

# As We Fight, Where Eagles Turn

Separate yourself.

Fuck it all.

Go ahead without the slightest thought of concern

The bitter taste of frustration can't catch me by surprise anymore

This time we're going all out

And we just don't give a fuck

When the time has come

And all the songs have been 'sung.

We will burn our bridges

In the night of love

I search for another choice

To keep me sane

And put my feet back on the ground

Separate yourself.

Fuck it all.

Go ahead without the slightest thought of concern.

Your signs of desperation just don't appeal to me anymore.

Go ahead without the slightest thought of concern.

Your signs of desperation just don't appeal to me anymore.

This time we're going all out

And we just don't give a fuck

When the time has come

And all the battles have been fuckin' won.

We will burn our bridges.

Where eagles turn.

Never forget the lessons learned.

Where eagles turn.

We won't get burned.

Separate yourself.

Fuck it all.

Go ahead without the slightest thought of concern.

The failed communication,

This is where it ends.

This time we're going all out

And we just don't give a fuck

When lines have been drawn

And all the enemies are dead and gone

We will burn our bridges

In the night of love

I search for another choice

To keep me sane

And put my feet back on the ground