

Faction, 100 Years War

Amidst the burning rubble the spirit still lives on
To rise above all poverty, to rise above all wrong
No one needs your bloodied sword, I'll get what's truly mine
Bullets of hate kept in your hands, they'll burn a hole in time
Rebel against all hate and tell the story straight
We are no more noble than our words
Be true to your beliefs, don't do wrong and then retreat
'cause action leads to triumph in this world
One hundred years of death will end, then the black death will begin
Peasants rise to slay a knight, whose wife must taste his sin
In the tree he hangs alone, helpless and aflame
A feast of bones and melting flesh, his children scream his name
The passing of this life will teach to none be ever true
Realize fate is in your hands and you alone control its moves.