strangers passing you by
Left with yourself and your soul
It 's life in the death zone
The strong will survive
It's the sound of the death drome
You gamble with your life
It 's life in the death zone
The strong will survive
It's the sound of the death drome
You gamble with your life
You climb the mountain alone
You stand on the mountain alone
You die on that mountain alone
You made your mark
Concealed in the dark
Condemned to the ice god, you just sit there
Frozen even into your soul
What morals exists out there in the cold?
Death on the mountain, you're sold
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